March 8, 1941

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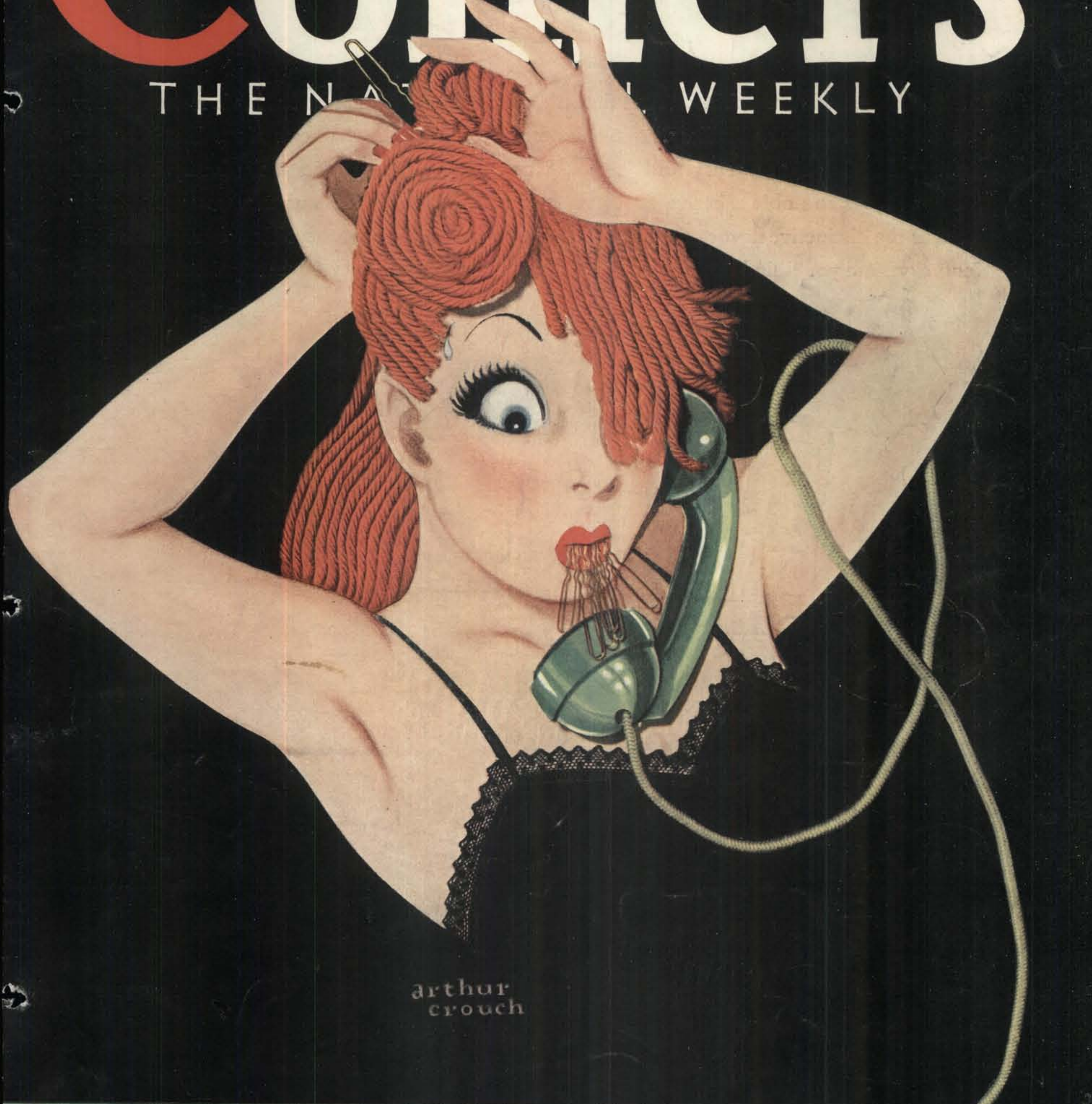
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Finest Mess in the World By Wal... ...rt

MRS DON BURTNETT 12P
423 N WALNUT ST 42792
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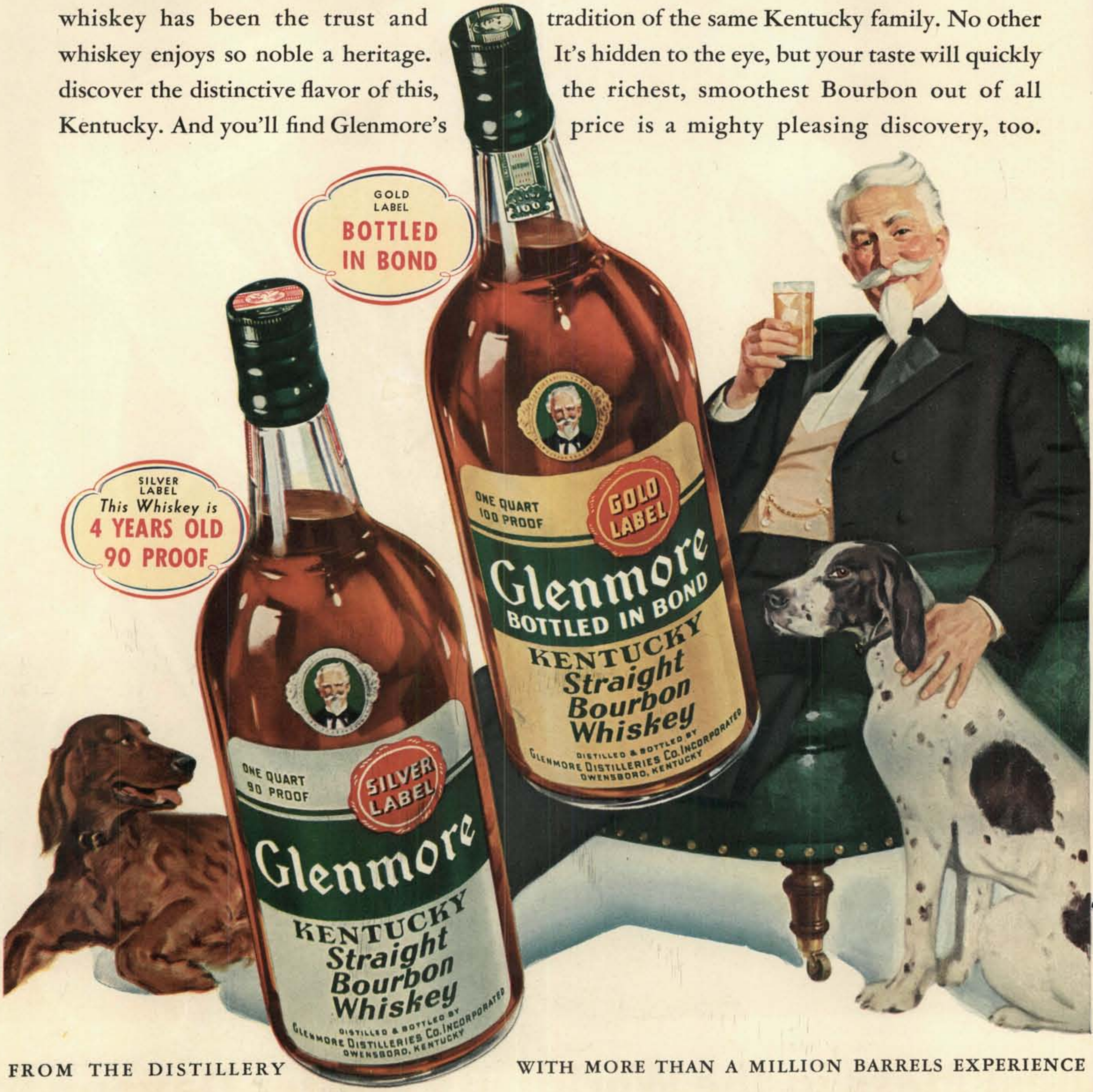
arch 8 1941

Pour GLENMORE ..you get more

It takes character to make friends. And that, Sir, explains why Glenmore has made more whiskey than any other Kentucky distillery. For 69 uninterrupted years, the character of our fine Glenmore whiskey has been the trust and tradition of the same Kentucky family. No other whiskey enjoys so noble a heritage. It's hidden to the eye, but your taste will quickly discover the distinctive flavor of this, the richest, smoothest Bourbon out of all Kentucky. And you'll find Glenmore's price is a mighty pleasing discovery, too.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FROM THE DISTILLERY WITH MORE THAN A MILLION BARRELS EXPERIENCE

Better "Try" Before You Buy

It paid us—we switched to Plymouth!

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THE WHOLE FAMILY will appreciate Plymouth's roominess...its exceptional riding smoothness. And Plymouth saves you money—in what you pay and *get!*

PLYMOUTH'S NEW FASHION-TONE INTERIOR will utterly delight you with its lovely new harmony of color and appointments...its abundance of room!

YOU'LL FIND NEW PLEASURE in the finer performance, luxurious smoothness, and delightful handling ease of this brilliantly-styled new Plymouth!

Plymouth alone of "All 3" low-priced cars has a 117-inch wheelbase, with new luxurious roominess. And you've never seen anything like the new Plymouth Fashion-Tone Interior in any low-priced car! You enjoy new command of the road, with less gear-shifting—thanks to new High-Torque Engine Performance with new power-gearing. You start, steer, stop and park this Plymouth with *less effort.*

Your nearby Plymouth dealer offers you a wide selection of beautiful new body colors. See him today—*ride* in a new Plymouth, and you'll *buy* it!

PLYMOUTH

RIDE IT And You'll BUY IT

LOOK AT 1941 PRICES OF "ALL 3"

You'll find Plymouth is actually lowest-priced of "All 3" low-priced cars on many models! Your present car will probably cover a large part of Plymouth's surprisingly low delivered price... with the balance in low monthly instalments. Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

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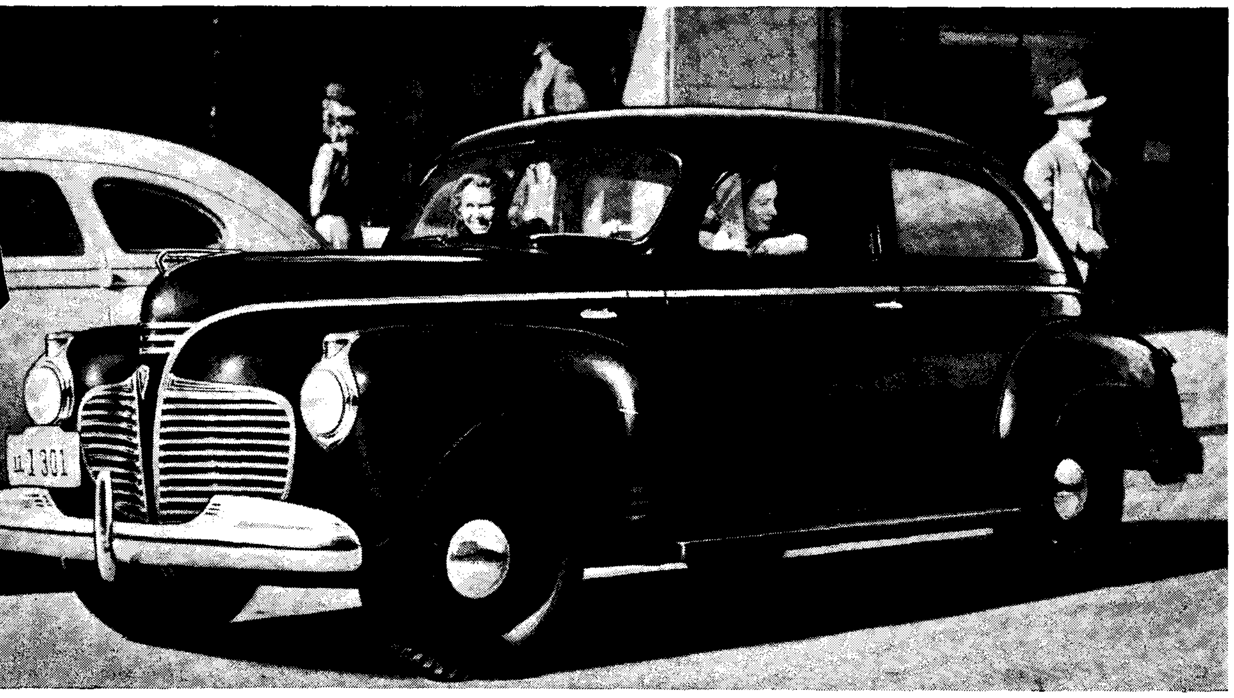

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THIS WEEK

MARCH 8, 1941

SHORT STORIES

WALTER HAVIGHURST
Suicide Ship. Why England will never die. Page 11

SARAH LITSEY
Journey by Night. A boy becomes a man. Page 15

PHILIP CLARK
The Corner of the Wall. A short short story. Page 16

EUSTACE COCKRELL
Putting is Easy. All's fair on the fairways. Page 17

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Ladder Love, by Wallace Irwin. Page 21

SERIAL STORIES

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
The Traitor. The second of nine parts. A whisper of treason. Page 19

PEARL S. BUCK
China Sky. The sixth of ten parts. Lovers' quarrel. Page 22

ARTICLES

DAVID O. SELZNICK
Discovering the New Ones. Movie talent is where you find it. Page 13

WALTER DAVENPORT
The Finest Mess in the World. The Army eats—and how! Page 14

TED SHANE
Sallies of the Alleys. The gals have discovered bowling. Page 18

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Six Hours from London. Doomed men in a doomed city. Page 24

OUR NEW ARMY Page 27

KYLE CRICHTON
Galloping Goons. Take basketball away from the giants. Page 30

●

WING TALK Page 6

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 8

EDITORIALS
Keep the City in Turmoil.
50,000,000 Creditors. Page 70

COVER ARTHUR CROUCH

ANY WEEK

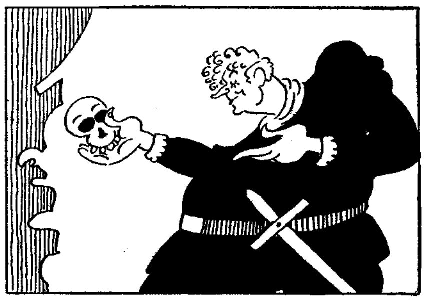
WE WERE about to start with a bit of whimsey when our telephone rang. A gentleman who said that his name didn't matter (and he may be right) told us that he had just arrived from Florida with a few disturbing tidings. He was quite breathless, and we're panting a little as we pass it along. The general impression, said he, is that when presently we maneuver ourselves into the war, our Navy will move majestically eastward bent upon making life completely insupportable by mankind's number-one enemy, the psychotic Mr. Hitler. However, it's not going to be so simple, he said. He has discovered that "scores of German U-boats are already lurking off the Atlantic coast of the United States and northern South America." Moreover, "the French island of Martinique, in the Caribbean, and the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, off the south coast of Newfoundland, are already bases for Nazi submarines." We asked him, of course, why these lurkers hadn't already been at work off our coast, sinking British bottoms within a hundred miles or so of the United States. "Who says they haven't?" he demanded. "However, you haven't seen anything yet. Wait." So we may as well wait.

ALSO the drinking-liquor situation is becoming more acute. To begin with we have incensed the citizenry of Brownwood, Texas. In one of our weekly Our New Army pages it was reported that, while Brownwood is dry, whisky prescriptions could be had for fifty cents. Mr. W. Lee Watson of Brownwood denounces it as "unfair reporting." Says he: "After all the work the Chamber of Commerce has done to attract people to this town, I think it is downright unfair. Why, there are plenty of places in town where you can get a prescription for two bits. In fact, if your malady is so mild that a half pint will suffice, the prescription is only fifteen cents." From Mr. Will Crossmier comes a protest that "in no dry territory in the United States can you find more nor honester bootleggers than in Brownwood, my home town. Why impugn the patriotism of the town? We are not profiteering on our soldiers. A prescription costs two bits. If you're a little short, twenty cents will do. No reasonable offer has ever been turned down. We're dry but honest."

ANYWAY, Our New Army may be reinforced before long by the enlistment of Mr. William H. Dixon of Glendale, California. Our latest word from Mr. Dixon is that he's pretty well disgusted, not to say defeated, by the difficulties of maintaining his civilian status as a building contractor. It's somewhat involved. "On the days that I'm not busy making out government reports or voting against thirty-dollar Thursdays," says Mr. Dixon, "I build houses and try to sell them to the boys who work in near-by airplane factories. Recently I built a group of these little nests on a street where the city had failed somehow to acquire title to the five feet of ground where the sidewalk should go. To get a permit I was required (a) to pay a city inspector ten bucks a day to sit on a nail keg, smoke his pipe and watch my men, using my materials, build a cement walk on my five feet of ground and (b) to deed the five feet, including pavement made with my cement, to the city free. I tried to get the inspector job for myself but was told I would have to put up one hundred dollars to join something or other. So I think I'll join the Army which is, as far as I know, the only organization left that demands no initiation fee."

THE only time we've ever been in Marcus Hook, Pennsylvania, we managed by agility and, we think, some pretty clever strategy, to escape alive. We were being entertained by a Mr. Kouffler in a tavern. As we remember it, it was a darkish place but the beer was good. Off in a corner, all alone, sat a gentleman of formidable proportions. To our amazement, he didn't like us. Without arising he growled deeply and told us that he could lick us. We told him that we thought so, too. But he wasn't appeased. "D'ya know how I can lick you?" demanded he, crouched at his table. "Well, I'll tell ya." He raised a huge hand, the fingers crooked. "Wit' me mitt," said he, "wit' me duke, wit' me claw." So, as we say, we departed slightly hastily from Marcus Hook. Nor had we heard a word from the pretty place since—until now, we have a letter from Mr. G. Hurst Paul, editor of the Marcus Hook Herald. Mr. Paul discovers that recently one of our advertisers, the Travelers Insurance Company, began its otherwise trustworthy ad to the effect that an oil tanker plied between Beaumont, Texas, and Marcus Hook, Delaware. Mr. Paul is pretty sore, insisting accurately enough that Marcus Hook is not in Delaware. But we also have letters from Delaware protesting just as hard. In fact, here's one threatening to sue us and the Travelers for putting Marcus Hook in Delaware.

WE HAVE other troubles, too—domestic ones. We've just come from a conference about our associate, Quentin Reynolds who, as you know, has done a remarkable job of reporting the war from London. Mr. Reynolds is to return to London but, in the meantime, has been appearing before standing-room-only crowds in a Broadway theater. The conference had to do with ways and means of getting Mr. Reynolds out of the theater and back to England. We find, however, that the fellow is speaking of the stage as his art. We were afraid of that. We thought that Mr. Reynolds was strong enough to resist the lure, but we've discovered that the theater is as bad for journalists as it is for some actors we've seen. We've got to work fast. Mr. Reynolds is turning out to be just like John Barrymore, W. C. Fields, Charlie Chaplin, Boris Karloff, Mickey Rooney and the rest of them. He wants to play Hamlet.



IN South Dakota a Mr. Tipp Doerlick was arrested for shooting weather vanes off barns and fancy lightning-rod gadgets off farmhouses. Mr. Doerlick told the judge that he was merely practicing against invasion by parachutists. But they sent him to the workhouse and his neighbors were divided about the justice of it. Of course he shouldn't have shot that cow and it shouldn't have been necessary to ruin a windmill. Yet many contended that some allowance should have been made for Mr. Doerlick's interest in preparedness.

"A FEW nights ago," writes Mr. R. C. Montague of Wanstead, London, England, "I was reading Collier's in a public shelter. The noise of the air raid provided a fitting background while I read your encouraging words. One would almost think, by the tone of your commentary, that all us bombed civilians were heroes like Drake, Howard, Nelson and Collingwood. All we're doing, really, has been to stand by our posts. That's the least a front-line soldier should do. We are proud to be front-line soldiers. We are proud to show the world that brute force cannot conquer the souls of men and women. There is a hymn, well-known in this country, one verse of which runs:

"For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win.
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

AMEN.... W.D.

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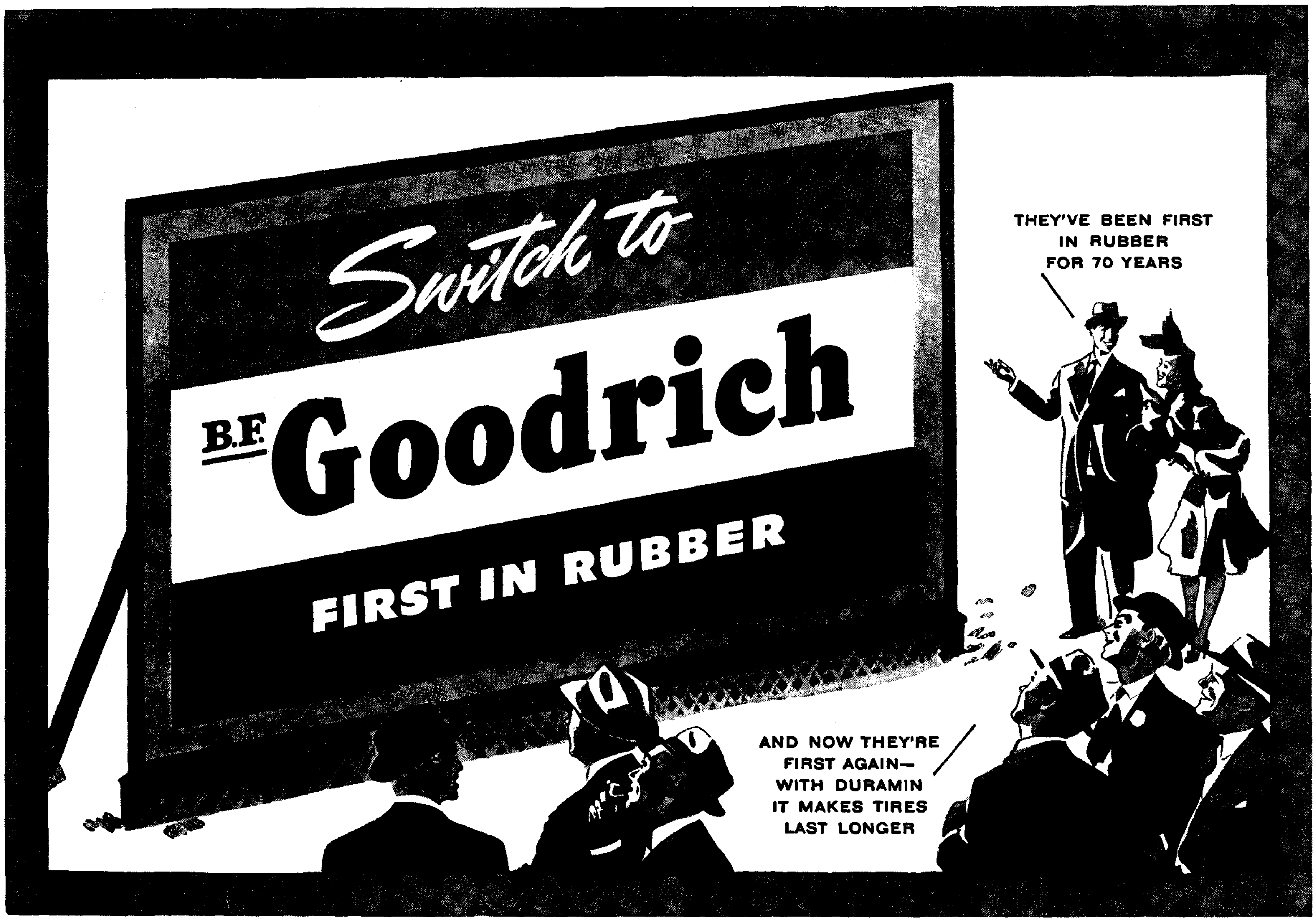
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B.F. Goodrich
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THEY'VE BEEN FIRST IN RUBBER FOR 70 YEARS
AND NOW THEY'RE FIRST AGAIN— WITH DURAMIN IT MAKES TIRES LAST LONGER

Want Longer Mileage? Greater Safety?

THESE NEW SILVERTOWNS WERE BUILT FOR YOU!

YOU'LL be hearing that word "Duramin" a lot from now on. For it's the name of one of the biggest firsts in all Goodrich history.

It means more mileage for every motorist who rides on Silvertowns . . . more safety from skids . . . more protection against blow-outs.

Here's why: Duramin fights oxygen, rubber's great enemy. It keeps life and bounce in tires—in the tread, in the tire body, in the sidewalls.

Yes, Duramin is the big news—but it's not the whole story. We've made each carcass steel-strong with top-quality Hi-Flex cords. The famous Goodrich blow-out protection is now safer than ever.

You get stronger, safer, tougher Silvertowns this year than ever before. And right now is the time you *need* tires you can trust. So "Switch to Goodrich." Today's cash prices are low. Or you can use the easy Budget Plan. All Goodrich Silvertown Stores, and many Goodrich Dealers, offer it.

B.F. Goodrich Silvertowns

LIFE-SAVER *Silvertown*

For every *four* miles that the *original* Life-Saver Tread Silvertown gave you—this new tire gives you *five.* It gives you extra safety, too. No tire can stop you quicker. No tire can keep you safer from skids.

DELUXE *Silvertown*

It offers the best possible combination of mileage, safety, comfort and quiet running. Its Duramin-toughened rubber fights wear. Its new-type tread smothers road noise to a whisper.

SAFETY *Silvertown*

This is the "popular price" Silvertown with greater carcass strength than ever before. Duramin, and Hi-Flex cords, make it the best tire buy in its price class. Costs less than any Silvertown in years.

A FEW OF THE MANY B. F. GOODRICH FIRSTS THAT HAVE SAVED MILLIONS FOR AMERICAN MOTORISTS

FIRST *automobile offered American public equipped with Goodrich tires.*

☆

FIRST *in America to build cord tires for automobiles.*

☆

FIRST *to develop a black tread for longer mileage.*

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FIRST *to lower tire costs with "accelerated curing."*

☆

FIRST *to offer American public tires made with synthetic rubber.*

SMOOTH
but saving, too!
ROBERT O. REID

"I save money by making my own dresses. . . . You should economize on oil and gas by having Sealed Power Rings put in our car."

. . . so are cars equipped with Sealed Power Piston Rings

WOULD you like your car to run as smoothly and be just as thrifty on oil as when it was new? Of course you would! Then just do this: Ask your repairman to install Sealed Power Piston Rings. These famous rings—used as original equipment in 12 out of the 18 American makes of cars—restore oil economy, bring back pep. And they protect the big investment you have in your car. Sealed Power Piston Rings are now sold in packaged sets engineered for your particular make of car. Ask for Sealed Power Rings by name. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Mich. and Windsor, Ont.

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Best in new cars! Best in old cars!

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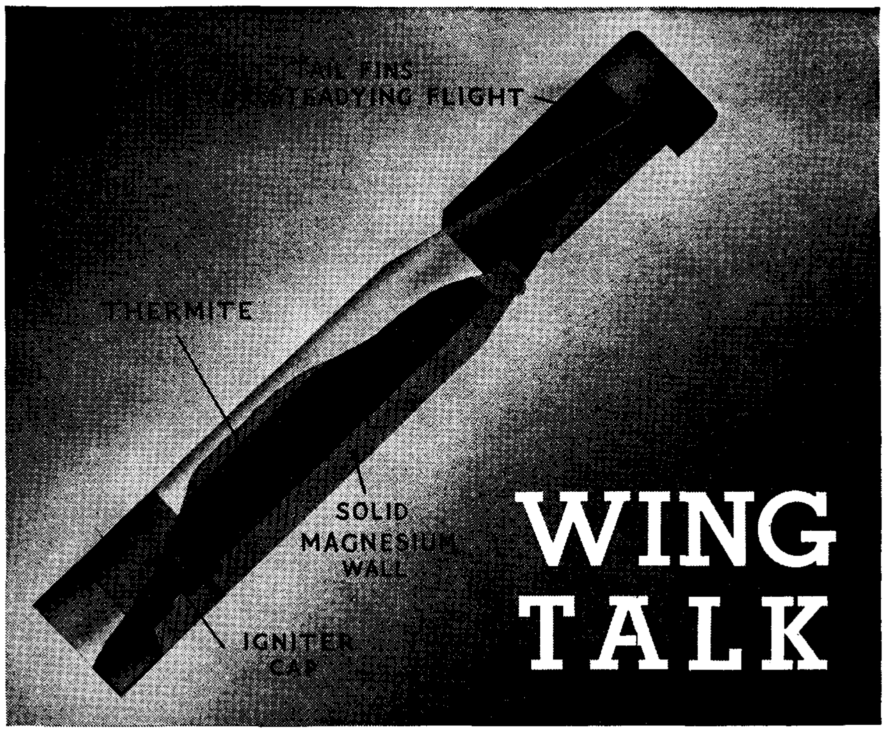
WING TALK



ROLF KLEP

Cutaway diagram of a German 2-pound thermite bomb, the kind used to start fires in London. Its overall length is thirteen inches

THIS seems a good time to chat about aluminum, the silvery white metal that Englishmen and scientists pronounce differently from you. They give it five syllables instead of four: a-lu-*min*-ee-um. To the militarist, it is one of the essential raw materials; to the chemist, it is one of the "elements." Its existence was suspected by Sir Humphrey Davy, but it was not actually discovered, or isolated, until 1827, by Wöhler. There's plenty of aluminum in the world, but it just doesn't grow that way. It's always hiding in other things—earths or compounds, notably bauxite, from which it must be processed.

Almost feathery as compared with iron and many such other structural materials, and tough and resistant to corrosion, aluminum was a godsend to the advance of modern transportation—particularly in this latest age of streamlines, light weights, high speeds.

Lightness with strength is the key to efficient and economical aircraft. Thus aluminum—especially duralumin, one of the many alloys made from it—is the skin and bones and a powerful lot of the innards of most commercial and fighting planes and their engines.

MENTION of aluminum brings a picture of glistening wings and cabin walls to your mind, or a thought of sturdy ribs and spars and pistons. But perhaps you did not know that there are at least three other essential services that aluminum performs for aviation.

One impartially covers the uses of peace or war. It is paint. A great four-motored bomber, or a transatlantic clipper, will have at least 100 pounds of aluminum paint on it.

A second is deadly. You hear and read much about the "incendiary bombs" that are searing the face of Europe. Those bombs are thermite, which is a mixture of powdered aluminum and iron oxide or some other metallic oxide. There is a process whereby these ingredients can be mixed under control and used for welding. But when kindled they burn uncontrollably with terrific force and a heat of about 5,400 degrees, Fahrenheit. It spits burning drops in all directions; it will go through cement pavements or metal roofs. One spark will eat through your skull or body.

Thermite bombs are usually small, maybe only two pounds. There are many types. All, roughly, have a thin outer shell, either lined with or wholly made of magnesium, that light and highly inflammable metal used in making flares and fireworks. The magnesium may be set off by a cap—its heat is sufficient to kindle the thermite, and there you have your miniature hell.

It was a strewing chiefly of thermite bombs that in late December burned The City (London's equivalent of our Wall Street district) and gave England's capital its worst fire since the 17th century. It was thermite that began the destruction of the Empress of Britain, and it is one of the chief weapons used against merchant shipping and convoys.

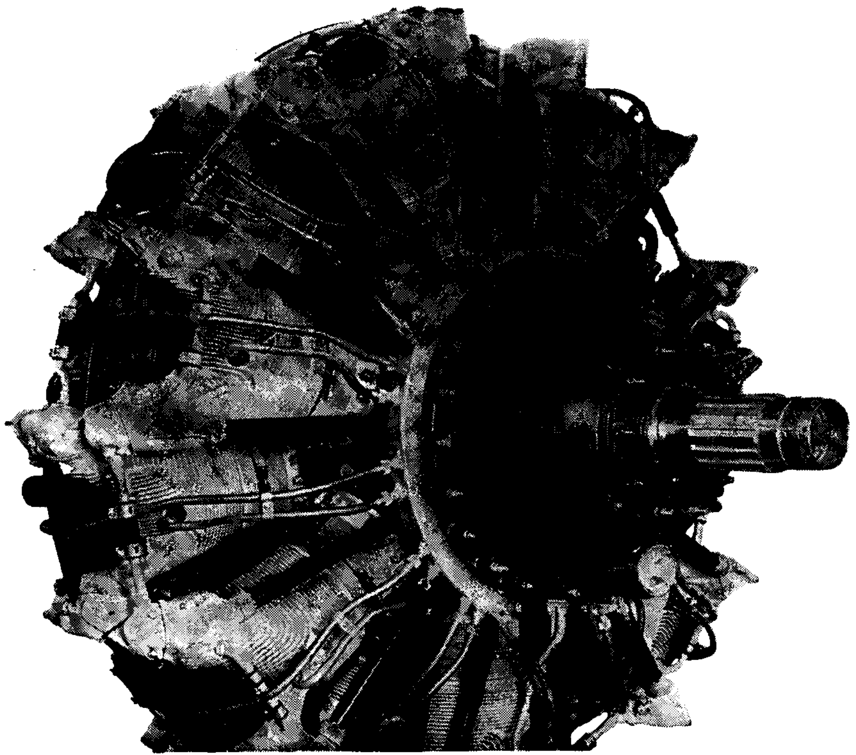
A THIRD function of aluminum you may observe if you are attentive to the activities of the crew when you fly across the oceans. The navigating officer opens a window and hurls out a small globe of bubble-thin glass which is filled with aluminum powder. The glass breaks on striking the sea and the aluminum quickly spreads into a wide and mirrorlike slick. In the daytime it reflects the sun, and the navigator watches it through instruments to judge his plane's drift in the wind. There aren't any other marks at sea to figure this by, unless you cross a surface vessel.

At night the aluminum patch will reflect flares and help a pilot not only to estimate drift but to gauge his landing, if one is necessary away from ordinary base aids.

Alas, the ingenuities of peace are swiftly translated into the requirements of war. Latest advices tell that low-flying coastal-patrol airmen of all the embattled nations are using aluminum powder in sub hunts.

From moderate altitudes subs can be discerned as much as 100 feet below the surface, depending upon the clarity of the ocean, which varies with latitude, bed, temperature and other factors. Over markless water, however, the high speed of his aircraft prevents the pilot's keeping either in view or in mind the exact location of a sub he has glimpsed, or from bombing it accurately as he overshoots. So it has become common practice for a patrol flier to let go an aluminum globe the instant he spies a sub. Then he can go ahead and make his turning maneuver, heading back for *the easily observed aluminum island;* confident that in its vicinity he will relocate his quarry—

And ready for business. W. B. C.



WHAT ABOUT
aircraft engine production?

The Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Division of United Aircraft, one of the two largest engine manufacturers in the United States, answers below the questions most frequently asked about its engine production.

★ ★ ★

How fast is your engine production increasing?

During 1940 Pratt & Whitney Aircraft built more than twice as many engines as in 1939. During 1941 we shall more than double again our last year's output.

How has this increase been achieved?

By rapid expansion of plant, personnel and machinery—plus similar expansion of subcontracting. Since 1939, Pratt & Whitney has doubled and redoubled its factory area, and increased its personnel from 3,000 to nearly 15,000 employees. Five hundred subcontractors and suppliers furnish finished parts and raw materials.

Are you producing engines for both Great Britain and the United States?

Yes. Most people do not realize it, but for months a large percentage of our engines has been shipped to Great Britain. In addition to these continuing requirements we are now producing large quantities of engines for the American defense program.

Are you producing engines fast enough to meet airplane requirements?

Yes, despite heavy shipments abroad. The total engines delivered to American airplane manufacturers by Pratt & Whitney in 1940 was well above total requirements. There were, however, minor shortages in two types amounting to less than one day's production, but we were well ahead of requirements in all other types.

Will mass-production help to increase output?

True mass-production is not yet feasible for building aircraft engines. Remember that the aircraft program, big as it seems, is still dealing with thousands per year—whereas automobile mass-production deals with millions. Furthermore, mass-production, by its very nature, calls for "freezing" of specific designs. This is impractical in so rapidly advancing an art as aircraft design, particularly in war time when engineering changes are frequently essential to maintain tactical superiority.

Will the automotive industry be a factor in production?

Yes, as soon as automotive manufacturers are able to build and equip new plants, train new personnel, and adjust themselves to aircraft methods. In this program we are cooperating in every possible way. Meanwhile, for at least a year the existing aircraft industry must supply the nation with the bulk of its engines.

How big is the job ahead?

During the two fiscal years ending June 30, 1942, Pratt & Whitney is facing the task of producing more aircraft engines than were produced during the first World War by *all* American manufacturers, including ten in the automotive industry.

Can it be done?

We are confident that it can, but the job will not be easy. We must again double our production. We must install more machinery, train five to ten thousand new employees, and increase our operating efficiency still further. But with the continued cooperation of our employees, subcontractors, and suppliers, we believe that Pratt & Whitney Aircraft will meet its obligations to the nation.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

EAST HARTFORD • CONNECTICUT

PRATT & WHITNEY
ENGINES

VOUGHT SIKORSKY
AIRPLANES

HAMILTON STANDARD
PROPELLERS

Don't be a "douse"..DO THIS!

Don't let dousing with water wet your hair down and make it unnatural-looking! Merely use a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb . . . and see how well-groomed your hair will become!

DEFEAT DRY SCALP...
WATCH HAIR IMPROVE!

NEVER let Dry Scalp get a head start, if you want to keep your hair and keep it handsome!

At the first sign of itching, loose dandruff or abnormal falling hair, massage your scalp thoroughly with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Do this before *every* shampoo. These regular treatments not only help check any tendency to dryness, but also the drying out effect of the shampoo.

Each morning, instead of dousing your head with water or anything else, use a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb. You will be astonished at the result! Your hair will look healthy, well-groomed... Get a bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today!

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC
40c and 70c

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a *drying* effect.

By actually *supplementing* the natural scalp oils, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic aids in keeping the scalp soft and supple . . . as it keeps the hair lustrous, well-groomed and good-looking.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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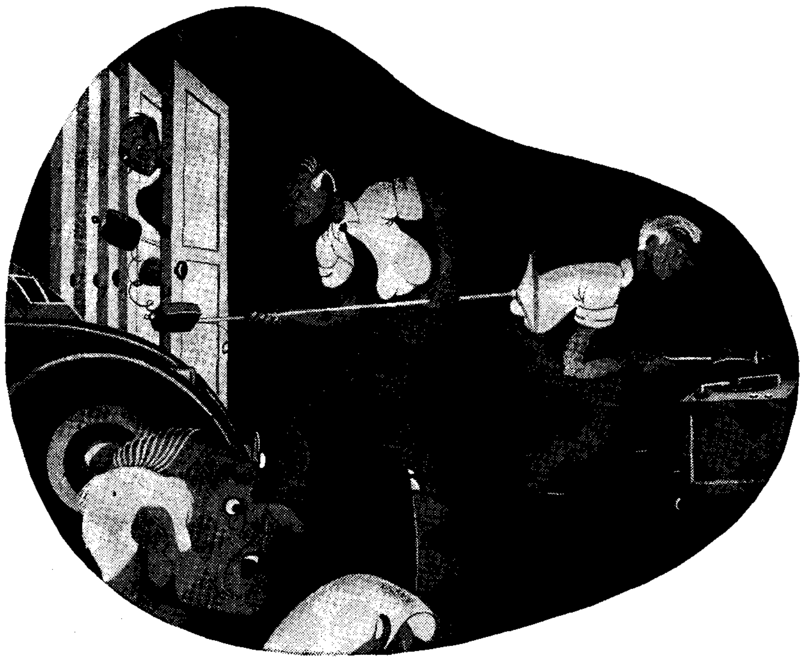

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Many of the sounds heard on today's radio programs are genuine. The thirty experts in the New York studios of the National Broadcasting Company, for example, employ twenty-five different kinds of doors, use actual motorcars, and resort to actual recordings of which they have 7,500, for other sounds.

A small tablet, now being prescribed in this country for immunity against colds, contains fifty billion dead organisms, or a number twenty-five times larger than the entire population of the world.—*By William H. Merrell, Youngstown, Ohio.*

Kapok, the silk-cotton of the kapok tree, is an extremely buoyant material. Being waterproof and five times as buoyant as cork, it is able to support thirty times its own weight in water indefinitely.

The fine for sending an obscene picture through the mail is $5,000, or five times as large as the fine for sending a letter to the President of the United States in which his life is threatened.—*By Thomas Gilmore, Boston, Massachusetts.*

America's 1,200 taxpayers' associations, organized in the past decade to fight wasteful public expenditures, have unearthed many peculiar cases. One was a small town that had twenty-five purchasing agents, another was a county that paid for a bridge that has never been built, while another was a state that was spending $4,500 a year for poetry praising its Bureau of Marine Fisheries.

Helgoland, Germany's little island in the North Sea, only one mile long, a third of a mile wide and two hundred feet high at its maximum peak, has been found, by seismological observations, to sway to and fro in westerly gales.

At least forty per cent of all people who visit tattooing establishments in America go to them, not to have a design put on, but to have one taken off.—*By Harald Lund, Washington, D. C.*

The smallest of all flowering plants belong to the genus Wolffia. They are aquatic, have no roots and produce flowers about the size and shape of the head of a pin.—*By Dorothy Etheridge, New York, New York.*

In many states, ghost writers break the law when they prepare a thesis or a dissertation for a college student and, thereby, help him to obtain an academic degree by fradulent means. In New York, the maximum punishment for this crime is $500, or a year in prison, or both.

The United States has seventy-one astronomical observatories, or nearly one third of the 224 in the world. Three of them, at Harvard, Yale and the University of Michigan, also maintain stations in South Africa for the study of stars and nebulae that are invisible in northern latitudes.

The only monument lighthouse in the world stands on Crown Point, Lake Champlain, where it was erected in 1909 by the states of New York and Vermont to the memory of Samuel de Champlain, the French explorer, on the three-hundredth anniversary of his discovery of the lake.

Because of the rotation of the earth, a cyclone whirls clockwise in the Southern Hemisphere and counterclockwise in the Northern Hemisphere. For the same reason, cyclonic storms travel westward in the tropics and eastward in the middle latitudes.

About half of the people in our large cities change either or both of their home and business addresses each year, through marriage, death or the desire or obligation to move. —*By Lawrence Jacobson, New York, New York.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

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There's never been a car like Nash before—ever a low-price car so roomy. The front eat's nearly five feet wide.

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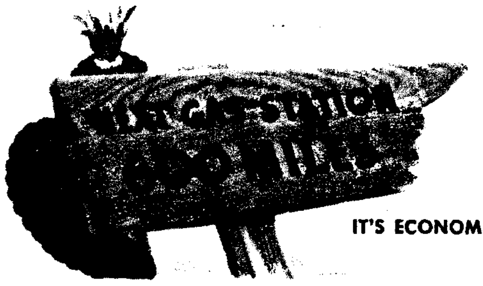
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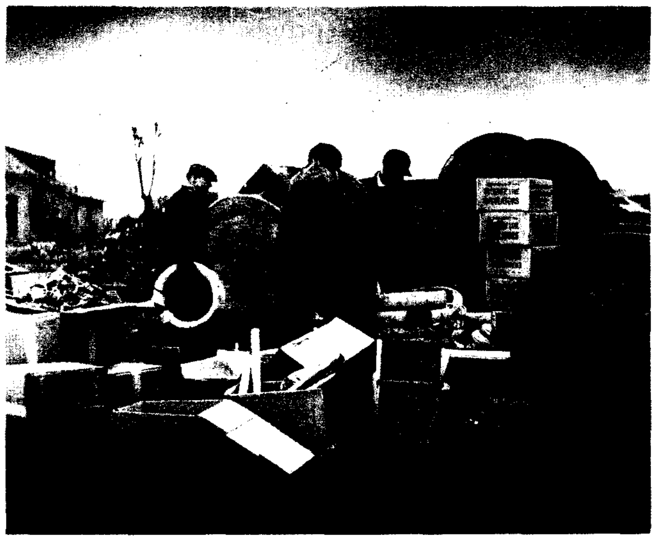

③ *On the weather front,* repair crews find everything they need at an emergency supply depot and go into action fully equipped. Geared to render such supply service to Bell System companies, Western Electric aids these telephone men to restore service quickly . . .

④ . . . so that the telephone subscriber can say:

"YES, THANKS, MY TELEPHONE'S WORKING AGAIN."

Western Electric *. . . is back of your* **Bell Telephone service**

Collier's The National Weekly for March 8, 1941

Suicide Ship

By Walter Havighurst

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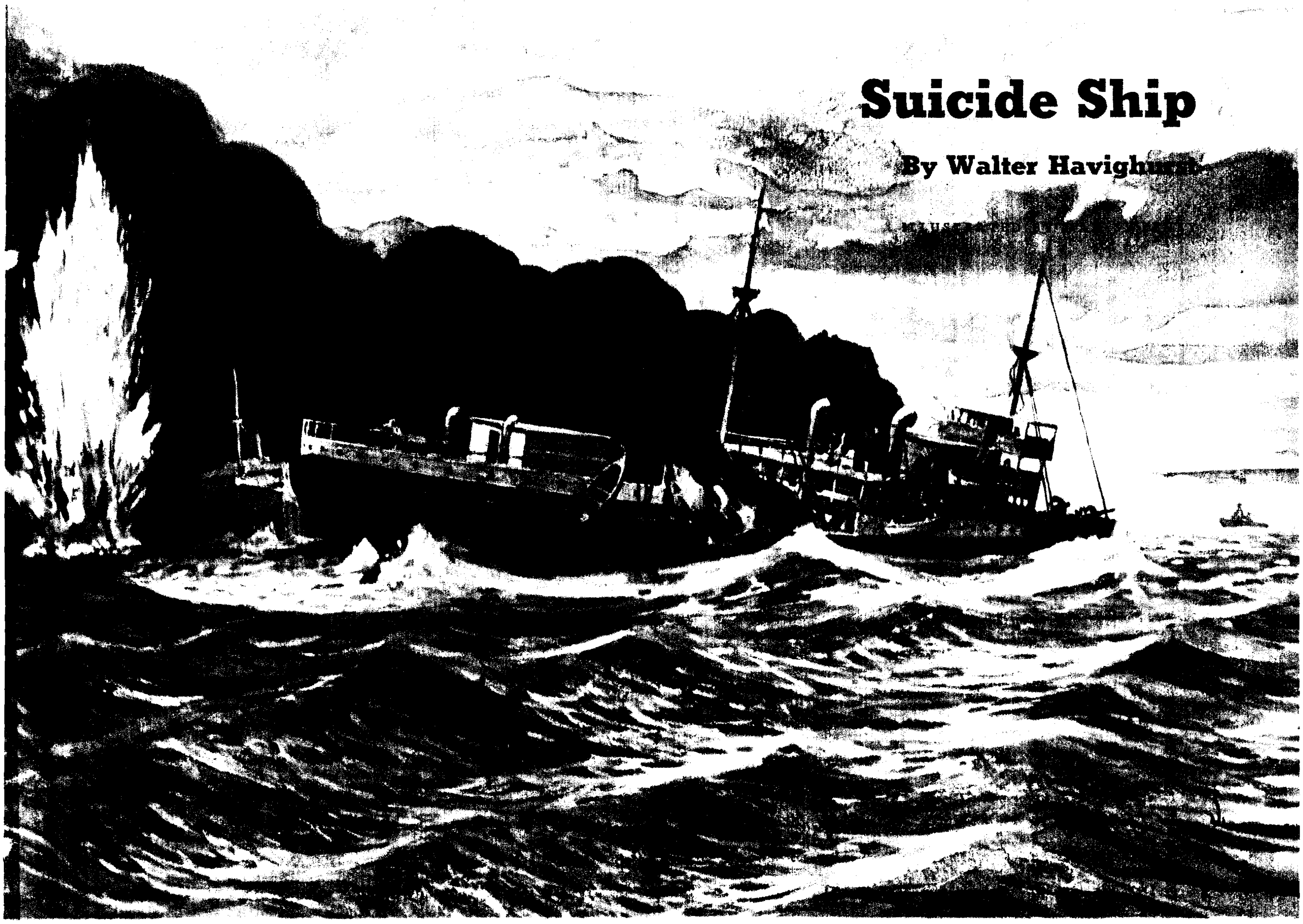


She was a doomed ship, a suicide steering straight at the turrets of destruction. Her bow began to settle

Mr. Sands' first command did not come in quite the way he had anticipated it. But he knew he was lucky to be alive for it

TWO days out of Halifax the destroyer escort left them. Then through fog and wind and the gray Atlantic wastes they lunged on toward England—thirty cargo ships spaced out in a grim war-gray procession, laden to their Plimsoll marks in the heavy sea. The new escort would meet them at the rendezvous, two days out from the dark coasts of the Hebrides. Those would be the headlands of a beleaguered kingdom, the outposts of a warring continent—but all the seas were warring seas.

Philip Sands stood on the bridge wing of the armed merchantman Pentland Firth and watched the four-stack destroyer wheeling around. She dropped back fast from the convoy's head and, as she passed the Pentland Firth, two signal flags broke out on her yardarm. *Continue voyage. Good luck.* They were a fleck of color in the gray Atlantic mist.

Mr. Sands, third officer of the Pentland Firth, saluted from the bridge wing. There was nobody to answer, or even to see him, but he held the salute, chin out, shoulders squared, his lean face wet and shining as the mist dropped from the rim of his oilskin hat. The destroyer swept past in a scroll of foam and his hand came down. He stood at ease against the bulwark, but his body was vibrant with the deep pulsations in the ship. Ahead and behind stretched the long, spaced line of the convoy, and that steady throbbing was the life, the deep, unbroken purpose, that drove them all toward the bomb-scarred harbors of an embattled island.

Good luck. . . . Now the destroyers were rolling back to Newfoundland. Now thirty British freighters were on their own. The ships that made England great, in peace or war. Curiously, ironically, that greatness was never so real as in the face of peril, and the ships of England, crawling in their gray procession under the somber sky, became her eloquent and splendid symbol, her indomitable will. Philip Sands, serving his first commission, felt it deeply. He squared his shoulders and his eyes began to shine. *There'll Always be an England.* He was whistling as the mist drove in his face.

Inside the wheelhouse, standing at the weather glass, Captain Allerdice watched the overage destroyer drop astern. He saw the pennants flutter from her yardarm. *Good luck*—he glowered at them. He was a grim, tight-mouthed man with a lined, gray face and the fleshless, mottled hands of age twitching at his side. Not in nervousness, but something else. Call it tension, call it crisis, call it war. The master of a ship in the disaster-haunted sea lanes has a taut wire stretching in his mind. He cannot grapple with his enemies; he may not even see them. Only a sudden tremor, a mortal agitation. A thousand times he wished he were a gunner in an antiaircraft battery on the hills of Sussex, with a V of big Dorniers or a snarling swarm of Messerschmitts in the sky. But a captain can only sail his ship through the shrouded seas.

He watched the destroyer fading in the mist. Now he was the master of thirty vessels, two hundred thousand tons of shipping, and the two batteries of guns on his fore- and afterdecks were the convoy's only armor. Good luck. . . . Captain Allerdice was a Royal Navy commander, past the age for retirement, with a set of naval reserve officers and a crew of boys just out of training school. With the losses and demands of war that was the kind of ship's company a man could expect in an armed merchant cruiser. But two hundred thousand tons of shipping— His hands twitched at his side.

A thin sound came from the bridge wing. The captain's face tightened. He threw the lee door open.

"Mr. Sands!"

The tune stopped dead in Mr. Sands' cheeks. He spun on his heel. His hand jerked up to salute.

"I'll have no whistling on this bridge, Mr. Sands."

"Yes, sir."

Captain Allerdice went back into the wheelhouse.

"Mr. Torpenning."

Mr. Torpenning, chief officer, turned from the weather glass. He saluted vaguely. Those veteran naval reserve officers, with long years in the unceremonious merchant service, wore their naval manners shabbily, like an embarrassment.

"What is Mr. Sands doing on the bridge?"

The brown eyes lighted up Mr. Torpenning's weathered face. "He came up early, sir. He always reports before his watch."

"What in damnation for?"

"He's young, sir." Mr. Torpenning's

tired features broke into a distant smile. "Old heads like us—your pardon, Captain—we forget—"

"We don't forget we're officers of the watch," snapped the captain. "We don't whistle on the bridge."

"His first berth, you know."

"Yes. I know." Captain Allerdice stared out at the straight-backed figure on the bridge wing. "His first berth, on a crossing like this. Two hundred thousand tons of shipping in my care and I have to break in a green watch officer."

"Not green," said Mr. Torpenning. "He was a junior in the Cambrian."

"A junior," snorted the captain. "In charge of thirty cargoes of wheat and cotton, frozen beef and sheet iron, airplane engines and lorry tires. Maybe they had to send my staff officer to one of those American destroyers, but to replace him with a junior—what is the admiralty thinking of, Mister?"

"They're thinking the young men have to come up, sir. In wartime."

The weather was growing thick. Captain Allerdice paced the wheelhouse, four steps forward and four steps back, and he scowled out at the dimming convoy. The Falkirk showed only half real, through drifting veils of gauze, two thousand feet ahead. The Empire City showed astern, deep-laden, her gray bow tossing slowly. The rest of the procession was wrapped in fog. But it was not thick weather that put that scowl in the captain's face. *The young men have to come up*—and the old men have to step down. Step down and out. Even in wartime.

THE naval surgeon in Halifax had been closemouthed enough, with the stethoscope hanging like a thin, black wishbone over his white hospital jacket. But Captain Allerdice knew what would be waiting for him in Birkenhead—an honorable dismissal. Two years past retirement age and a leaky valve in his heart. They couldn't measure something else in a man, the tight, hard purpose, the hidden flame, the unyielding will that makes a seaman. Mr. Torpenning would command the Pentland Firth on her next run.

Then Mr. Sands, veteran of a single crossing on the bridge, would move up to second officer and they'd have some seasick lad on the bridge as third. And Captain Allerdice—it was hard enough to sit in a Bournemouth cottage with a marine clock chiming sea watches on the mantel, to put away the tea things and go digging in the rose garden. It was hard enough in peace. But a seaman huddled in a bomb shelter, staring at the four gold stripes on his cuff. . . .

Eight bells chimed from the bulkhead and the quartermaster reached up and struck them smartly on the ship's bell. From the masthead the lookout's response came in quick, paired syllables. The quartermaster was relieved, giving over the course and slouching through the lee door. But Mr. Sands did not come in from the bridge.

Mr. Torpenning stood at the weather glass, packing tobacco in his pipe and waiting patiently for his relief. Captain Allerdice glared at the tobacco crumbs spilling on the floor. He flung the door open.

"Mr. Sands!"

The third officer was looking upward, searching the murky sky with binoculars. He dropped his glasses and saluted.

"Did you hear eight bells, Mr. Sands?"

"Yes, sir. But I thought I heard the drone of motors. I wanted a minute to make sure."

"Motors—"

In three steps Captain Allerdice was on the bridge wing.

"Those glasses."

He swept the glasses through the thick sky. Behind him Mr. Torpenning stood in the door peering upward. There was only the leaden overcast, the hurrying cloud rack, the long, windy tatters of a thickening sky. They listened. There was only the throbbing of the engines deep in the ship and the rushing seas beneath her bow.

"Nervous," Captain Allerdice said, and the contempt was thick in his voice. "Imagining things. Eight bells has gone, Mr. Sands."

Philip Sands' face came up, white, as though a hand had struck him. He walked stiffly into the pilothouse. He looked up at the first officer and his mouth was rigid.

"Course, sir."

"Seventy-seven," Mr. Torpenning said.

"Seventy-seven, sir."

He went into the chartroom to initial the log.

Mr. Torpenning looked in. "You heard the drone of motors, Mr. Sands?"

His face came up pale, with two red spots now burning in his cheeks. "I thought so, sir. Twice. I couldn't be certain, with the wind and the seas breaking."

"You saw nothing?"

"I can't be properly sure, sir. Just for an instant I thought I saw it. Dark and wide-winged, high up. Then the clouds massed over. There wouldn't be gulls out here, sir."

"No—and not above the clouds."

"That's what I thought."

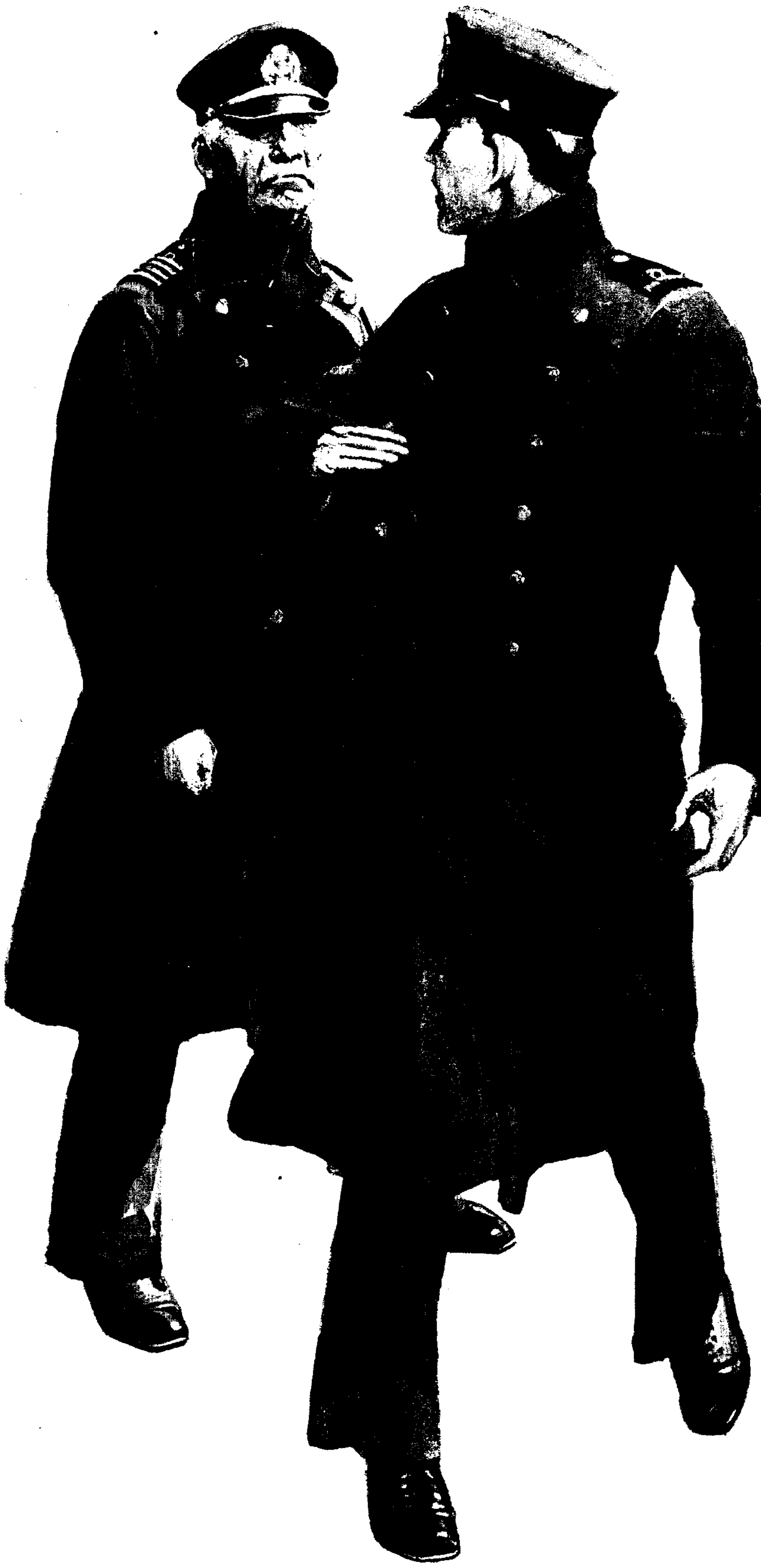
"Better enter it in the log."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Torpenning stopped to light his pipe. His voice dropped low and quiet around the pipestem: "Carry on, son."

As Mr. Sands looked up the light kindled in his eyes, remote and brightening.

Mr. Torpenning found the captain on the bridge wing still searching the cloud rack with his glasses. He put them down, scowling.



"Go to your quarters," he ordered. "Whistle yourself to sleep"

"That's the worst of a green officer. Nervous, hearing things—"

"These young lads—" said Mr. Torpenning around his pipestem. "Sharper ears and eyes than us old—"

"If it was a plane," the captain barked, "that's nothing. They're flying American bombers across now." His eyes fastened on the first officer's pipe. "Mr. Torpenning, you commanded this ship in peace times."

Mr. Torpenning waited.

"Did you make it a habit to smoke on the bridge?"

Mr. Torpenning took the pipe guiltily from his mouth. "Sorry, sir." He went down the ladder.

Captain Allerdice stood with the mist driving in his face. Astern, half real, rolling in the cross seas, was the Empire City with a dirty flag of smoke streaming from her stack.

He stepped into the house. "Mr. Sands."

The third officer saluted rigidly.

"Have the Empire City signaled to trim her fires. She's smoking like a powerhouse."

"Wireless, sir?"

"No," snapped the old man. "We won't *tell* the world about it. Send a man aft with signal flags."

Ten minutes later there was no way of telling whether the Empire City's chief had trimmed his fires. The fog came down thick as Scotch broth and the whole convoy was swallowed up.

"Mr. Sands."

The third turned sharply from the weather glass with the two bright spots still burning in his cheeks. He realized that Captain Allerdice was standing his watch. He felt like a deck boy as he saluted.

"Tell Sparks to radio the convoy Order Three. Lively."

Lively—thought Mr. Sands bitterly as he crossed the boat deck. Like an order to a cadet.

ORDER THREE was "Proceed on course at half speed." When he came out of the wireless cabin he heard the telegraph jangle as Captain Allerdice rang his engines down. A moment later the fog siren blasted from the funnel.

Captain Allerdice walked the wheelhouse like a caged animal. The early northern darkness came on and the gray murk deepened to an empty night with the cold fog driving against the weather glass. A tray supper grew cold in the chartroom. Finally the old man swallowed a cup of coffee and pressed two buttons on the call board. "Mr. Huston. Thick weather. Report to the bridge. . . . Mr. Torpenning. Thick weather—"

So there were four of them huddled in their greatcoats, staring through the open weather glass, moving slowly in the small room where the clock ticked steadily and the lighted compass card glowed dully in the binnacle. The hours dragged by. Strained, dark, silent hours—silent, that is, in intervals of agonizing sound. Every sixty seconds the siren blasted from the funnel, a long, anguished roar like a monster's death cry. Then, in the interval, an answer, prolonged and ghostly, from ahead. They didn't hear the Empire City; there was a head wind. After that, the sudden hard clangor where the lookouts pounded the bells on the poop and the fo'c'sle head. Then silence for twenty seconds, till the siren blasted again.

The wheelsman's relief came every two hours but no relief came to the men in their greatcoats, with straining eyes and ears and the fog in their faces.

"A raider couldn't find us in this pea-souper," Mr. Huston said cheerfully.

"No." The captain's voice was hoarse.

(Continued on page 67)

At least a dozen girls were started on movie careers as a result of the long search that gave Vivien Leigh the role of Scarlett O'Hara

Ellen Drew was an extra girl named Terrence Ray before tests for Gone With the Wind revealed her promising talent

EUGENE ROBERT RICHEE

Discovering the New Ones

By David O. Selznick

It's a big headache casting for the leading roles in such hits as Gone With the Wind and Rebecca, but lots of newcomers are discovered while the testing goes on

THE trick of selecting new screen personalities is simple. First, test everybody on two continents. Then, with only a week to go before production starts, and with everybody in the studio going crazy because you haven't got your "lead," a girl walks in, your eyes pop out and the day is saved. A new star is born and you're hailed as a genius.

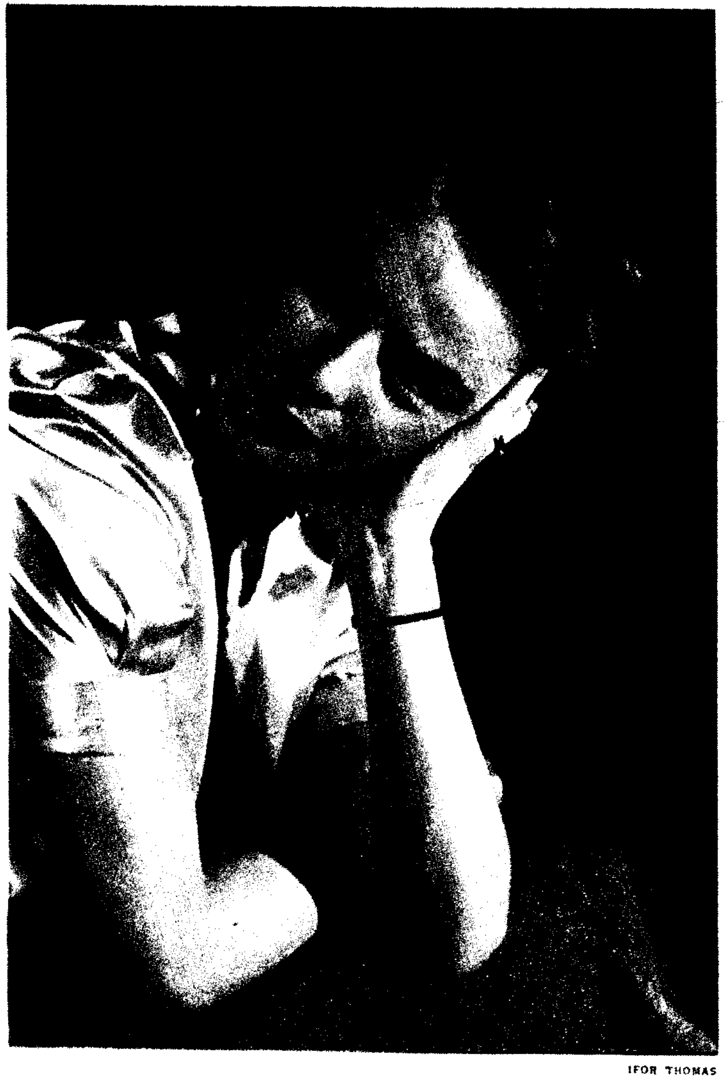
I've had some luck in discovering newcomers and if I weren't honest with myself I might be pretty smug about it. But the real truth is that a producer can only find and put over new personalities when he has patience, and the money for overhead, and the authority to refuse to be rushed into making his judgments. If you have to get somebody by Wednesday when shooting starts, you take the best available and cross your fingers and pray. The pressure for haste on Gone With the Wind was severe, but I knew that seventy-five million people would want my scalp if I chose the wrong Scarlett, and that there was no agreement on who was the right Scarlett among all the girls in pictures.

As a matter of fact, I was about at the end of my rope because our deal with M-G-M for Clark Gable specified we had to start with him by February and here we were in January with no Scarlett. (We had passed up our chance to get Bette Davis from Warners' when we signed for Gable. There was never a way of getting both, even if we'd wanted both.)

And while the long search we conducted for a Scarlett was considered "phony," at least a dozen girls got their first breaks as a result of the search. One girl we brought up from Louisiana, Adele Longmire, got the lead with Raymond Massey in the stage production of Abraham Lincoln. Martha Scott's tests for Melanie, which came very close to getting her the role, resulted in her getting the lead in Our Town, and in being launched on what promises to be an outstanding career.

Another girl that we tested for Scarlett and then brought out West for further tests was a model named Edith Marriner—who now, under the name of Susan Hayward, is playing leads under contract to Paramount. Another we tested as a Scarlett possibility was a girl named Terrence Ray, who had been doing glorified extra work. Her test was so good that she was given leads by Paramount, who changed her name to Ellen Drew. Doris Jordan, who went through long and rigorous tests for G.W.T.W., was signed by Sam Goldwyn on the strength of them. He changed

(*Continued on page 56*)



IFOR THOMAS

Ingrid Bergman's work in a Swedish movie got her a contract even before Hollywood saw her

The Finest Mess in the World

By Walter Davenport

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S
BY MARTIN HARRIS

Listen, Ma. While your boy's in the Army brush up on your cooking. He's coming home full of salads, rare beef, fruit juices and vitamins. The dietitians have him in hand. If war's declared and he can fight the way he eats, he'll be home soon—the war won with knife and fork

MASTER SERGEANT THOMAS L. DELVECCHIO, boss of the United States Army School for Bakers and Cooks at Fort Slocum, New York, was making his rounds. There was a spoon in his hand and his nose was alertly wrinkled. Sergeant Delvecchio was about to taste and smell from soup to nuts what, presently, a couple of thousand soldiers were going to eat.

Until he entered the kitchen, the sergeant had been jovial, even jocular. He is a large, expansive fellow with twenty-five years of Army experience behind him, clothing him with authority. But the moment he entered the mess hall his face became stern, his shoulders went taut and men stood back. He became positively lordly.

Sergeant Delvecchio strode the length of the hall, his demeanor grim, his eye hungry for error. Occasionally he'd pause, glare at a slightly damp spot, look the mess detail over with scorn and pass on. The damp spot was attended to at once. Twice he stopped in front of men who looked a trifle less than freshly laundered and virtually annihilated them with silent contempt.

In the kitchen, forty men learning to be Army cooks stood at their pots, kettles, steamers, hot tables, pans, urns and breadboards. They didn't snap to attention, which a sergeant doesn't rate; they merely looked willing to. But the sergeant wanted no honors. He picked up a long spoon, looked it over critically, flicked from its bowl a speck that wasn't there and dipped into the "asparagras soup with croutons." (We're dishing it out just as we copied it from the menu.) The sergeant took a second taste, this one larger, and a mere suggestion of approval flickered across his face. A small smile chased apprehension from the eyes of the creator of that "asparagras soup with croutons." He had been in the Army six weeks; at the school, two.

"Okay, Sergeant?" he asked.

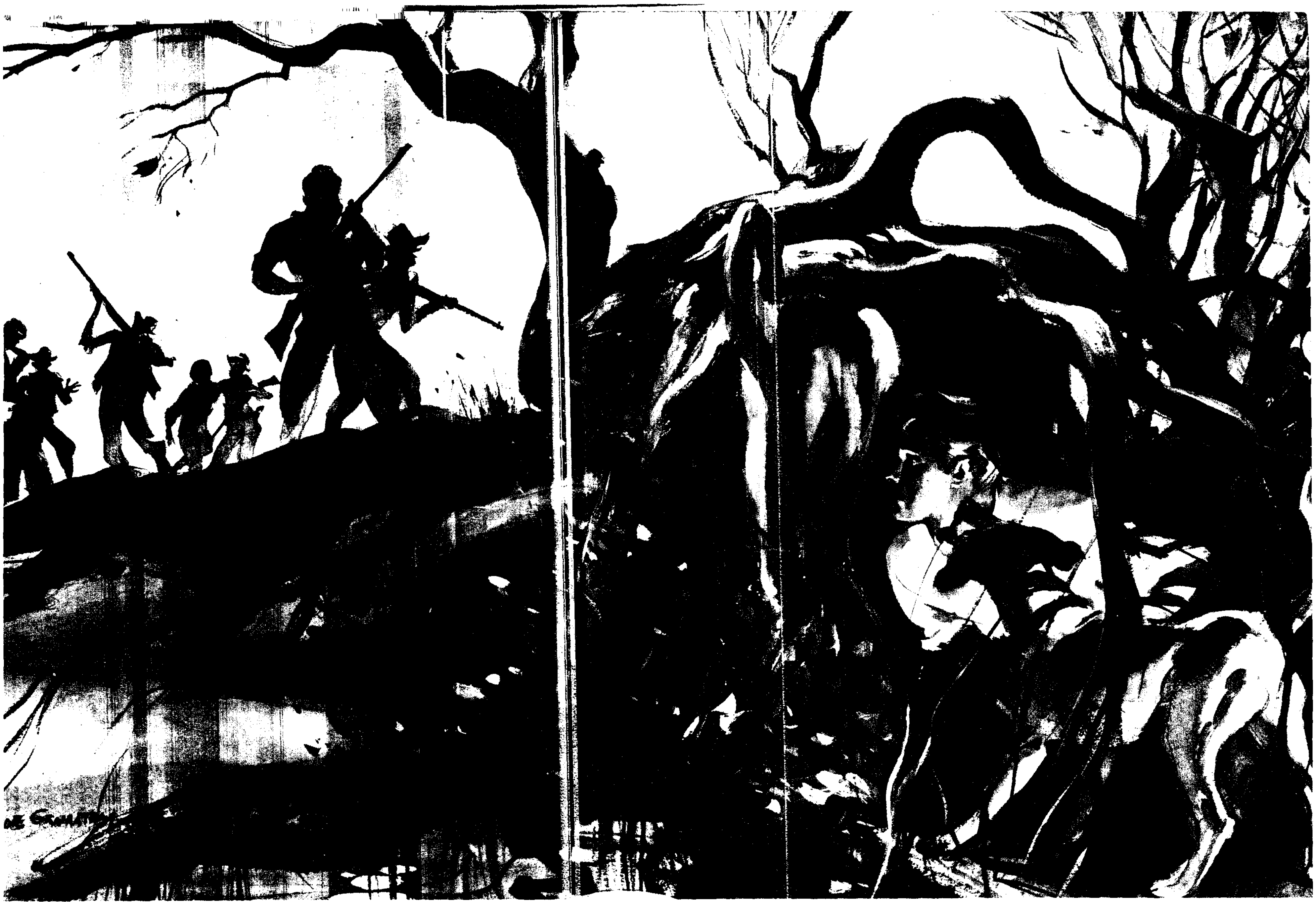
"You're learning," said Sergeant Delvecchio, and passed on to the salad, the celery and dill pickles. He didn't taste but he looked hard. The salad was lettuce and sliced tomatoes. He pointed to several leaves. The cook in charge looked closely, so did we. We saw nothing but lettuce. But the sergeant didn't help us. He merely said: "Let's see the mayonnaise."

Rookies Choose Meat

He smelled the mayonnaise, growled something about "pale" and advanced upon the roast beef. Over the roast beef, four student cooks and two veterans presided. The sergeant ate a sliver, chewing it slowly, ruminating. We watched anxiously. "Gravy," said the sergeant. He dipped his spoon into the gravy and tasted it twice—first suspiciously, then with quite a little gusto. He clucked his tongue against the roof of his mouth and the tension relaxed. Things were going fine and the sergeant turned to us with a few words of experience.

"Recruits eat meat like it was the last they're ever going to get," said he. "Veterans go easy. Many recruits ain't any too familiar with meat at home. Maybe once a week—chuck. Maybe twice including corned beef or baloney. Depression. Unemployment. Not so good. Feed 'em up in the Army. Proteins. Most cooks can't do anything with meat but ruin it. Old soldiers eat a little of everything—meat, soup, bread and gravy, vegetables, everything. Balanced. Army feeds 'em all better'n seventy-two per cent of American families eat. Best-fed army in the world. Best cooks are Negroes, Frenchmen and Italians. Germans, no. Germans make best bakers and butchers. Thick in the shoulders. Irish, no. Fight too much. American Army best fed in (*Continued on page 64*)

Master Sergeant Delvecchio, head man of the Army school for bakers and cooks at Fort Slocum, N. Y., examines a huge kettleful of boiling hams. Above, Sgt. Walter Thompson waits with mixed emotions for the daily inspection of his student-bakers' wares



A boy's simple pride, a girl's sure faith—these are things that mob fury can never destroy

"What in tarnation's happened to my dog?" Ham complained. The moon tipped up from behind the trees and Joe Ed could see them plainly

THE warm, smoke-hazed day had slipped past noon when Joe Ed Thornton drove his wagonload of pumpkins over the rise of Lebanon Hill. He was a long, rawboned boy with an uneven ledge of light hair over the back of his collar, and he drove with the reins slack, peering off to the right as if he looked for something. Billie Bevans rode along beside him, still wearing his old straw Jimmy although it was October.

To either side of them the fields lay warm and rusty between barbed-wire fences. Splashed over with goldenrod and ironweed, they had the gentle look of tilled soil and sloped tamely to the edges of the town. But behind them the rutty road led into knob country, a half-outlandish district of stills and slapped-together dwellings, of lean-jowled men with stubbly chins and women with quick eyes. These people kept to themselves for the most part, but when, on occasion, one or two of them ventured into town, they had a furtive, lonely way about them that the townsfolk didn't like.

Joe Ed was from the knobs. Billie had hailed him as he drove through Cuthbert's Crossing.

"I'd like right smart to git a lift into town an' hear talk about the killin'," he'd said. "Whoever done in ole January Purtle must sure a bin a scrapper."

"I bet Mr. Purtle fit brave," said Joe Ed. "Always seemed he was kinda lionlike, his white hair bushin' out same as a mane."

"An' he sure could roar ef he taken himself the notion. Feller come by Cuthbert's Crossin' yestiddy says they musta fit on the back porch there at Purtle's, seein' the way it war muddied up with tracks. Says Sukey come back after dark—bin huntin' some fussy ol' hen—an' found her grandpap laid down the back porch steps with his head plain busted open in a mighty mean way."

"That was bad on Sukey," said the boy. "Ain't they found nobody yet?"

"Not yit . . . an' hit's bin two days."

JOE ED said nothing else. Knob people are not given to much talk. Billie respected this on the six-mile drive, but now at the edge of town he spoke again, chewing away on a straw of orchard grass.

"How'd you persuade them punkins outen yer pappy?"

Joe Ed was looking off to a flat-topped, red-brick house that had just come into view. This was January Purtle's place where Joe Ed had hired out sometimes at plowing time and mowing. Old January's grandchild, Sukey, worked in the fields with the men. The wagon hit a rock and jolted him into speech.

"I taken the punkins while Pappy was drunk asleep."

Billie sucked in on his straw of orchard grass.

"I raised 'em," the boy said quickly. "I ain't never thieved from Pappy what was hisn. He'd've had 'em swapped for 'shine inside of a week an' I needed me some britches."

They both looked down at Joe Ed's knees sticking straight through his trousers.

"Looks like the Christian Circle mighta done better by you," Billie remarked.

"These seen me a year," said Joe Ed, "an' a boy when he gets growed up should make to buy his own."

They went lolloping on downhill, the ramshackle horse and wagon making the only sounds in the warm noon countryside. The boy kept looking at the red-brick house set round with locust trees and a whitewashed fence. His eyes in his bony face were a gentle, eager blue. Now he could see the old gray nesting of the barns and sheds and, off to one side, the little locust thicket. There, in the thicket, just at evening time, Sukey Purtle had kissed him the day the mowing was finished. No one had ever kissed Joe Ed before.

Remembering, he shifted on the worn wagon seat. There had been flecks of wheat caught in her dark, short curls and even in the shadow of the thicket her skin had smelled of sunlight. She had held him by the arms and said, "Don't stay in the knobs, Joe Ed. You'd make a right good farmer if you tried." And though she stood no higher than his chest, just like a child telling him right from wrong, he had believed her. Then old man January had bellowed from the back porch, "Sukey, where in tarnation . . . I want my supper!" and she was gone in a flash of red gingham.

That had been June and he hadn't seen her since. His pants had worn through and he had no others; and pride, which was as new to him as love, had held him in the knobs. Not till the news

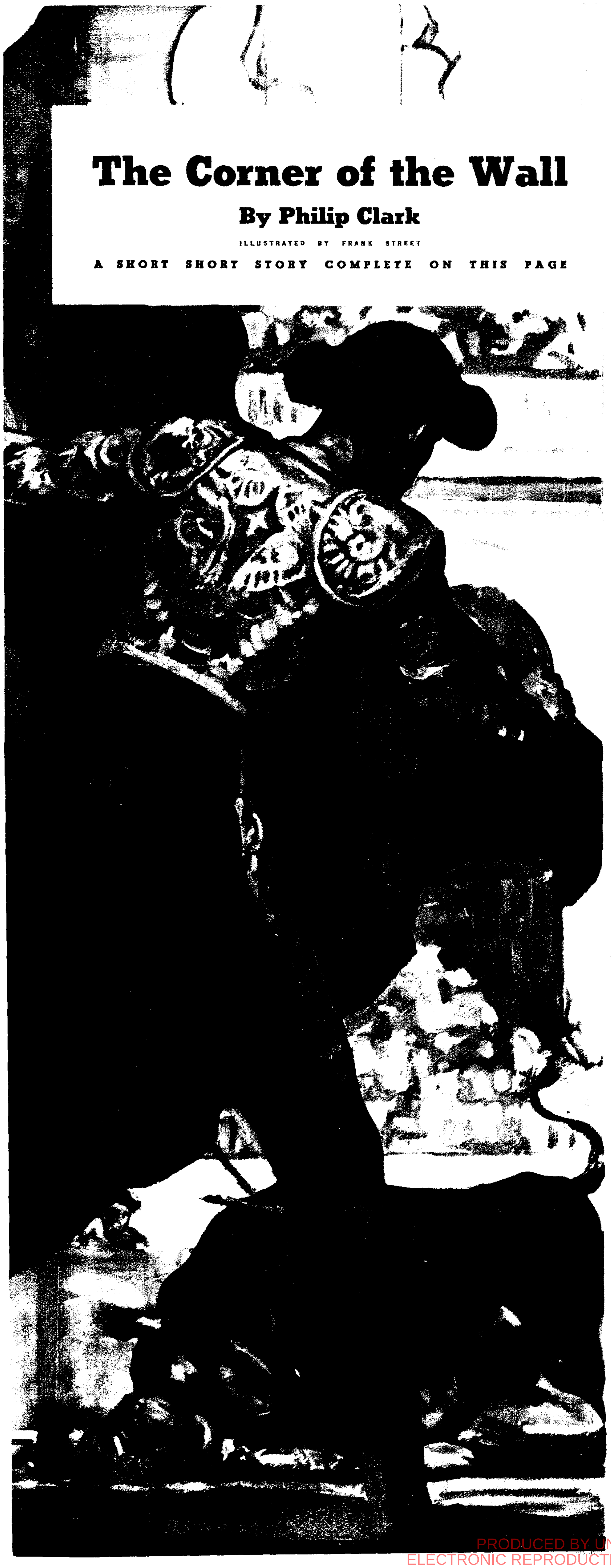
(Continued on page 58)

The Corner of the Wall

By Philip Clark

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



"So easy to be a little slow," he thought. "So very easy." Chavez's face turned. The eyes read the thought without fear

BEYOND the window of the dressing room, the hills of northern Mexico rolled hard and brown against a cobalt sky. José Martal leaned in the window embrasure, watching the dry, naked land that was so much like the land of Aragon and listening to the faint, familiar sounds of the gathering crowd. He was still in his shirt sleeves, but he was ready to go any time. His stiffly embroidered bullfighter's jacket was laid out on a bench, the neatly folded cape, and the leather case with the swords propped ready against the wall.

The door of the dressing room opened. Martal knew without looking that it was Hernan, his manager. Still watching the brown hills, Martal said: "Well?"

Hernan said quickly, "Ribera's out. He can't possibly work. They've taken him to the hospital." Then, even more quickly, "But I've a good one to take his place. A really fine banderillero."

Martal turned around. Hernan was a fat man, and his wide face wore a permanent irritation. Martal said, "Mexican? A good Mexican banderillero?"

Hernan said angrily: "What difference, if he's good? I've seen him work before . . . in Spain. Before the trouble."

Martal stood for a moment, looking at him. "You saw him before the trouble. But during and after? Which side?"

Hernan said, "I didn't ask his politics. I know he can put the sticks in. What more do you want?"

Martal said, "Only this. I fought for the people."

Hernan said angrily, "You all fought for the people," and walked out of the door without another word. Martal picked up his things and followed him down the sloping corridor. Over his shoulder, Hernan said, "This one's name is Chavez. A good workman. Respect him for what he is."

Martal said nothing. He was suddenly tired of it, sorry he'd ever started. But the old anger, the endless deadly ache of the beaten, was heavy in his chest. He remembered, as he would always and forever remember, how his father had died at Guadalajara. And Martal had done a good job of trying to, as long as there had been any point to it.

They came out into the bright sun, in the passage inside the barrier. Martal heard Hernan saying, "This is Pedro Chavez. The new banderillero . . ." And he was looking into the man's eyes.

THEY both stood very still. Martal did not hear the crowd now. He heard the rain falling in Teruel—Teruel, where they had fought from wall to wall, from corpse to corpse. And he remembered that moment . . . that endless moment at the corner of the wall. The enemy eyes under the raked Falangist cap . . . the rifle leveled almost muzzle to muzzle with his own. That endless moment. And, suddenly, from overhead, the short scream of the shell. The black, stunning shock of the burst. Then into the blackness the voices of his patrol, the frantic hands scrabbling him clear.

Hernan had turned away. Martal said softly, "I think you know me."

Chavez said, "Only by the eyes. Then, you had a beard."

Martal said, "We had a work that left no time for shaving. A work still unfinished."

Martal turned and walked away. He was certain the man was an informer, a spy. But he could take care of the fellow. A word in the proper place, and . . .

The first bull was very bad. A coward and dangerous, because he would not come properly to the sword. But he showed that Hernan had not lied about Chavez. The man was good. He was graceful and very sure of himself. But he did not just show off. He worked the bull for Martal. So that when Martal took over, the animal would at least stand and take the sword.

The second was much better. He charged hard, and in the first passages Martal had a chance to show a little of what he could do with the cape. Then Chavez took him, stamping the sand and calling, body poised—then planting the sticks, his feet carrying him light and clear. It was well done.

Chavez came back to the barrier, watching the bull hooking and bucking. He said to Martal, "He hooks a little to the left."

His voice was very dry and professional. Martal said shortly, "I can see. Watch for yourself."

Chavez took another pair of banderillas and went out, calling the bull. The bull charged. They met very close to the barrier, almost in front of Martal. It was too close to be safe. But Chavez was good. Martal saw the man's arms coming down, his feet moving surely, quickly. Then he saw the broken lace trailing between the lightning swift feet, the stumble and the lashing horn.

THEN Martal was running. It was automatic, unthinking. He saw the man's body on the sand, the long gash along the thigh, and the great black shoulders swinging back, the horns thrusting for the kill.

And his own cape swinging, and the cold, hard thought: "So easy to be a little slow. So very easy." And Chavez's face turned on the crooked arm. The eyes hard on his own, reading the thought without fear or pleading. An endless moment. Endless as a moment at Teruel.

Then the cape swinging under the horns. Swift and beautiful. Taking the bull on and over. Along the barrier, the bull all his now, the man on the sand carried safely away.

Afterward, Martal went to the infirmary. The doctor had finished with the leg, and Chavez was smoking a cigarette. Chavez said, "I do not say thank you. You would not take it."

Martal said, "No." He paused and said, "It was not mercy. You understand that."

Chavez said, "I understand."

"One more death would have proved nothing."

Chavez nodded. "So it seemed to me at Teruel."

"Still you would have done better to have stayed in Spain." Martal looked away. "There are certain groups here who know how to deal with those who pose as refugees."

Chavez took a long drag on his cigarette. He seemed to be deciding something in his mind. He said, "Do not think I ask for anything. But between us, who have each been as good as dead, there can be a certain honesty."

Martal said nothing. Chavez said, "I no longer have any part of politics or factions. No part at all."

Martal waited. Chavez said, "I was—disqualified. Call it that. There was one of my company in Spain who reported me for refusing to kill one fighting on the other side."

Martal said, "So?"

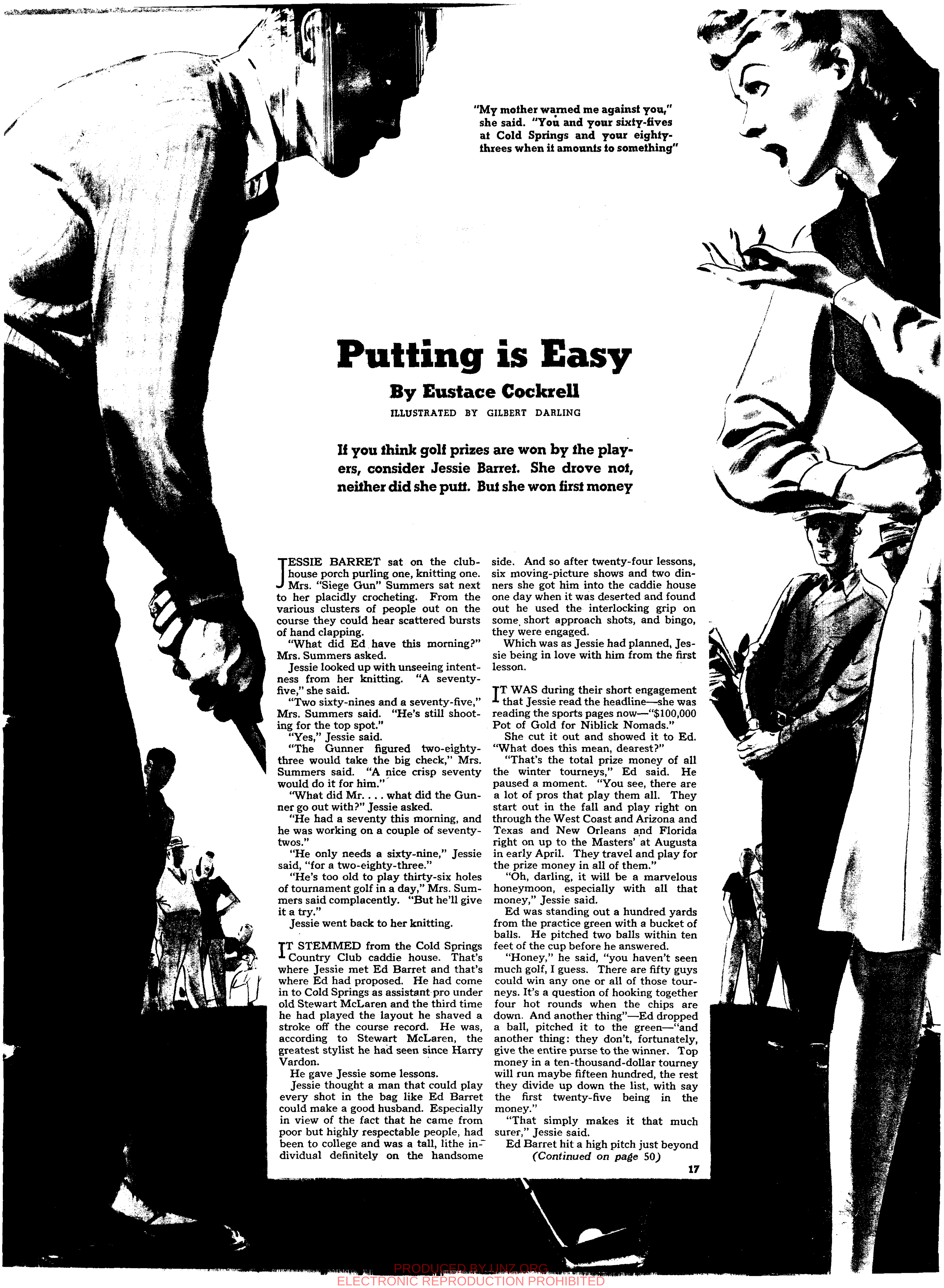
Chavez said, "At Teruel. The man had been stunned by a shell burst."

He stopped and watched the smoke curling up from his cigarette. Martal watched it too. Chavez said, "Nor was it mercy then. There seemed no point in killing."

They were both silent for a moment, both watching the curling smoke. Chavez said, "Understand me. Even though I am no longer of this side nor of that, I have changed nothing in my thinking."

Martal said shortly, "Nor I. So it still proves nothing."

Chavez said, "*Si hombre.* And proves it very well."



"My mother warned me against you," she said. "You and your sixty-fives at Cold Springs and your eighty-threes when it amounts to something"

Putting is Easy

By Eustace Cockrell

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

If you think golf prizes are won by the players, consider Jessie Barret. She drove not, neither did she putt. But she won first money

JESSIE BARRET sat on the clubhouse porch purling one, knitting one. Mrs. "Siege Gun" Summers sat next to her placidly crocheting. From the various clusters of people out on the course they could hear scattered bursts of hand clapping.

"What did Ed have this morning?" Mrs. Summers asked.

Jessie looked up with unseeing intentness from her knitting. "A seventy-five," she said.

"Two sixty-nines and a seventy-five," Mrs. Summers said. "He's still shooting for the top spot."

"Yes," Jessie said.

"The Gunner figured two-eighty-three would take the big check," Mrs. Summers said. "A nice crisp seventy would do it for him."

"What did Mr. . . . what did the Gunner go out with?" Jessie asked.

"He had a seventy this morning, and he was working on a couple of seventy-twos."

"He only needs a sixty-nine," Jessie said, "for a two-eighty-three."

"He's too old to play thirty-six holes of tournament golf in a day," Mrs. Summers said complacently. "But he'll give it a try."

Jessie went back to her knitting.

IT STEMMED from the Cold Springs Country Club caddie house. That's where Jessie met Ed Barret and that's where Ed had proposed. He had come in to Cold Springs as assistant pro under old Stewart McLaren and the third time he had played the layout he shaved a stroke off the course record. He was, according to Stewart McLaren, the greatest stylist he had seen since Harry Vardon.

He gave Jessie some lessons.

Jessie thought a man that could play every shot in the bag like Ed Barret could make a good husband. Especially in view of the fact that he came from poor but highly respectable people, had been to college and was a tall, lithe individual definitely on the handsome side. And so after twenty-four lessons, six moving-picture shows and two dinners she got him into the caddie house one day when it was deserted and found out he used the interlocking grip on some short approach shots, and bingo, they were engaged.

Which was as Jessie had planned, Jessie being in love with him from the first lesson.

IT WAS during their short engagement that Jessie read the headline—she was reading the sports pages now—"$100,000 Pot of Gold for Niblick Nomads."

She cut it out and showed it to Ed. "What does this mean, dearest?"

"That's the total prize money of all the winter tourneys," Ed said. He paused a moment. "You see, there are a lot of pros that play them all. They start out in the fall and play right on through the West Coast and Arizona and Texas and New Orleans and Florida right on up to the Masters' at Augusta in early April. They travel and play for the prize money in all of them."

"Oh, darling, it will be a marvelous honeymoon, especially with all that money," Jessie said.

Ed was standing out a hundred yards from the practice green with a bucket of balls. He pitched two balls within ten feet of the cup before he answered.

"Honey," he said, "you haven't seen much golf, I guess. There are fifty guys could win any one or all of those tourneys. It's a question of hooking together four hot rounds when the chips are down. And another thing"—Ed dropped a ball, pitched it to the green—"and another thing: they don't, fortunately, give the entire purse to the winner. Top money in a ten-thousand-dollar tourney will run maybe fifteen hundred, the rest they divide up down the list, with say the first twenty-five being in the money."

"That simply makes it that much surer," Jessie said.

Ed Barret hit a high pitch just beyond

(Continued on page 50)

Sallies of the Alleys

By Ted Shane

The bowling alley has toned up with powder rooms and nurseries. Potted geraniums replace the spittoons and air conditioning pumps out the stale tobacco smoke. All because madam has taken to rolling a mineralite cannon ball while supper and husband wait

THE determined woman with the glasses took a look at the tenpin far down the alley, kissed her ball for luck, stepped rhythmically to the foul line and debouched. Two thirds of the way down the alley, the ball broke into a beautiful hook and she carelessly turned away, confident it would find its mark. As it did, a woman screamed. "Girls!" she cried. "Do you know what?"

"No—what?" cried the girls.

"It's half past five. My husband will be home at six and I haven't got a thing ready for his supper. We better quit."

The determined woman with the glasses scoffed: "Quit? And we still got a game apiece to finish the series? Let him wait—like mine—"

Today, with about 3,000,000 women of assorted shapes, sizes and ages pounding the big round mineralites down the 60-odd-foot mapleways, meals in approximately 3,000,000 American homes are served late. Women have gone into bowling in a big way. By a strange quirk, this sport that would seem to be exclusively adapted to the stronger male may turn out to be the only contest where women may hope to surpass the men.

No jumping, running or personal contact is required of a good kegler. It is not even necessary to hurl a hard ball down the alley. What is needed is accuracy and consistency, and women have those virtues to a high degree. While average women knockers don't outbowl average men right now, the opinion is general that if the gals devote themselves to the pastime as assiduously as they do to such feminine sports as shopping, kaffee-klatsch-as-klatsch-can and cooking they will soon stand shoulder to shoulder with Average Man in the bowling alleys.

Today there are dozens of women who can hold their own with the top-flight gent keglers. Practically every bowling emporium boasts a lady prodigy who can pin back the ears of the best man in town. Last season, Zella Thomas, a handsome housewife of Newark, Ohio, turned in a nice little score of 299—just one wobbly pin short of a perfect game. The photogenic Ann Marden, who nurses a typewriter for an RKO executive, slipped across the street to the Radio City alleys during lunch hour just the

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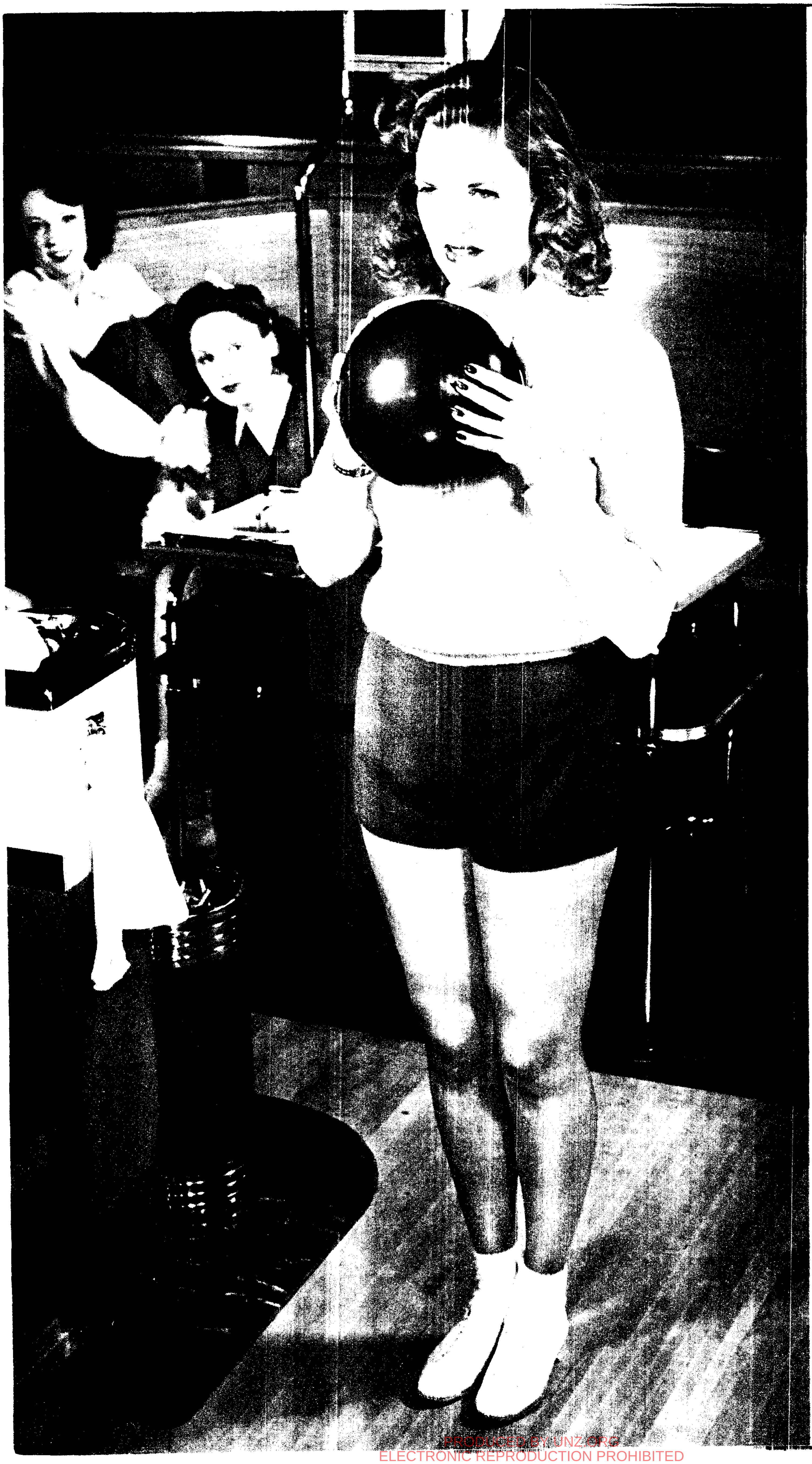
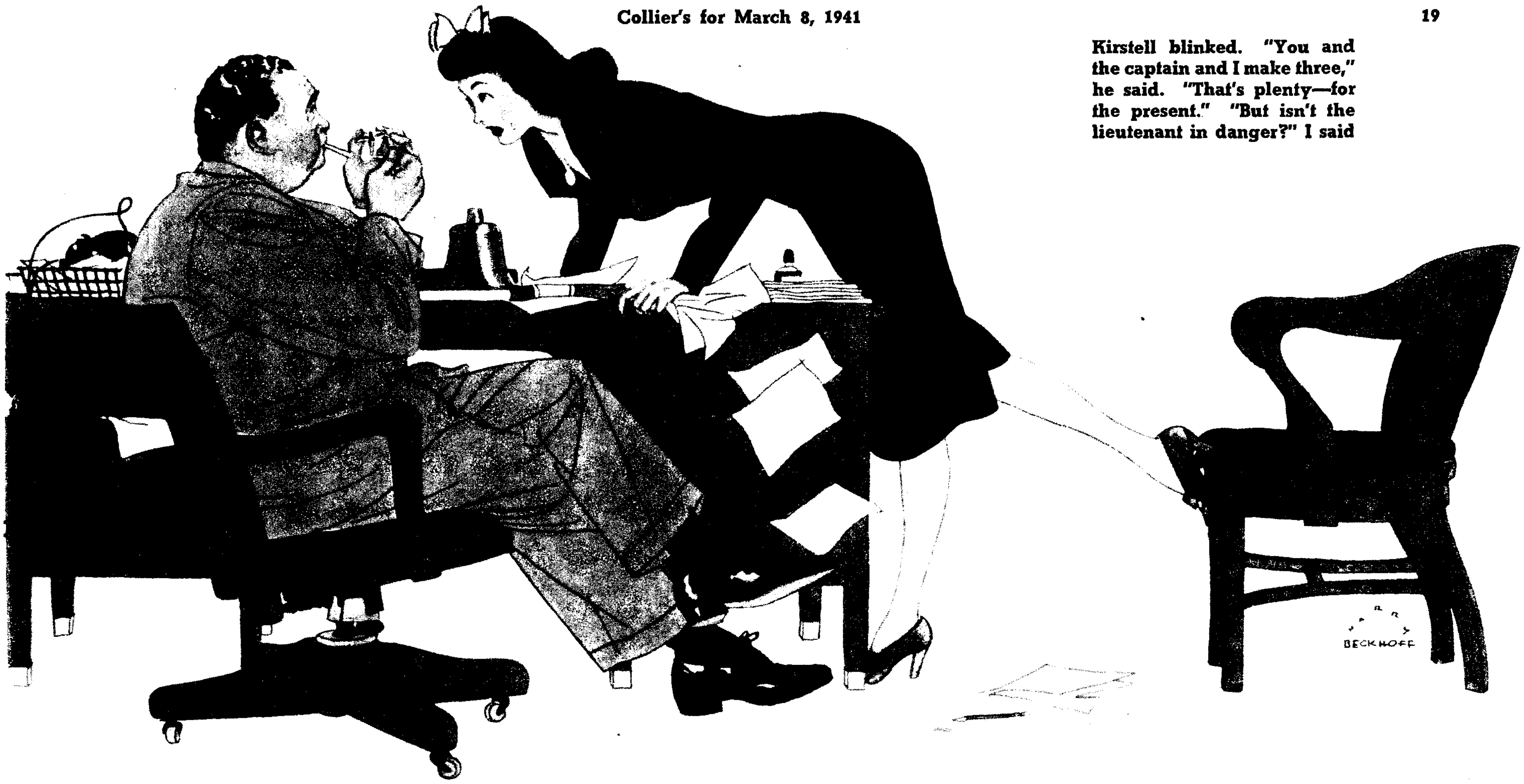


CHARLES KERLEE

Cobina Wright, Jr.—one of the 3,000,000 reasons why men are rediscovering that bowling is a game requiring concentration



Kirstell blinked. "You and the captain and I make three," he said. "That's plenty—for the present." "But isn't the lieutenant in danger?" I said

THE TRAITOR

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The Story Thus Far:

LIVING with her father, Captain Hartney, U.S.N., commandant of a small naval station, Phyllis Hartney—a young person with plenty of oomph and savvy—is disgruntled. She entertains the theory that a book that her dad has written (a book decidedly favorable to the Navy's air arm) is responsible for her dad's "exile" to an unimportant post.

The captain has an aide: Lieutenant Roger Collins. The lieutenant thinks that Phyllis would do well to marry him. Phyllis does not agree with him. . . . Commander Sedden—"Pop" Sedden, Captain Hartney's executive officer—and his wife, "Mom," receive word that their son, Bert, is coming out from an Eastern college for a visit. The news does not interest Phyllis—Bert is a pain in the neck to his parents, and a "conscientious objector." Thumbs down on Bert!

Miss Hartney's first taste of excitement comes when, entering headquarters one day, she is just in time to prevent a lively fist fight between Lieutenant Collins and Jack Murphy, an ensign. What's the trouble? No statement is forthcoming.

A letter of great importance reaches Captain Hartney. It is from an admiral in Washington who warmly (and "personally") endorses the captain's book. Phyllis is delighted. Her dad will soon be out of the doghouse—she hopes.

While she is conversing with her father, a fire alarm sounds. She runs to the fire—a blaze in a service truck. The blaze (under a tarpaulin that covers part of the truck) is put out by a young man while his two companions, obviously fearing an explosion, urge him to clear out.

The excitement over, Phyllis meets the hero: Lieutenant "Savvy" Roberts. His friends ("Dutch" and "Pat") are two engineers from M.I.T.—Mr. Prentice and Mr. Rorabeck. Phyllis becomes very interested in all of them; especially Savvy. . . .

Captain Hartney telephones Phyllis and tells her to come to his office, at once. There her father, white and drawn, introduces her to Lieutenant Commander Kirstell, who has just arrived from Washington. Her father says: "Intelligence has good reason to believe—*that one of my officers is a traitor*." Phyllis stares, incredulous. "A traitor?" she gasps. "Who?"

Lieutenant Commander Kirstell shakes his head. "We don't know—yet," he says quietly.

II

MY FIRST reaction to this ugly news was protective of my father. It had hit him hard—not the thought of what a scandal at Navy Station would mean to his own future, but the abstract idea of treason itself—and so I fought against so bitter a conclusion.

"Couldn't you be mistaken?" I said. "It's hard to believe . . . I *can't* believe it!"

"Neither can I, Phyllis," my father said, gruffly. He turned his back on us and walked over to a window and stood there, looking out at the ocean, while I glowered at this man from Washington in a childish determination to argue U. S. Navy Intelligence out of its facts.

"What's your proof, Commander?" I said.

Lieut. Commander Kirstell looked gently amused. He was a short, beefy man of about thirty-five, well-dressed in gray tweed cits. He had tightly cut and rather frizzly black hair, parted in the mathematical middle; a square, bluish jaw and the pale, cold eyes of a realist. I sensed that he considered my father's emotionalism unbecoming a Navy officer. They had not got on very well in the preliminary conference; and Kirstell was a shrewd enough judge of character to realize that he wouldn't have much effective assistance from Captain Hartney. My father, a sensitive scholar, always occupied with large affairs and living a mental life detached from Navy Station, could not be depended upon for detective work of any sort.

"You understand, Miss Hartney, that what I tell you is not to be repeated?"

"Of course."

"I vouch for Phyllis," my father said, shortly. "Go ahead, Commander."

The facts, as outlined by Lieut. Commander Kirstell, were these: Intelligence had intercepted a message in code at one of their short-wave listening stations. They had cracked the code. The message reported the transfer of one Lieutenant Dent Roberts, inventor, to Navy Station for further tests of his device. A concluding sentence explained why Kirstell had come to Navy Station. It said, *"We have officer there who will cover."* Intelligence accepted this statement as true, because (1) the Germans had used a new high-frequency transmitter which they still believed was beyond the range of our listening stations and (2) there was no conceivable reason for their boasting of a traitor at Navy Station if they intended the message to fall into our hands.

MY FATHER'S eyes were tragic, as Lieut. Commander Kirstell finished his terse outline of the case. "I still say it's a trick, Kirstell," he insisted. "Not an officer or a man here could be capable of treason."

"We haven't eliminated the possibility of a trick, sir."

"A trick, of course it is," my father said, pathetically trying to cheer himself up. "Eh, Phyllis?"

"You can't put anything past Germans," I said. "Commander Kirstell will probably find that there's nothing wrong here, at all."

"I hope so, Miss Hartney."

"Look, Dad," I said, "why don't you take a tour around the yard and let me talk to the commander? It's really more in my line."

"Well . . . I—I would like a walk—"

"Go right ahead, sir! I'll be getting some background information from Miss Phyllis."

I handed my father his cap and topcoat and pushed him toward the door. He was glad to go.

Lieut. Commander Kirstell was a smart man.

"That is what we should mean when we say 'an officer and a gentleman,' Miss Phyllis," he said, nodding after the skipper. "I'm very sorry that this thing had to come at Navy Station. I hope Captain Hartney will believe that."

"Thank you," I said. "It was very understanding of you to send for me. I want to spare Dad as much as I can."

Then I got right down to business. (Miss Phyllis is a Navy junior but not *quite* a lady.) A lady would not have driven so directly at a selfish and primitive point. To wit: "Does Lieutenant Roberts know?"

"Roberts?"

"The officer mentioned in the message. A two-striper by that name reported for duty here this morning."

"Oh . . . he's here."

"Yes. Is it the same man?"

"Right. I didn't expect them so soon. They must have driven day and night."

"Does he know—about this?"

"No."

"Aren't you going to tell him?"

"I think not."

"Why?"

Kirstell blinked, asked my permission and lighted a cigarette, dawdling in the process. "You and the captain and I make three. That's plenty—for the present."

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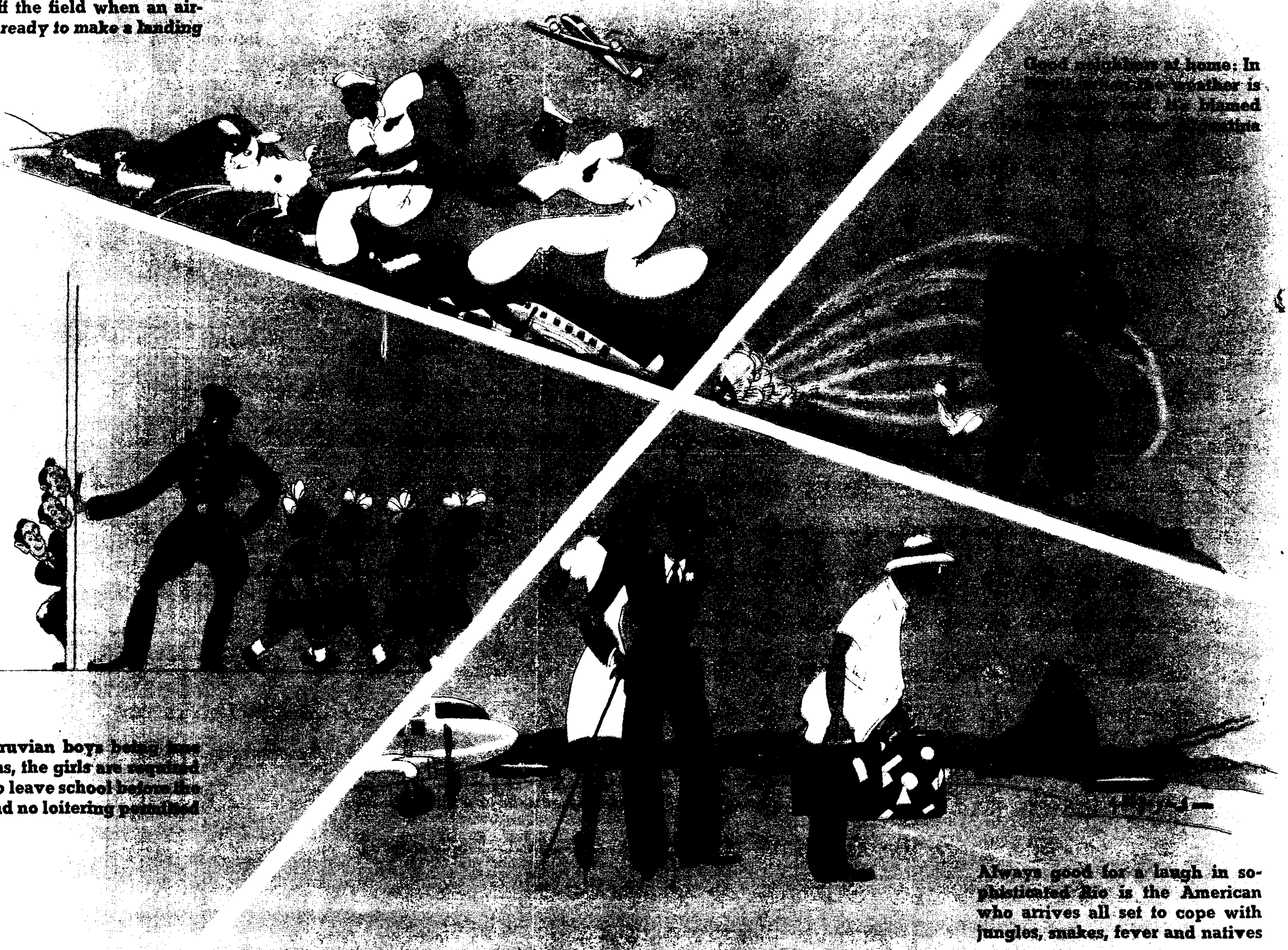

Airport attendants at Santiago, Chile, get out and shoo grazing sheep off the field when an airplane is ready to make a landing

Good neighbors at home: In [illegible] the weather is [illegible] the blamed [illegible]tina

Little Peruvian boys being true Peruvians, the girls are required by law to leave school before the boys. And no loitering permitted

Always good for a laugh in sophisticated Rio is the American who arrives all set to cope with jungles, snakes, fever and natives

OUR SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

BY W. B. COURTNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Traveling around South America, Collier's roving reporter makes a few notes that will help you understand our good neighbors

"KLM" are the world-familiar and famous initials of the great Dutch empire air line. In pioneer world air-travel days KLM was flying sturdily from Amsterdam to the far-off East Indies. Later KLM linked the Caribbean islands of Aruba, Curaçao and Bon Aire with Dutch Guiana, by way of Venezuela and Trinidad, the British island. Now KLM has been denied the use of Trinidad: is forced to make the long, exceedingly hazardous flight over the interior jungles of Venezuela and Brazil to come into Dutch Guiana the back way, for they are not allowed to fly over intervening British Guiana, either. It has made for wretched feeling between the Dutch and British in South America.

The reason is a gaudy wartime story, with all the fixin's.

Trinidad is the British convoy assembly point in the West Indies for tankers from Venezuela, the islands and for provision ships from elsewhere. You see the harbor of Port of Spain full of them, with two old British cruisers coaling at the docks. Then, suddenly, the furtive, motley fleet of many flags, of tide-stained tramps and luxury three-stackers, has gone. In the morning there are only the palms on the shore, and the brazen tropic sea.

Seven tankers, last summer, blew up mysteriously a day or two after sailing from Trinidad. There were only fourteen survivors from the lot. Whether from information given by those survivors isn't known, but a KLM pilot was arrested. In his pocket were found sealed letters from a young woman in Trinidad, addressed to a man in Curaçao.

The doomed tankers had come from Curaçao. The letters reported details of their loss. A loss, by the way, that had never been printed or acknowledged or broadcast or in any way publicly made known by the British authorities.

It is, of course, strictly against international and domestic postal regulations for air-line pilots to carry unpostaged letters. In doing so, the KLM flier made it possible for his girl friend to evade British mail censorship at Trinidad.

She is now doing a 25-year stretch in jail. The pilot, however, was released on espionage charges for want of evidence that he knew what he carried. A show of disciplinary action was made by KLM: the pilot was grounded, made a clerk in the Curaçao office.

YOU soon find that South Americans are as ignorant of us as we are of them. Ask a man in Chillicothe to bound Paraguay; ask a man in La Paz to bound Iowa. You'll have equal lack of success. Or try this one on your quiz fan acquaintances. Which is nearer by sea to Buenos Aires, largest city of South America and chief port of Argentina: New Orleans, way down south in the land of cotton, or Boston, way up north in the land of cod? Wrong.

Boston is more than 500 miles closer to Buenos Aires. Even Philadelphia, which you know of as 200-odd miles south of Boston, is about 100 miles farther than Boston is from Buenos Aires. Drop a plumb bob down the globe from New York City and your string will cut the eastern tip of Ecuador (meaning, equator), dangle from the south coast of Peru, hang *west* of Santiago and Valparaiso, brush the extremities of the Chilean archipelago. The snout of Brazil is almost due south of the Azores: Rio is two hours east of New York in time. The twin Americas extend from Longitude 34 degrees to Longitude 167 degrees west: a continental hike exceeded only by Asia from Turkey's Bosporus to Siberia's Bering coast.

URUGUAY, smallest of the ten South American republics, is larger than all New England plus New Jersey, but has a population about the same as Philadelphia's. Brazil, second largest single

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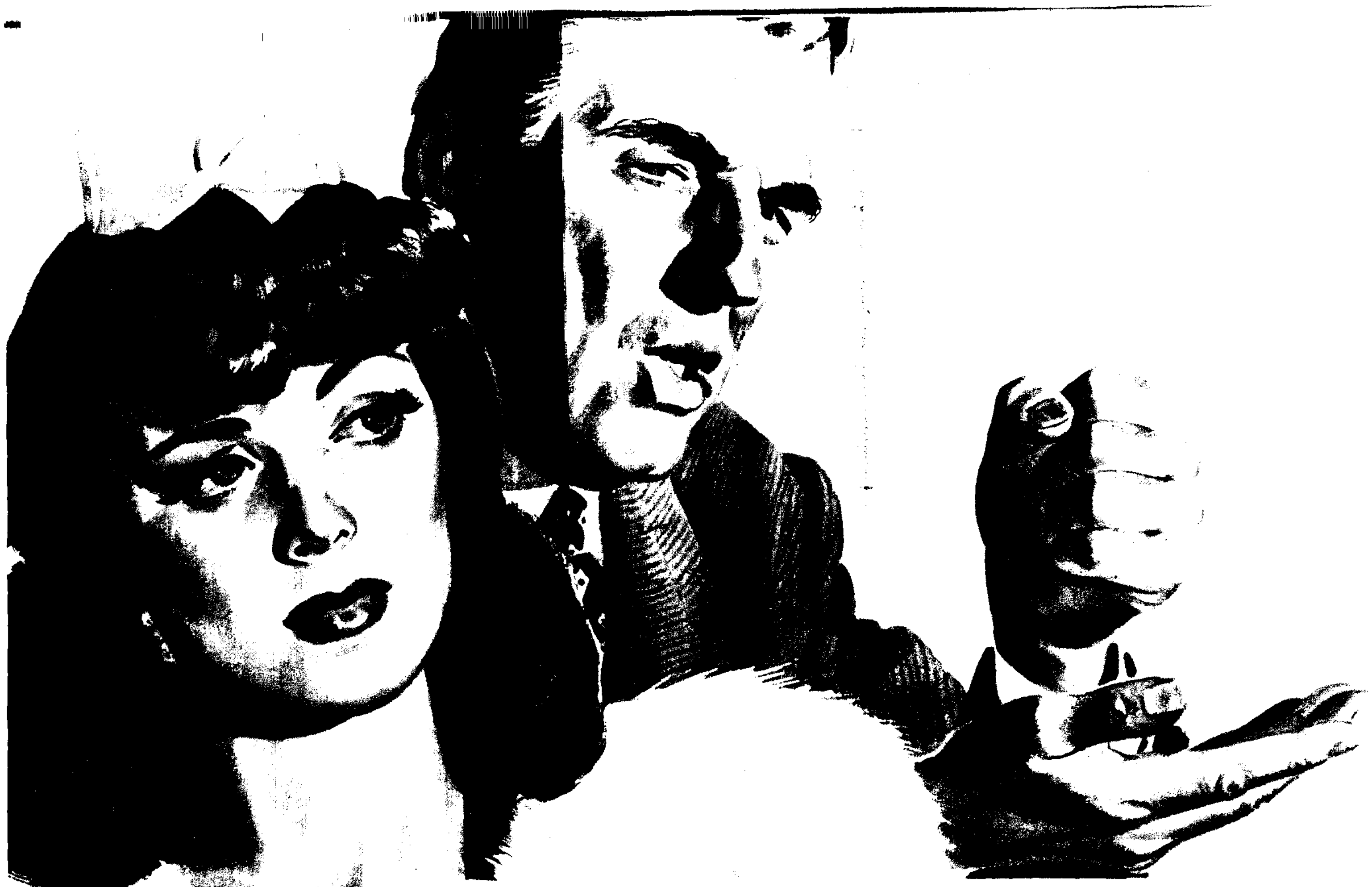


Barkley tempers faced each other. Clem said, "I've told you I don't approve. That's enough." "What's this? The Dark Ages?" Bianca protested

Ladder Love

By Wallace Irwin

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

BIANCA'S wedding was a month off when her parents faced the facts; Clem Barkley scratched his bald spot with a pencil, as if writing figures on his brain. "Call it two thousand flat. Five hundred for repairing damage done at Binky's coming-out party. The Tweed wedding cost three thousand, the Ballards' twenty-five hundred. Two thousand will do it. That's to hire St. James' Church, and if we ask a hundred people for the reception on the lawn, Riley the French caterer won't pull a cork for less than a thousand dollars. And Picolelli's orchestra with photographers. And I suppose Binky expects a canopy of orchids—"

Anna said, "American beauties," faintly, and thought of the nice home wedding that had started her and Clem off. But he had big ideas now, and she knew why.

Clemence Barkley and Co. hadn't been selling much insurance lately, and he thought that an enormous show wedding would advertise prosperity. But now he sat gloomily, adding figures on Anna's best stationery. Suddenly he grunted, "Johnnie Wilder! Family connections and a twenty-dollar job. What else has he got to offer?"

"Isn't love anything?" asked Anna with spirit, and left the room.

What had come over Clem all of a sudden? Up to now he had seemed proud to have his adored Bianca marry a socially registered Wilder. Never before had he spoken of good-looking Johnnie as anything but a boy who could make his way anywhere.

CLEM was up and Anna had gone to bed when Binky came home, her eyes bright as she said all in one breath, "I'm so frightfully happy. Johnnie and I decided on the twenty-fifth; St. James' isn't big enough so it's got to be All Souls'; thousands are coming."

Grunting, he followed her to her room and closed the door behind him. It wasn't her lovely, doting father who said, "Binky, you'd better forget about that Wilder boy."

"Better what?" Brown eyes enlarged an inch.

"I don't want to be harsh with you, darling." But his look was sour. "You're only seventeen, and you don't know what you want. Think it over for a year or two, then you'll know whether you and Johnnie are—er—temperamentally suited. You'll both know better when you're older. . . ."

The girl, who had never been seriously crossed by her devoted parents, jumped from the bed and ground a heel into the rug until her toes stuck through a toeless sandal.

"I never heard of anything so un—what do you know about Johnnie that's—wrong? I demand an explanation."

Barkley tempers faced each other. Clem said, "I've told you I don't approve. That's enough."

"What's this? The Dark Ages? Try to keep me from—"

"You're under age in this state. You can't marry without your parents' consent. And you haven't got mine—"

"Suppose I don't ask for your old consent?"

"Then you'll stay in your room till you change your mind."

With great alacrity for an old man of forty-five, Clem slid out of the door and locked it behind him.

Everything about Bianca was taut, from the straps of her sandals to the ribbon in her hair. Locked in like a runaway slave. Could this be 1941 when fathers were supposed to know their place? . . . Finally she tiptoed over to the window, too angry for tears. She lifted the sash, peered into bright moonlight and saw an answer to prayer: a ladder stood against the house, a yard or so beyond her reach. Eddie, the gardener, had forgotten to take it down. Full of quick resolve, she stole back to her telephone, and was relieved to find it working. The ogre she called a father had forgotten to cut it off.

She almost whispered into the mouthpiece when she got Johnnie's room at the club. Softly, with no endearments, she told him what to do.

When at last she heard the ladder whispering across the side of the house she was in her street clothes and had her bag packed. Finely muscled arms came out of the dark, and as they pulled her into the void she gave herself the luxury of one little murmur: "Oh, Johnnie!"

THE older Barkleys got the news next morning when they were at breakfast. A servant brought in the telegram. Anna read it, grew dizzy and handed it over to Clem.

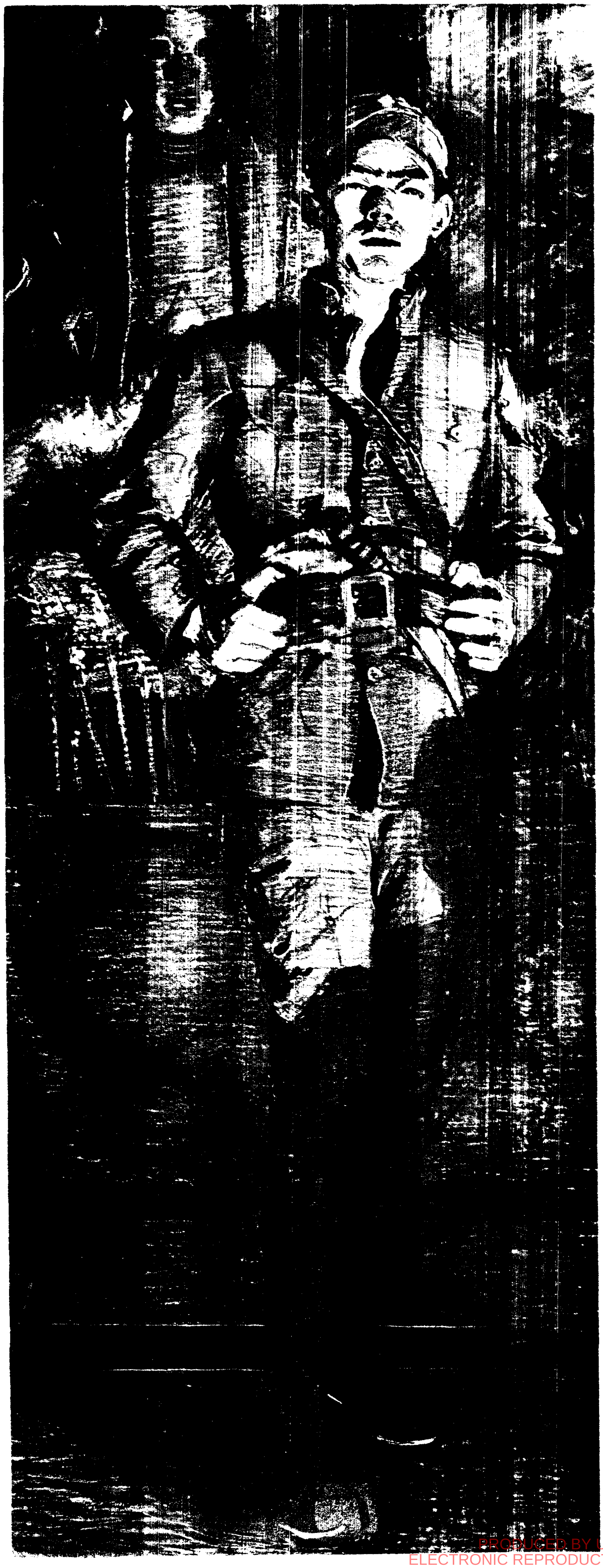
It was from a little town across the Maryland line. Clem's voice had a queer wobble in it as he read aloud:

"Johnnie and I married. Please forgive us but we had to. Address Shepp's Hotel till Wednesday then home. Oh, Johnnie is wonderful—Binky."

The only smile Clem had worn for months grew from the tip of his chin to the tips of his ears. Without a word he went to the library and came back with a yellow check. Anna saw what he had written on the proper lines, "Pay to Bianca Barkley Wilder . . . $2,000."

"Annie," he chortled, "slip this in your letter and ask Binky to forgive an old grouch who couldn't afford a wedding and a wedding present at the same time. Tell her this is the money she saved by running away, and it'll come in handy when they start housekeeping."

Clem scratched his bald spot and added: "Might tell her too that her poor old pop was a bit careless when he put that ladder outside her window."



Even the Buddha did not dwarf the young man who stood at its feet. It seemed rather to retreat into the shadows

CHINA SKY

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The Story Thus Far:

AFTER directing Dr. Sara Durand, one of his aides, to take over while he is away, Dr. Gray Thomison, head of a hospital in the Chinese city of Chen-li, leaves for America. The war is raging, and Chen-li *and* the hospital are being bombed daily. But happy in the knowledge that the man she loves, *unknown to him*—Gray Thomison—will presently be at her side again, young Dr. Durand carries on superbly.

Her first great test comes when Chen-ta, a noted Chinese guerrilla (called by the Chinese "the Eagle") brings in a badly wounded Japanese prisoner—a high-ranking army officer who gives his name as Yasuda. The Chinese implores Doctor Durand to save the man's life. Puzzled, Sara—assisted by Doctor Chung, head of the men's ward—operates; and Yasuda does not die.

Then Sara receives a crushing blow. Doctor Thomison cables that he is returning with "Louise"—his bride! . . . The young couple arrive. And from the first Louise (who dislikes China and the Chinese) is miserable—*and terrified by the savage bombings*. Noting her fear, Doctor Chung (in the pay of Yasuda) assures her that the bombings will cease if she will put her husband's Chinese seal on certain letters that he will bring her. Suspecting nothing, Louise agrees to do as he wishes.

The first of the letters (prepared by Yasuda) goes through. A short time later, the bombers stop molesting the hospital—but not the city. And everyone wonders why. . . . No longer afraid, but bored by life at the hospital, Dr. Thomison's wife begins writing to Harry Delafield, an attractive Englishman who is stationed near by. Presently, in answer to her entreaties, he comes over with some friends for a small dinner party.

While Gray—wondering why, for twelve days, the hospital has not been attacked—is dressing, Siao Fah, his cook (who adores "Thomison doctor") comes to him, gives him one of Louise's letters that he has intercepted. Gray reads the letter. It is to "Dearest Harry"; and it is, apparently, a love letter. . . .

Later, after the guests have gone, Louise is unusually affectionate. As she and Gray talk, in the bedroom, Siao Fah stands outside their door, while Little Pig, his assistant, peeks through the keyhole. After a time, Siao Fah pushes Little Pig away—and covers the keyhole with a dish towel. In the room, Louise is telling her husband that she loves him, that she wants to work beside him in the hospital.

VI

LOUISE tripped up the hospital steps with her little high heels clacking. The hospital was quite quiet and clean, for almost no one was here. Perversely, she thought, the Chen-li people had stopped coming, now that it was really safe to come. She pushed open the swinging doors, guarding carefully her bouquet of Chinese lilies.

Gray, hearing the light clatter of her footfall, opened his door and saw her coming down the corridor, her blue dress clear color for her glowing face, and for a moment he put aside again his question of her, never answered because love kept it unasked. How pretty she was, how sweet and suitable it was that she should bring flowers to his hospital! How impossible that she could be anything except what she looked! He had simply said gruffly to Sara the next day, "We were wrong about Louise—both of us," without having the courage to tell her that he had never asked Louise about the letter. "I'm glad, Gray," Sara had said quietly. Since then Sara had avoided him, but it was easier if she did.

Now Louise was at his side.

"Who is the lucky one this morning?" he asked playfully.

"Whom do you say?" she asked, smiling at the adoration in his eyes.

"There's not much choice—the hospital is so empty," he said ruefully. "One of the hospital orderlies broke his arm yesterday. There are a few people in the charity ward. And, of course, Yasuda's still here. I can't get at his trouble. Chung's making fresh tests today. It's almost like a typical case of sleeping sickness, the man's half-conscious so much of the time."

"Shall I give my flowers to Yasuda?" she asked. She had been on her way to Yasuda, anyway, but her eyes were innocent beneath Gray's.

"You may find him unconscious now." He hesitated, then he glanced about the empty hall, then tipped up her chin with his forefinger and kissed her. "It's lovely to see you coming in with flowers every day for somebody, my beautiful!" he said.

DOWN the hall Sara's door closed softly. She had been about to come out of her office, but now, seeing the kiss, she stepped back and stood, her hand on the door, her lips pressed together. She was frightened at herself. When in her life before had she hated anyone as she hated Louise? When, indeed, had she ever been so angry with anyone as she was with Gray? How could he be so fooled by this silly flower stuff? Whatever had been wrong, Louise had got him back again. She groaned at herself, bewildered with her own contradictions.

"But that was what I wanted, wasn't it?" she thought.

Surely to have Louise love Gray was what she wanted. Surely she had answered honestly to him that day, "I'm glad, Gray." But she had not been near to him again. They had come and gone in the quiet hospital, making work where there was none these days, and he came late and went home early.

She waited a moment more and opened the door. The hall was empty now and she stood irresolute. Where had she been about to go? It was no longer important. She went slowly upstairs to her own rooms. Her little Chinese baby was there playing on the rug. An amah sat near, sewing. The baby could sit up now alone. Now when she saw Sara she smiled and put up her arms and Sara took her and held her.

"I'll take care of her a while," she said to the amah, and when the woman gathered her sewing and went away she was glad to be alone. This little creature, she thought, looking at the baby, was going to be very pretty. She had the doll-like look of all Chinese babies, and the tiny hands fumbling at the buttons on Sara's uniform were exquisite as flowers. And then quietly, and to the child's wonder, she began to weep.

For a long time they sat thus, she weeping and the child watching. Then she wiped her eyes. What was the good of weeping when nothing could be done? For the first time since she began to love Gray she wished she could go away, go somewhere far enough so that she and Gray could never meet. "If he's really happy with her, I never want to see him again!" she thought passionately, and then to her shame she sobbed aloud and went on sobbing and could not stop. And the baby looked frightened for a moment and then accepted the strange noise and tried again to pick off the bright buttons.

(Continued on page 39)

New
INTERNATIONAL*
Trucks

NEW POWER . . . NEW STAMINA . . . NEW ECONOMY

NOW International Harvester presents the new International HEAVY-DUTY Trucks—rugged, powerful trucks that are built for *heavy hauling!* Here is a glimpse of one of the many handsome models with which International begins its *34th year of truck manufacture.* All sizes, including 6-wheel and Diesel-powered units.

Here is a greater generation of quality trucks—distinctive, up-to-the-minute, ultra-efficient—marked with the famous emblem and the name that stands for *earned leadership in the heavy-duty field.*

Change is not just a matter of the calendar with International. Improvements are passed on to owners and drivers as fast as is practicable. But only in this complete redesign could we incorporate all the best fruits of Harvester experience.

From the moment you enter the new all-steel Comfort Cab with its foam-type rubber seat cushion and put one of these beautiful new trucks in motion, you will feel the difference. First, you will find a *revelation in easy steering.* Outstanding engineering is evident in the new Hi-Tork brakes, the rugged rear axle, the larger easier-riding springs. These and many other International features, topped by the powerful new engine, bring you what it takes to *out-perform* and *out-economize* the past.

Get acquainted with International's new K-line trucks and you will understand why more heavy-duty Internationals are sold than any other make. See these new Internationals at the nearest dealer's showroom, or at any Company-owned branch. Catalogs on request.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

Six Hours from London

By Quentin Reynolds

Lisbon is a city under sentence of dea
Her bright lights, incongruous in blacke
out Europe, are really her funeral ca
dles. Lisbon tragically awaits the invad

Refugees spend much of their time in Portuguese coffee houses. Here the Czech cartoonist Sors is earning his passage to America by doing sketches

P. P. C.

Jewish refugees in Lisbon are provided three meals a day in the Israelite Dining Room. The cost is defrayed with contributions from the United States

BLACK STAR

MOST of the windows in the airplane were gla
over with a frosty sheen so that you coulc
see out of them. Two in the back were c
ered by metal slides. We were swinging along
way a DC-3 does swing along—smoothly, effortles
almost quietly. It would have been a nice trip exc
for those blacked-out windows. Several times
planes going from England to Lisbon had sigh
German aircraft. It was a bit uncomfortable sitt
there, wondering if any black-crossed visitors w
in the neighborhood. The big Dutch pilot wall
back and grinned.

"How are we doing?"

He nodded, "Fine. Be in Lisbon in another th
hours."

"We got any escort?" I asked him. It would
nice to know that a few Coastal Command Sund
lands or Hudsons were playing nursemaid to us.
weren't armed.

"Escort? We've got a fine escort," the Dutch pi
said. Then he reached down and slid back the me
window shutter. "Look at those clouds," he laugh
"Best escort you ever saw. We could lose oursel
in them in ten seconds."

There was nothing below but tumbling masses
fleece touched faintly by the gold of a midday s
So we flew serenely on, and gradually the clo
thinned out and below there was calm water and t
suddenly to the left an irregular black line that
came land within a few seconds, and then we w
over Portugal. From the air the land looked ti
and neat. And then we were banking in a tight circ
The Lisbon airport is encircled by hills and you ca
glide into it. You have to circle and lose speed.

The Dutch pilot opened the door and said, "L
bon." I stepped to the door of the Douglas, look
out and then instinctively recoiled in horror. I cau
myself then and remembered that this was a neut
country. Fifty yards away a big Junkers 52 loung
a huge black swastika emblazoned on her tail a
three Germans working nonchalantly on her moto
It was the first time in eight months I had seen
German airplane that wasn't dropping bombs or p
suing or being pursued by English aircraft. It di
seem possible. I walked past the Junkers, still a
suspicious.

It seemed incredible that if I killed these th
men now or if they killed me it would be murd
Yet I had spent the whole previous night with t
sound of German bombs in my ears; all night th
had been over the west-coast city where I had sle
They had killed a great many people, too. If I co
have done anything to bring any of those Germ
bombers down, I would have been very happy. Af
you've been bombed daily and nightly for mont
you begin to develop a perhaps unreasonable rese
ment against the men who are doing the bombi
daily and again, perhaps unreasonably, you wou
like very much to kill some of them. But we were
a neutral country—even though we were only
hours from London.

Today Lisbon in many ways is the most intere
ing city in the world. It is crowded with ruffians, ref
gees and royalty. Its normal population of 500,0
has been swelled by another 50,000, and under t
weight of this migration the natives themselves
quite lost. Portugal shivers in dread anticipation
the day when Hitler's acquisitive eye will light on h
The refugees from Russia, France, Poland, Be'giu
Holland and Germany feel that they are living
borrowed time.

The result is that thousands of them, scarred
battered from the strain of the past months, are
ing desperately to get to America. Getting to Ameri
from any part of Europe these days is a feat of leg
demain beside which the Hindu rope trick is naï
and simple. Lisbon is almost the only port in Euro
from which clippers and ships leave for Ameri
There is a little thing called priority. All diploma
military observers and other government represent
tives are given "A" priority. They get first call
clipper or ship reservations. Foreign corresponde
are given "B" priority. From there on, people sta
in line. There have been families standing in li
in Lisbon for six months now, *(Continued on page 3*

FOUR ROSES
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

One whiskey that should go down in history....

THE 1941 BOTTLING OF FOUR ROSES

WE KNEW, LONG AGO, that the 1941 Bottling of Four Roses would be a whiskey of extraordinary excellence.

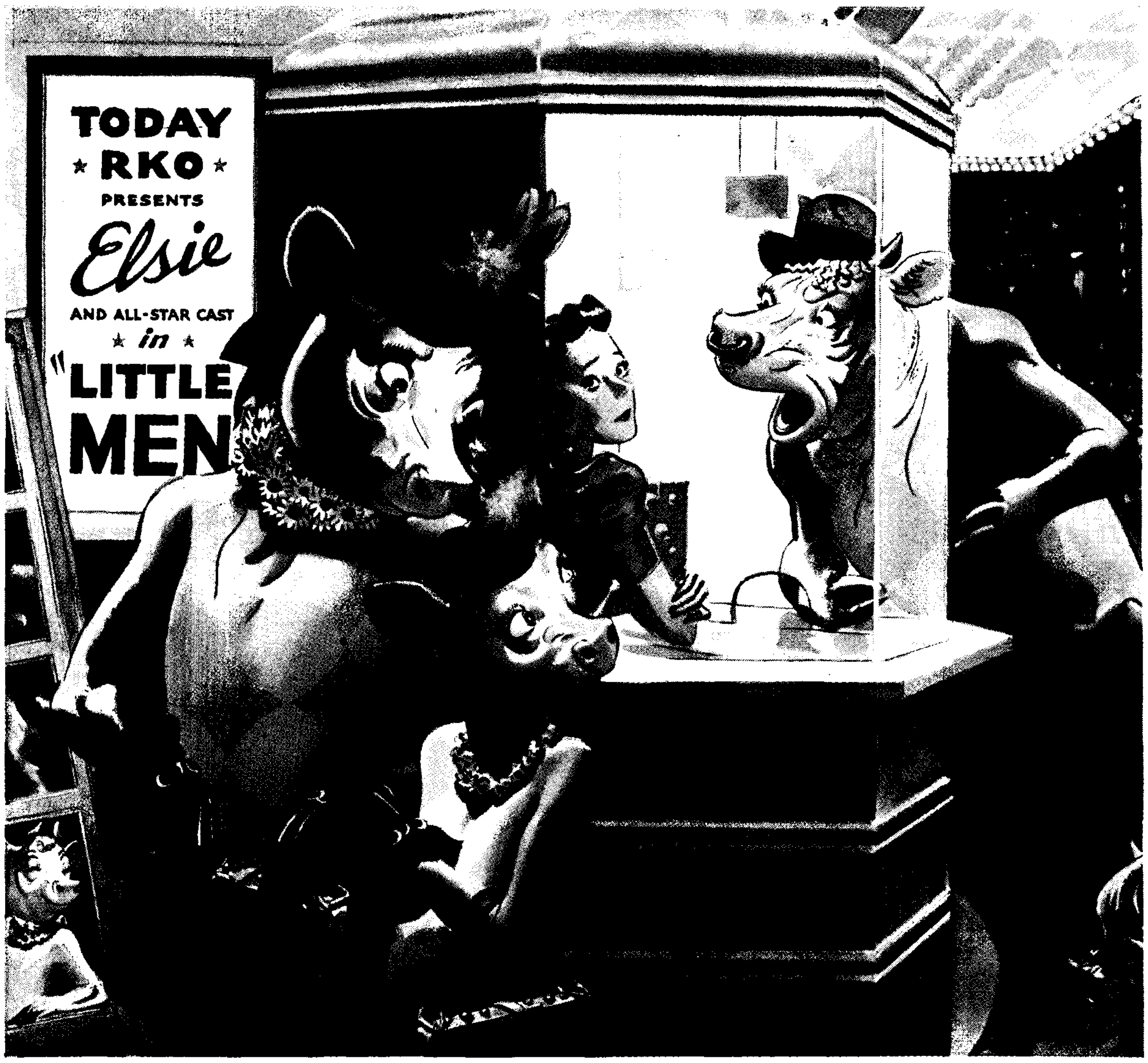
We knew—because of the great care with which we distilled the special whiskies for today's Four Roses, 5 years ago and longer. We knew—because of the way we aged and mellowed them... the added knowledge and skill with which we slowly brought them to maturity.

But no one—not even we ourselves—could have foreseen their present magnificence. Of all the fine whiskies we've made or known—in our 76 years' experience—none ever had such marked qualities of greatness.

So, no matter when you last tasted Four Roses, a new and thrilling experience awaits you in the 1941 Bottling. A *new* experience because there's never been a whiskey like it. A *thrilling* experience because never before have you tasted such rounded perfection, such soft and glorious flavor.

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

EVERY DROP IS 5 YEARS OR MORE OLD


TODAY
★ RKO ★
PRESENTS
Elsie
AND ALL-STAR CAST
★ in ★
"LITTLE
MEN

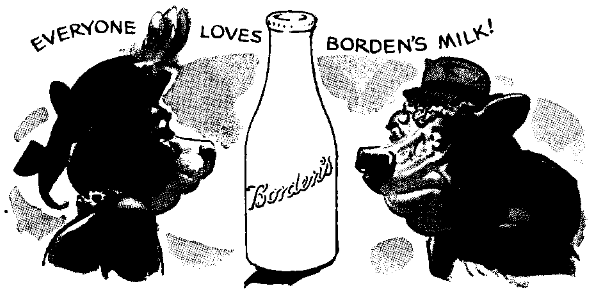
"Your father," frowned Elsie, "has always been like that!"

"But I want to see the *movie!*" complained little Beulah.

"So do I," agreed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "But your father insists on trying to bull his way in on a pass."

Elmer, the Bull, turned from his argument with the ticket seller. "I am only insisting on our rights," he rumbled. "After all, it's *our* RKO movie, 'Little Men,' they're showing here."

"*My* RKO movie," Elsie reminded him. "Next you'll be claiming credit for the wonderfully pure, wholesome *Borden's Milk* that Borden experts and scientists help me to produce. And all the grand foods that are made from my milk."


EVERYONE LOVES BORDEN'S MILK!
Borden's

"How many, please?" asked the ticket seller. "I mean foods—not tickets."

"Just heaps, my dear," replied Elsie. "Why, there's a score of *Borden's Fine Cheeses* alone. One you're probably familiar with is *Borden's Cream Cheese*. It's made with my fresh cream only, and it's so rich you can whip it—though, of course, you can't *beat* it."

"You will find, miss," Elmer began to the ticket seller, "if you just send in my name to the manager—"

"You'd get farther, Elmer," said Elsie, "if you sent him in some samples of the lovely cookies and candies and cake frostings that are made from the *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk* my milk helps to make. I guess I know something about men."

BORDEN'S CREAM CHEESE IS SO RICH YOU CAN WHIP IT!
Borden's
CREAM CHEESE

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND WORKS MAGIC IN COOKIES AND FUDGE!
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
MAGIC RECIPES

"I certainly wish you'd let *me* in on it!" exclaimed the ticket seller.

"Every last one of them loves to eat," Elsie stated positively. "Particularly the perfect cream soups and fluffy mashed potatoes that result from using *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk*. It's the same fine evaporated milk that doctors approve for infant feeding because it's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D."

"I want to see the *movie,*" whimpered Beulah. "Gee, it's no good just getting in for the *end* of something."

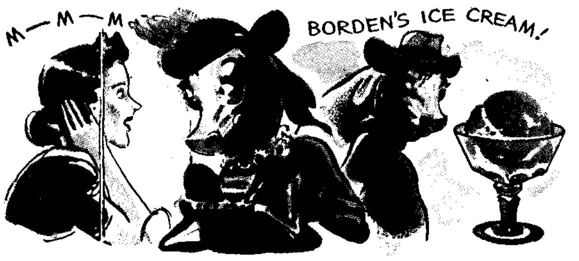
BORDEN'S EVAPORATED IS RICH IN VITAMIN D!
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

"That's not always true, darling," Elsie pointed out. "There's hardly anything nicer than the end of a dinner when it ends with a plump, fragrant pie made with *Borden's None Such Mince Meat*. Of course, *None Such* doesn't happen to be made from your mother's milk. But it gets its extra spicy goodness and purity from the same kind of Borden skill and care that always keeps my milk so fine."

NO MINCE MEAT LIKE BORDEN'S NONE SUCH!
Borden's
NONE SUCH
MINCE MEAT

"Will *no* one pay any attention to me?" bellowed Elmer. "I know my rights, and—"

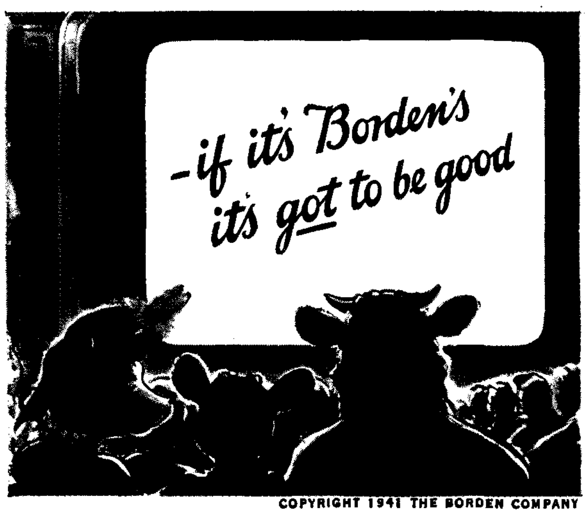
"Don't get so hot under the collar, Elmer," Elsie warned him. "You look fit to melt a ton of *Borden's Ice Cream*. And that particular masterpiece of my milk and cream is so smooth and luscious that folks usually feel as though they could actually *eat* a ton of it." She turned to the ticket seller and went on, "I hate scenes—here, *I'll* pay for three tickets."


M—M—M BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!

"Thank you, maam," murmured the ticket seller. "I hope you like your picture."

"Like it?" beamed Elsie. "We'll love it. You know—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

To bring you the best of dairy products, more than 100,000 dairy farms provide milk for Borden . . . and to guard the goodness of all Borden foods and deliver them to your home, more than 27,500 employees work in partnership with 47,000 Borden owner-stockholders.


-if it's Borden's it's got to be good

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OUR NEW ARMY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

Camp Reports from Collier's Own Correspondents

FORT CUSTER, MICHIGAN: The amount of paper work necessary to keep the Army going would drive ordinary file clerks batty. Things get done, though. In fact, Pvt. Dennis Charles Aloysius Donahue, of Royal Oak, Michigan, is still somewhat bewildered by the speed with which he became a recruit. Considering that (a) he is known in Army files as No. 36,101,277 and that (b) the special order which sent him from Fort Custer to Fort Worden, Washington, wound up with "Military Service FD 1456 P 50-0623 A 0410-01 (CSS) QM 1494 P 63-0700 A 0525-01," you'd think Pvt. Donahue would have got lost in the shuffle. Not so. The red tape unwound like the mainspring of a busted watch. In just sixty hours Pvt. Donahue was hustled into Custer, inoculated, vaccinated, fitted out with duds, given a mental-aptitude exam, attached to Co. B, detached from Co. B, sent to Sunday Mass, bunked, debunked and dispatched to Seattle. He was also fed. "This Army," said Donahue, "it don't waste no time, does it?"

BEER sold at the Reception Center is of the 3.2 variety and the boys don't like it. They'd like a word with Republican Representative Paul W. Shafer of Battle Creek, too. Battle Creek's local option already prohibits sale of liquor by the glass, and now Representative Shafer is at work on legislation banning liquor sales to men in uniform. As if this weren't enough, Michigan's organized bean growers are asking the War and Navy departments how come the traditional military bean is occupying a relatively unimportant place on 1941 Army–Navy menus.

WHEN Lieut. Cornelius A. Murphy and Lieut. Edward J. Callahan brought their brides to the fort, they were reminded that 50th Field Artillery tradition required them to be paraded around the post in an artillery caisson drawn by six prancing steeds. There is no caisson, not even a horse, in Fort Custer, but the parade came off. Officers and brides bumped about in an ammunition trailer drawn by a prime mover—a ten-wheeled, air-braked, 318-horsepower gun-hauling colossus—in which banged and tootled the battalion drum and bugle corps.

●

FORT ETHAN ALLEN, VERMONT: With no fanfare whatever, the Army has been training more than 300 artillerymen to be ski troopers. In the Jericho (Green Mountains) Range, where the mercury sometimes slides to twenty degrees below, members of the 7th, 32d and 33d battalions of the 1st Division Artillery have learned to function as advance scouts, observers, machine-gun quads; portable-radio, antitank and ntiaircraft units, message carriers and utomatic-rifle men. Some of the most thusiastic of the skiers are Southern- s, recruited last year when the bat- lions were at Fort Benning, Georgia. ey try to show up their Northern pals, kid the shirts off them when they e snow nose dives.

FIRST Division Artillery's commander, Colonel John S. Wood, directed the ski training. One of his officers is 7th Battalion's Capt. George Haig, of New Haven, who says he can stand Vermont's cold weather but is glad he doesn't have to like it. Back in 1918, when he served with Colonel Lawrence in Arabia, Capt. Haig blew up bridges and attacked Turkish garrisons, trains and railroad stations while thermometers stood at 110 degrees in the shade.

●

FORT SAM HOUSTON, TEXAS: Some of the homesick soldiers are pulling fast wires to get back home for a few days, but the Army is hard to bamboozle. When a telegram or long-distance phone call urges the recruit to "Come at once Mother ill" and he asks for leave, the Army puts on its bifocals and looks into the situation. The camp chaplain turns the message over to the Red Cross, whose representative nearest the soldier's home checks facts and relays them back to the fort. It isn't that Uncle Sam is unduly suspicious; nearly thirty per cent of the summonses are phonies. The draftees who try this stunt figure there's less chance of detection if they give the least possible information. Chaplains say the fakers are easy to spot because their psychology is wrong. When there's real trouble at home, more details are usually supplied. Ten words don't cost any more than "Rush home Aunt Bessie ailing."

COMBINING civilian and Army life, Reserve Officer Major C. Ray Davis, San Antonio's tax commissioner, has been making two round trips daily between city hall and Fort Sam Houston. The mileage has been piling up, but the Army fitted him into the right job. He's a transportation officer.

●

FORT LEWIS, WASHINGTON: Bowling alleys, skating rinks, dance halls and beer taverns in neighboring cities are trying to outshout one another's welcome to soldiers, but if there's a golden egg somewhere most operators have yet to find it. Nearest big city is Tacoma, fifteen minutes away, whose stern police commissioner has forced the gambling joints upstairs and whose red-light district is kept discreet. It may be only a rumor, but soldiers hear there was a stabbing brawl in a Tacoma dive a while back, resulting in an Army threat to declare the area a forbidden zone. Anyway, Tacoma's chief bid for soldier trade now is a sedate service men's club sponsored by the business community.

Ninety minutes away is Seattle, which through long years of sitting across Puget Sound from Bremerton's Navy Yard has learned how to entertain soldiers without having to replace the furniture. Both cities suffer from Washington's strict liquor laws: No sale of mixed drinks, hard liquor by the bottle only at state-owned stores.

Across the Oregon border is Portland, filled with cocktail lounges and pining for payday profits. It's four hours by train from Fort Lewis, and reduced

(Continued on page 44)

Unusual talent keeps the weekly amateur-night show crowded even on paydays at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Shown above is "Lucky Jack" Perry of Co. D, 23d Infantry, getting rid of fifty-one feet of rope and chain, six padlocks and a strait jacket, in less than a minute. Lieut. L. T. Fagan, chaplain, is the announcer. Former movie stunt man Perry, who can safely smack into a parked car at sixty miles an hour, wants to transfer to the tank corps

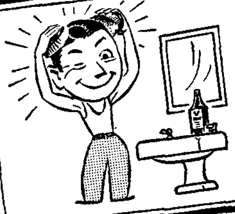
Since his enlistment, two and a half years ago Sgt. Harry Bibb, head of the classification section at Brooks Field, Texas, has produced nearly 300 Air Corps and Army life cartoons. Below, Capt. N. T. Perkins, field adjutant, poses in an advanced training plane while Cartoonist Bibb completes an authentic sketch

The "60-Second Workout" helps you to a head of hair that helps you get ahead!

The Vitalis "60-Second Workout"

50 seconds to Rub

Vitalis with massage wakes up your scalp circulation—needed oil is supplied—hair looks alive.



10 seconds to Brush

Vitalis keeps your hair in place—lustrous, trim, well-groomed—with no "patent-leather" look.

If you have business ability you can *climb the ladder of success. But if* you have the appearance to sell your abilities, you can take the fast elevator.

Sell yourself—and let well-groomed hair help you on the job. Socially and in business a crisp, alert, immaculate air commands attention—*and holds it.* And with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout", good-looking, handsome hair is an easy accomplishment.

Simply massage your scalp with Vitalis and vigor. Immediately you'll feel the lively tingle of a speeded circulation. And the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement natural scalp oils. Your hair takes on a new, healthy lustre, begins to look alive. Comb it and it stays in place with no "patent-leather" look. You'll see in your own mirror and in people's eyes what a difference one healthful Vitalis grooming has made—how trim and clean-cut you look.

But that's not all. Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" routs loose dandruff—helps prevent excessive falling hair—helps *you* keep your hair. So get yourself a bottle of Vitalis today.

VITALIS

Helps keep your hair healthy and handsome

Sallies of the Alleys

Continued from page 18

other day and knocked off nine strikes and a spare in a row. Dixie Jester, who is the pride of Georgia, has a Ph.D. and out of love of the game gave up teaching school to popularize women bowlers, has made 652 in a three-game series. The hefty cowgirl, Miss Billy Simon, who bowls professionally around San Antonio in a ten-gallon hat, has a lifetime average of 193. And, of course, the feats of Mrs. Florrie McCutcheon, the silver-haired mother of woman bowling, are legend. A housewife, grammaw, 60, compactly handsome, Mrs. McCutcheon (now operating her own alleys out in Taft, California) has a lifetime average of 209—has rolled many perfect games of 300. That, gentlemen, is bowling.

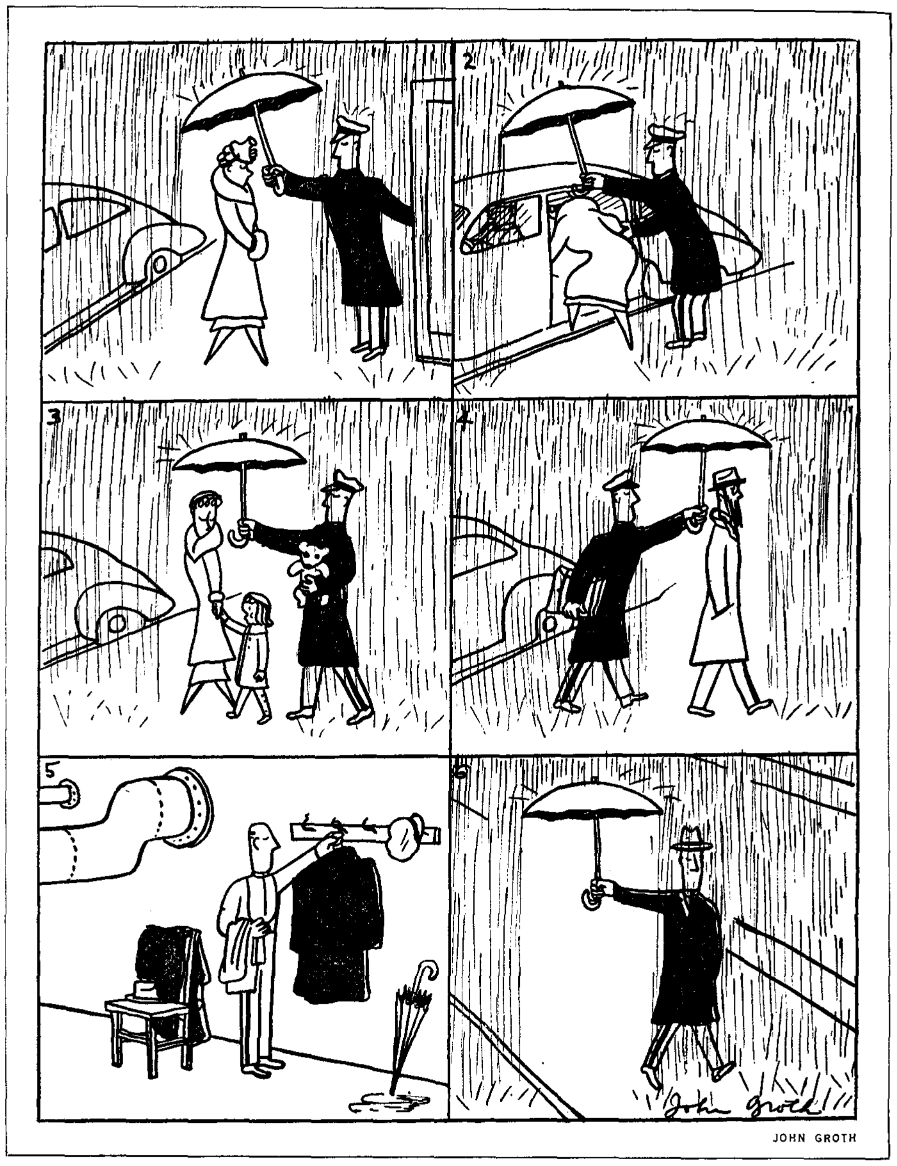
No Place for a Lady

Twenty-five years ago a woman in a bowling alley was something like a male student at Vassar. A few hardy pioneer enthusiasts like Mrs. McCutcheon sneaked into the alleys on afternoons when no men were looking, but bowling was strictly a man's game. Spittoons were draped tastefully around the clubroom, and there was sawdust for those whose aim had been influenced by trips to the bar. Often the bowling was free—a means of luring the athletes to the bar. As for the air in the clubroom—members with sensitive membranes insisted it be pumped out and stale tobacco smoke pumped in before they deigned to hurl themselves into the fray. A woman's presence in this charming atmosphere was definitely out of place.

But in time, alley owners began yanking their establishments out of the basement. The result was that women like Mrs. McCutcheon began accompanying their better-bowling halves to the spick-and-span, modernized academy on Thursday nights, finding it was all like an evening at the Elks. And with a little encouragement from her husband—"Aw, go on, Mamma! You can throw it—look, like this!"—Mamma was doing just that.

While Mrs. McCutcheon took to the game naturally—she had a perfect follow-through and hook by instinct—not all women became strike-out artists just like that. Mrs. McCutcheon recalls a young lady named Elsie Murchison, who as early as 1929 was bowling in a Buffalo alley on a team. In her first game, throwing the usual twenty balls in ten setups, she made the amazing score of two (2)—getting the 7 pin once, and the 10 pin once. Undaunted, however, in her second game she rolled up the magnificent score of nine (9); and throwing everything she had into her third game, she ran up the staggering total of 23. "It was an all-time woman's record, I think," laughs Mrs. McCutcheon. "But let me tell you the sequel. Today that young woman has improved a lot—she has an average of 170!" Which is a score that goes in any man's league. There is, incidentally, a Mr. Murchison, who accompanies Mrs. M. to the alleys evenings and who before marriage fancied himself as a bowler. His average is a mere 165. As for the Murchison twig—one little Betty Grace—just rounding ten—throwing a special nine-pound ball with a nice hook—she has rolled 181, beating her pop.

Woman's influence on the bowling alley, or academy, as it was once genteelly



JOHN GROTH

known, has been enormous. Everything has been redesigned to please the hairpin set. True, the bar is still there to drown one's sorrows at missing the 6, 7 and 10 split but it's no longer mahogany and crusted with bar flies. Today it shines with nickel and mirrors and is referred to as the cocktail lounge.

Hoodlums have disappeared with the brass gobboon.

There are powder rooms done in two tones, plush chairs in modern design, dainty curtains on the windows, rainbow-hued, sound-deadening drapes over the alleys. The alleys are no longer referred to as alleys—they're mapleways; and the Academy, despite its intellectual associations, has become the Recreation Center—or more simply, the Recreation.

Many alleys have soundproofing apparatus, but these are not popular with the gals—they like the rumbling crash of wood on wood. Many forward-looking mapleway impresarios plan hushed leisure rooms for bridge and letter-writing—and a nursery. Today many alleys provide trained kindergarten attendants and if you drive by the Yonkers Recreation you'll see a uniformed doorman minding the babies parked in their carriages!

Not that men are overkeen about competing openly and willingly with gals. Many of them don't like little feminine habits like applying lipstick before a shot; or adjusting a stray hair. Undoubtedly nothing upsets a good, big, strong man so much as being outscored by a frail thing of 101 pounds. It's also hard on him with a 7-6 split to make when a sweet young thing on an adjoining alley slaps over a perfect strike. And it's pretty distracting when a gal lets loose with an earsplitting shriek that sounds as if she'd dropped the ball on her bare foot only to hear her cry: "Oh, dear—I just broke a fingernail!"

But generally it is sheer envy, and girls are very keen about competing with men. At present the A.B.C., which is the official men's bowling authority, draws a stern sex line—and the mixed matches now held are purely informal.

Girls are much more enthusiastic than men about bowling. Most men bowl with dead-pan seriousness, but gals get a lot more fun out of the game. Women disdain a handicap of any sort. It is legal for a girl to throw a 12-pound ball but if you were to offer a modern ace lady kegler such a ball—she might wind up and curve it at you.

They Aren't Fooling

And often the girls can throw those 16-pounders as fast as a man. "But speed," explains Mrs. McCutcheon, "is not important in bowling. Often a fireball just cuts through the pins without touching them. Accuracy is what counts." And Mrs. McCutcheon, like most women, throws a slow, or soft ball—and rarely misses. Incidentally, most women insist on buying their own ball. It costs about $18, and they nurse it like a delicate child. Should you pick it up and try to roll with it—you may lose part of your hair.

Nor are the ladies far behind in professional manner. They know all about follow-through, splits and spot bowling. While there are no trick lady bowlers, there are few undexterous ones among the topnotchers. Mrs. McCutcheon has made all the difficult splits—including the nightmarish 4-7 and 10 split. In a girls vs. gents match at the Capitol Alleys on Broadway one night, she knocked off the 4 and 7 pins—saw the 4 pin roll over to tip the 10 pin—then blinked as the 10 pin wobbled tentatively and finally fell—to win her team an exciting match.

Girls, too, are very fussy about the alleys—not a speck of dust must mar their polished surface. Let the ball take a bad bounce and they will complain bitterly. The proprietor may hear, "What is this—a golf course?" and demands for sandpapering and bump mowing. They also complain about slumps, try endless new stances and grips and balls to come out of it; practice blind bowling endlessly; and talk about their strikes and spares for days.

To offset the argument that Man vs. Woman would tend to breed bad feeling, it is known that women, being better-natured and less competitive, are better sports than men. Occasionally a gal will try to annoy another gal by whistling or humming, or by making some catty crack about her hair as she is about to bowl, but this is rare.

Certainly men never can complain about women's sportsmanship, I am assured. "The way to annoy or distract a man," explained a comely young lady instructress at a Broadway bowlitorium, "is to take off your skirt in a tense moment and carry on in your shorts."

One of the glamorous sides of women bowling is the costumes, put together like a sartorial jigsaw. The skirt is abbreviated and loose; is as removable as a tangerine skin, leaving the wearer in her shapelies and shorts.

Incidentally, no woman has ever been detected ringing in a "dodo" or mercury-loaded, illegal ball, guaranteeing a terrific hook. This is a masculine practice. While it is true that women do have trouble keeping score, and fight among themselves over this matter, men know that addition has always been a feminine weakness—and when they play most men keep score.

A Warning to Men Bowlers

Little by little male superiority will fade in bowling and in time the girls may pass the men. But they still don't like the idea that men won't play league ball with them. FOR WOMEN ONLY signs hang on several bowling establishments around the country.

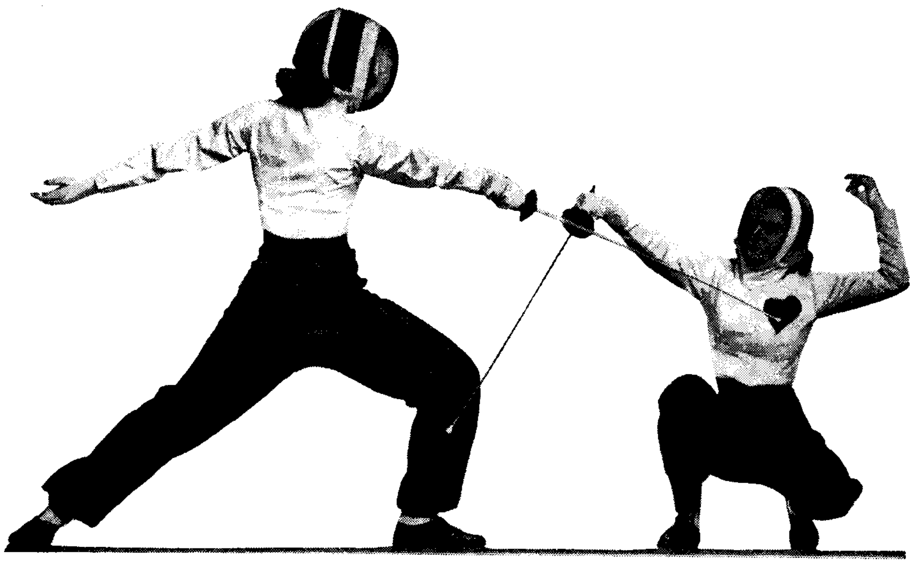
At the moment there are about 110,000 registered women bowlers in this W.I.B.C. About 50,000 of them can probably hold their own against 50,000 registered males of their own class. In a few years there will be more. The serious women bowlers go at it the way the League of Women Voters goes about getting out the vote on a wet day. Mrs. McCutcheon practices about six hours a day; and Miss Dixie Jester, who didn't take up the game till two years ago, patiently rolls 30 games a day.

Out in Oklahoma City the Early Birds' League, consisting of 14 teams of very married housewives, meets every Monday and rolls far into the afternoon. Debs and advanced social dowagers drop into the Lido alleys after midnight in New York's fancy-schmancy silk-stocking district, kick off their evening slippers and bowl the pants off their escorts. Vassar, Purdue, Minnesota and other college coeds drudge patiently at their college mineralite plants and I have watched some of the prep-school girls on the bowling team of Miss Gardner's school of East 70th Street, New York, knock off scores of 200. As for the West Coast, the feminine bowling fever runs a temperature there and Hollywood is filled with movie stars who are pretty good bowlers.

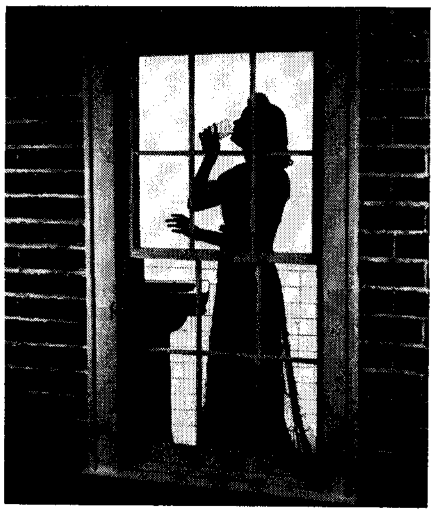
For when the girls get the bowling fever they get it pretty bad. Right now I'll take even money on a team comprised of Mrs. McCutcheon, Mme. Alexander the Widow, Vera Morris of Albany (she's bowled 677 in match play), Miss Billy Simon, and the 190-average Catherine Burling of Norwood, Ohio. You can name any five gents you wish. And I promise my team will bowl in slacks—and keep them on during the match.

Let's Play Charades

ROUND AND ROUND on the Ferris wheel. It stands for the old "dosing" way of fighting constipation. You're up—you're down. But you never go ahead. And people don't make much progress with constipation—till they get at the *cause* and *correct* it.



STRAIGHT TO THE HEART of the difficulty goes the modern, better way. If your trouble is the ordinary kind that's due to lack of proper "bulk" in the diet, a crisp, toasty, delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, can get at the cause and correct it.



AND HOW MUCH MORE PLEASANT! Compare those unhappy trips to the medicine cabinet with a bowl of crunchy, nut-sweet ALL-BRAN for breakfast. You'll say it's fun to keep fit when a delicious cereal can add so much to your well-being.

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Join the "Regulars"
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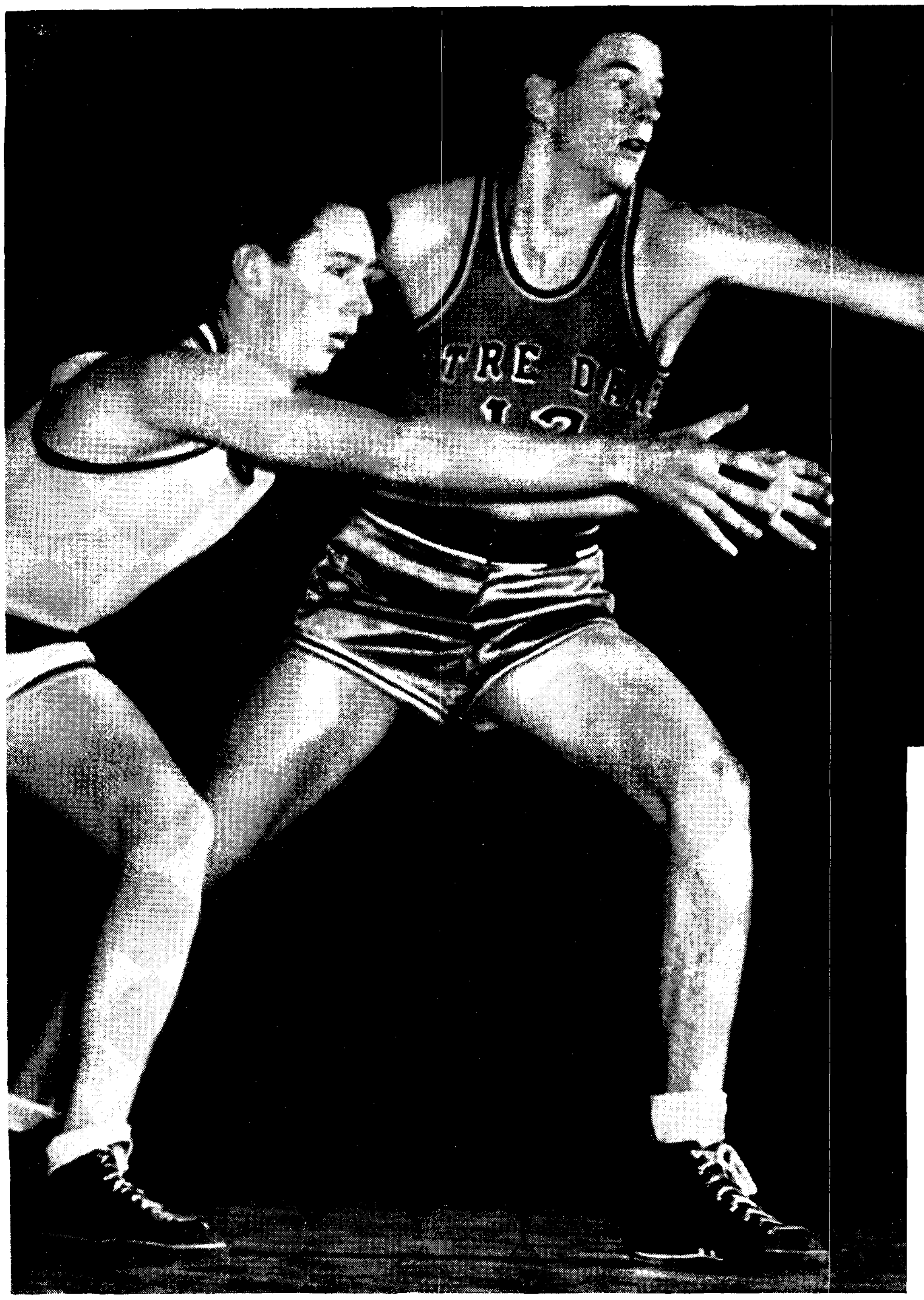
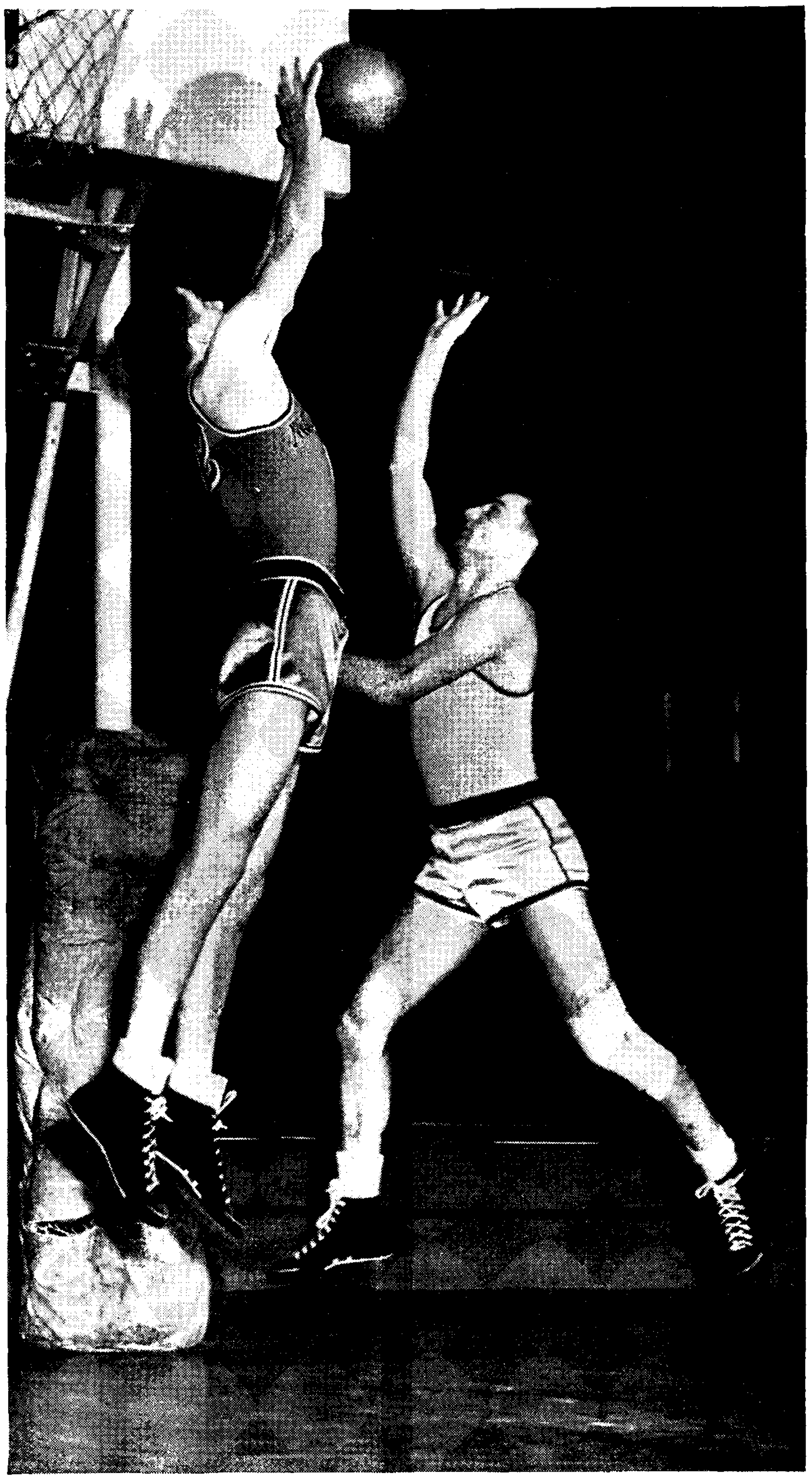
Galloping Goons

By Kyle Crichton

"Break up the zone defense, make the defense play ball, use the whole playing area and fight for their lives." Coach Keogan of Notre Dame sounds off about our pellmell, elephant-hunt basketball

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. EUGENE SMITH





"A game for giants," says Coach Keogan. Proving his point is Bob Faught, 6½-foot Notre Dame basketballer, above. Right, he reaches up to slap an enemy shot right out of the basket

AS BASKETBALL coaches go, Mr. George Keogan of Notre Dame is a quiet specimen. Quite unlike the famous "Piggy" Lambert at Purdue, it is not necessary to have strong-armed guards on the bench to keep him from committing hara-kiri during a close game. So it was with some amazement that observers noted words coming from Mr. Keogan's lips during a recent contest. He chewed silently on his unlighted cigar and his words were subdued and unheated. What Mr. Keogan said was:

"A fine game for a herd of buffalo."

Just that. Nothing more. Just that little bombshell left to hang in the air like the menace of sudden death. It had the bitterness of desperation, the sourness of frustration. The point is that, although the Notre Dame teams go on winning their share of games, Mr. Keogan maintains that basketball under the present rules is a farce.

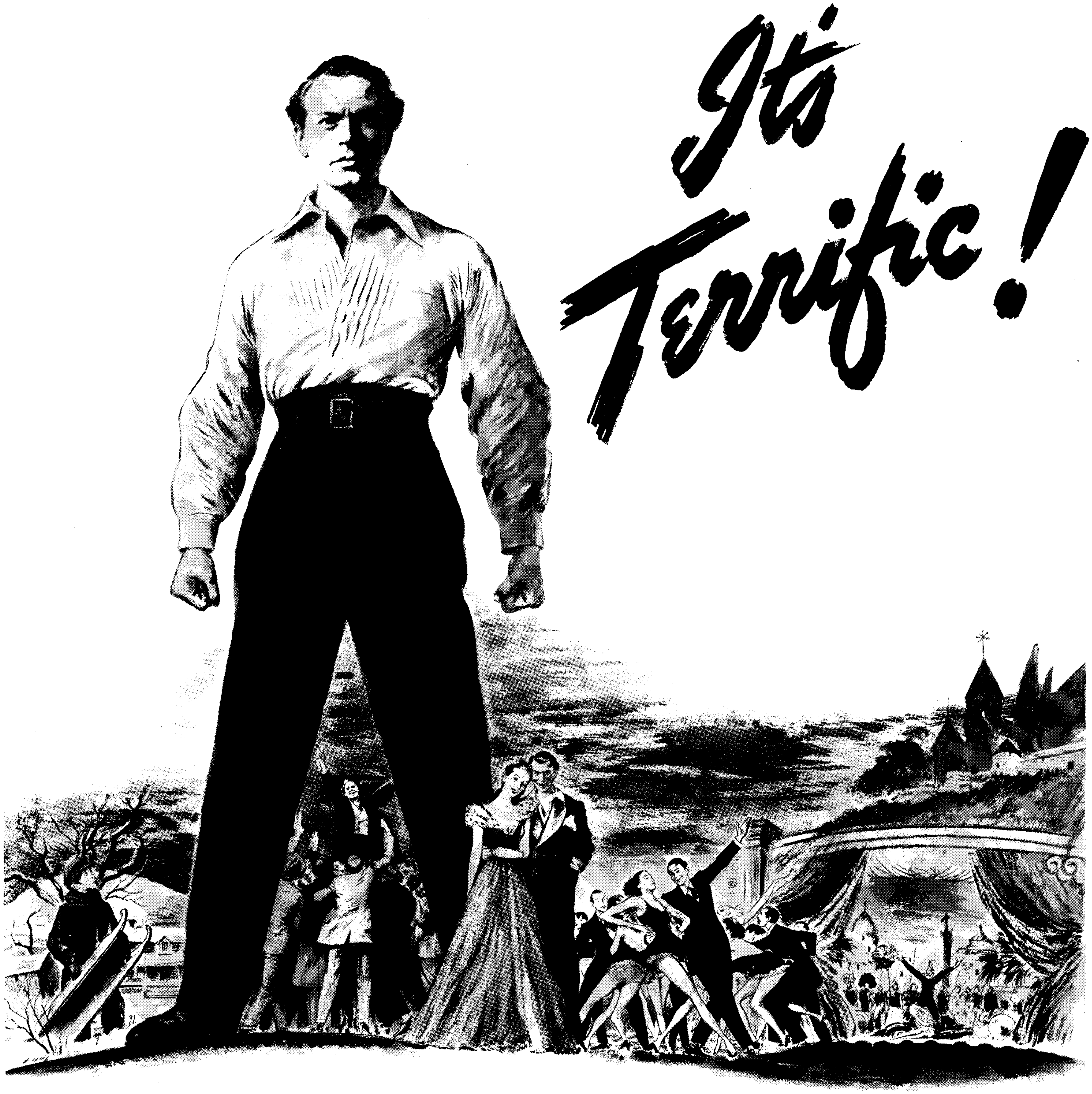
Now, this is serious business because basketball has more participants than any other American sport. There are grammar-school, kindergarten, high-school, college and professional teams. There are factory teams and church-league teams; there are High-Y teams and 4-H teams; there are fat men's teams and girls' teams.

"It was once a game of speed and cleverness," says the quiet Mr. Keogan. "It has now been turned over almost entirely to the giants. They brought this about by the change in rules that eliminated the center jump and established a dividing line on the court. The whole thing is now a parade of goons."

These are sharp words and the Keogan gentleman is likely to get sharp looks from some of his fellow coaches for his frankness, but it will be difficult for anybody to deny that the trend toward taller players has been distinctly marked in the past few years. Arkansas has a team that averages six feet six inches. West Texas Teachers average the same, with their most important contribution being a six-foot-ten center. The very good Oregon team of two years ago averaged about six-foot-four, with the three front men averaging six-foot-six.

"If you'll watch the papers," says Mr. Keogan, "you'll see a line like this any week of the season: 'The game was won in the last twenty seconds when Galumph, the six-foot-seven giant, tipped in a rebound.' "

The dividing line, or ten-second rule, was expected to eliminate stalling. That dividing line cuts the court in half and the offensive team is compelled to bring the ball over that line within ten seconds or the referee will give the ball to the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AGNES MOOREHEAD · PAUL STEWART · RUTH WARRICK · ERSKINE SANFORD · WILLIAM ALLAND

AN RKO RADIO PICTURE

opposing team. Instead of fighting for the ball all over the court, the defense waits for the ball to come to it.

"It confines the action to half the court and makes it swell for the mastodons," says Keogan. "Instead of using cleverness, change of direction and fast dribbling, the lunks just wait there and get the ball by interception or on the rebound."

For years the New York writers have been maintaining that the smaller players of the New York teams were competent to operate against the giants of the West and Middle West but this year they have had to alter their views. They got the first lesson when Mathisen of Illinois picked up twenty points against Manhattan College because there was nobody tall enough on that squad to cope with the Illinois giant. As other teams continued to come into Madison Square Garden and do the same damage because of altitude, it became generally agreed that the whole tone of the game had changed.

In late years there have been such good little men as Miner and Dye of Ohio State, Abuchene of Michigan State, Lewis of New York University and Riska of Notre Dame, but they are exceptional. If a little man happens to be a genius, he can get by; otherwise he will be swamped by a horde of behemoths.

A Change that Didn't Work

By a strange bit of irony, the elimination of the center jump was brought about by a desire to curb the giants. In the old days, the ball was brought back to center after every field goal and tossed up between the centers by the referee. Most teams had a lanky center and the others tried to get them. By doing away with the jump except at the beginning of each half of the game, it was felt that things would be evened up. Exactly the opposite has happened. The goons have now taken over the game completely.

"The theory that even a great center could dominate the game was never anything but nonsense," says Keogan. "Even when we had men like Krause and Nowak at Notre Dame, we could never control the center tip. Aggressive opposition forwards could get that ball at least half the time."

But what really burns Mr. Keogan up is the new provision that after a team scores a field goal it is compelled to hand the ball to the other side. He feels that is a very poor reward for a fighting team. It is particularly unfair toward the end of a close game, he maintains.

"With two minutes to play," he says, "a team three points behind has little or no chance to pull that game out of the fire. If it should happen to score a goal, the other side is given the ball. There is no chance to fight for it, no opportunity for maneuvering."

The game has changed since Keogan came to Notre Dame in 1921 as assistant football and baseball coach and the record of his teams proves that he has kept up with the trends. He took on basketball at Notre Dame originally as an extra chore. There was no regular court and the games were played in the field house on a dirt floor. The lines were marked with lime like a football field and most of the men were football players. The way they bumped the opposition around was a caution and that style of thrilling contact play is still current in the Middle West. Keogan had been coaching Valparaiso before he came to Notre Dame and he knew about basketball conditions there from having brought the Valparaiso team to the old field house. After five minutes both teams were so covered with red dust that they looked collectively like Jim Thorpe, the Indian.

On one play Garvey, a football tackle from Notre Dame, did a bit of jarring on a Valparaiso man who was going in for an easy setup shot. Garvey bumped him halfway out of the field house and then went over and picked him up. It was an egregious foul and really should have meant the ousting of Garvey for unnecessary roughness but the game wasn't so tender in those days.

That was the only style and all teams then were playing the man-to-man game which most coaches still agree furnishes the best money's worth for the spectators. Under that system the play is fast and open and a premium is placed on ball handling and teamwork. Instead of that we have today a game full of wild passing, sloppy ball handling and the roar of the herd.

"If the coaches agree that the man-to-man game is the most likable style of basketball," says Keogan, "most of them will also agree that the zone defense is the curse of the game."

Without baffling the layman with technicalities, it may be said that the zone defense gives each man a definite zone to cover on the floor. In short, instead of covering a certain player, the five defense men simply plant themselves in the area around the basket, arms extended and feet spread, and dare anybody to break through.

The result is that the game is slowed down to a walk. The only chance the offense has is to shoot over the defense or to beat it to the basket area by a fast break before the defense can form.

"A fat chance any offense has of doing that consistently," says Keogan. "The minute the defense loses the ball, they scramble back to safety. They take one shot and then retreat."

To combat the zone defense, the delayed offense was started at Notre Dame by Keogan in 1925. They would play for a lead of four or five points early in the game and then bring the ball back to the middle of the floor and try to force the defense to come after it. Even when they were behind in the score, some defensive teams refused to come after the ball. They had been taught to play the zone and they weren't going to be untaught it even if they stayed there motionless all night.

How to End Stalling

There was the famous game between Knox and Lombard in which the ball wasn't moved for thirty-two minutes. Lombard drew the ball early in the game with only a two-point lead. Knox went on the defense and refused to come out. The band played, spectators visited amiably with their friends in the stands, a Lombard man took a chair from the side lines and sat down. Action finally started up again during the last few minutes and Lombard won by the baseball score of 9-7.

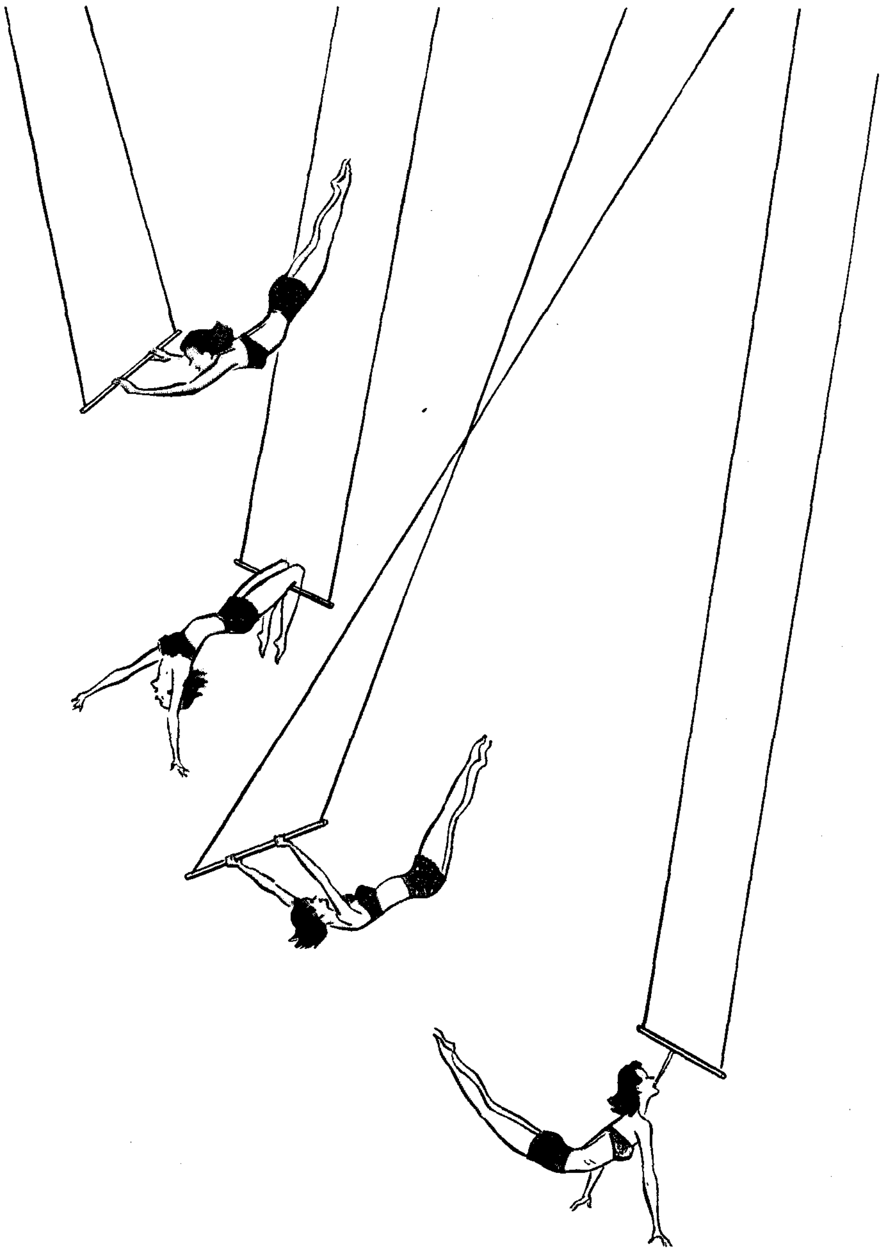
"So they changed the rules to stop stalling," says Mr. Keogan, "and succeeded in making the greatest evil of all, the zone defense, twice as strong as ever. What's the sense in that? If you're going to penalize anybody, why not penalize the defense that refuses to fight for the ball all over the court. Force the *defense* to send two men over the dividing line within ten seconds and you'll get basketball back again."

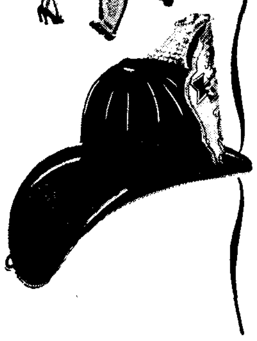
According to Mr. Keogan the problem was being solved in the Middle West without rule changes when the Pacific Coast contingent came along with the proposal to eliminate the center jump, and then the damage was done.

"It certainly helped the slam-bang game of the Coast teams," says Keogan. "It made it easy for the big boys, who may possess little or no cleverness."

Keogan's own all-star, all-time college basketball team, comprised of men he has seen personally, includes:

Luisetti, Stanford; Hapac, Illinois;





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Stephens, Iowa; Hyatt, Pittsburgh; J. Nyikos, Notre Dame; Vaughan, S. Calif.; Moir, Notre Dame; Krause, Notre Dame; Murphy, Loyola (Chicago); Nowak, Notre Dame; Birch, Duquesne; Brown, Notre Dame; Wooden, Purdue; Nipper, Butler; Conroy, Notre Dame.

What Keogan likes are smart players. He was once trying out a formation at Notre Dame and after running through it several times, Nowak said to Keogan: "Coach, that play won't work."

"Keep trying it," said Keogan, a bit tartly. "It'll work."

They tried it again six or seven times and Nowak said:

"Coach, she won't work."

"What do you want to do, Nowak!" yelled Keogan. "Coach this team?"

"If it's necessary, yes," answered Nowak.

Keogan likes that type of player and often harks back to the days of Barney Sedran and Nat Holman, professional stars, who, many of the old-timers contend, were the greatest performers of all time. Sedran was a little fellow who never weighed more than 125 pounds in his life and his ability to steal the ball at the center tap has become legendary. Holman was never a big or a heavy man but he was clever and artful.

"What chance would Sedran have against these modern giants, ganged up against him in that small area?" asks Mr. Keogan. "What good would his wonderful dribbling and passing have been against that setup. Where would Holman be with those miraculous reverses, clear fakes and maneuvers to pull guards out of position and those lightninglike thrusts to score?"

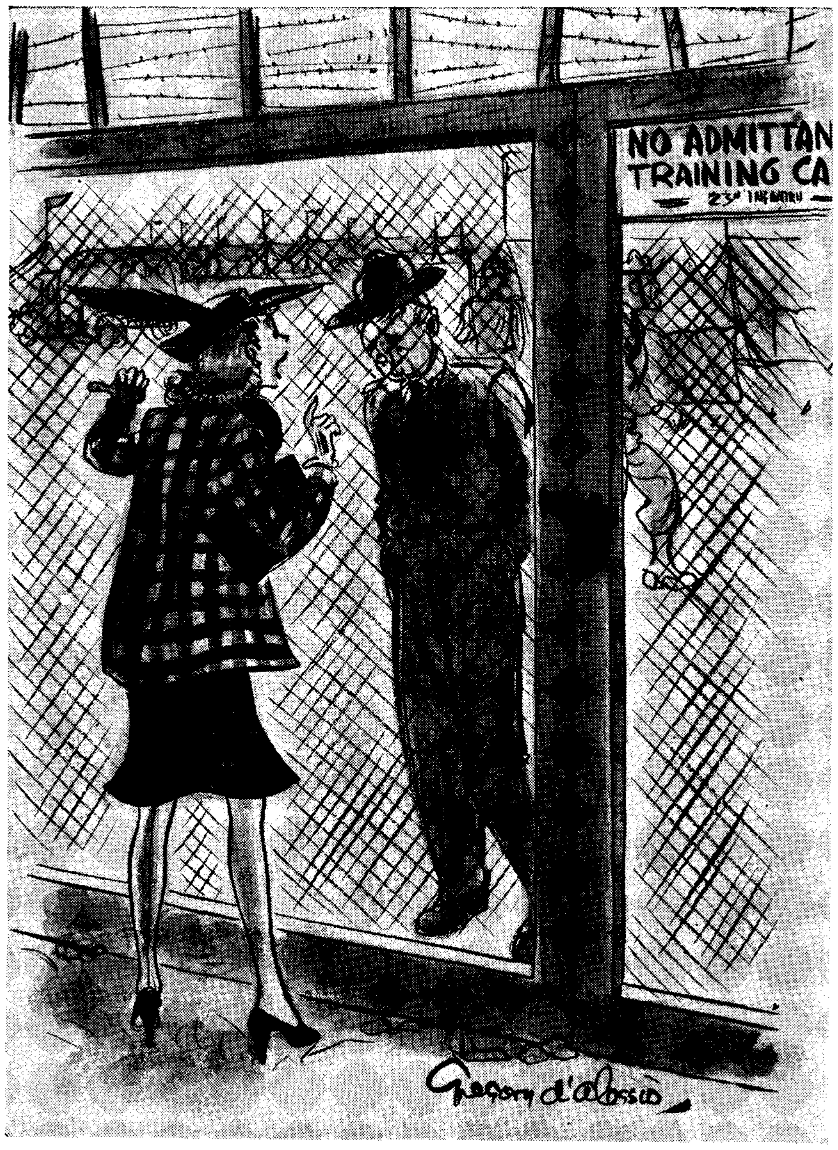
When he talks like that people often accuse Mr. Keogan of wanting to bring back the delayed offense and the slow-motion attack. Not a bit of it, says George. He is tired of seeing basketball played in half a court by a group of galloping goons who would be lost if the game came back to normal. He saw a high-school game recently in which there were sixty-one passes out of bounds and forty-nine bad passes on the floor. He feels that the spectators are soon going to weary of the pell-mell, elephant-hunt type of basketball.

"Break up the zone defense," he says. "Make the defense play ball, make them use the whole playing area and fight for their lives. Give the game back to the Sedrans and Nowaks and Woodens—and give them legislation that permits them to perform. Why legislate for mediocrity?"

These are strong words from the quiet Mr. Keogan, who almost never loses his temper or goes into a tantrum. The closest he ever came was during the famous Pittsburgh-Notre Dame game of several years ago when the timekeeper allowed the teams to play ten minutes overtime. Notre Dame had the game won in the regulation period but the minutes dragged on and Pittsburgh finally finished ahead. When it was over, the timekeeper said he was very sorry but the watch seemed to have been out of order and what could be done?

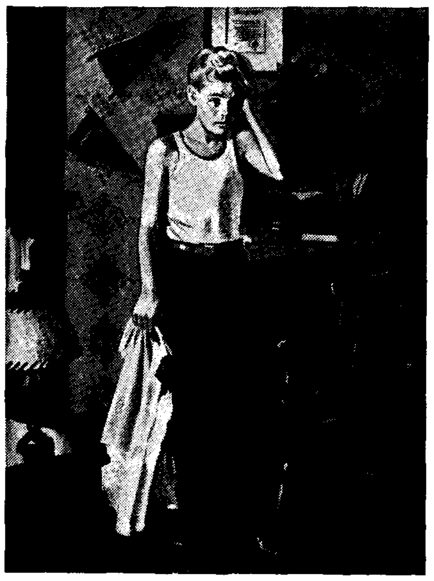
"George showed him what could be done," they report now at Notre Dame gleefully. "He took the watch and threw it on the floor and ground it with his heel. He never said a word, just ground away."

From this it will be seen that Mr. Keogan has his moods. His mood is now for a change in the sport he likes most.



"Couldn't I peel a mess of potatoes at home and bring them in so you can get leave tomorrow?"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO



1. JOHN NEEDS A LAXATIVE; but he's got an exam at 10 o'clock. He's scared to risk it. He can't have anything interfere with his quiz! So he puts off taking a much-needed laxative, puts off relief.

2. JOE NEEDS A LAXATIVE; he has a 10 o'clock exam, too. But his mother says: "Never put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning." So Joe takes *speedy* Sal Hepatica.

3. POOR JOHN! How can a fellow concentrate on history when constipation symptoms hinder clear thinking? John holds his aching head, flunks his quiz!

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Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

PUT OFF taking a needed laxative and you're simply putting off relief. Don't delay. Discover *speedy* Sal Hepatica. It usually works within an hour . . . gently, thoroughly . . . by attracting water to the

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Sal Hepatica, remember, is *more* than a laxative. It helps reduce excess gastric acidity, too; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

It's not surprising that 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica! Try this *speedy*, sparkling saline next time you need a laxative!

Sal Hepatica
A Carefully Blended Effervescent Saline Combination
LAXATIVE AND CATHARTIC

SAL HEPATICA

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in on EDDIE CANTOR—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

Six Hours from London

Continued from page 24

waiting for a mattress in a ship's corridor.

The clippers are virtually reserved for A and B priority customers; that is, when the clippers fly. There were only two flights during the month of November. Mail has a priority even above diplomatic preference, and often clippers leave Lisbon loaded only with mail.

The ship situation is little better. Occasionally a Portuguese vessel takes off loaded to the gunwales and every Friday the American Export Line sends a ship New York-ward. But at best these ships can carry only 180 passengers, which is just enough to maintain the population status quo in Lisbon.

You can get any variety of political opinion you want in Lisbon. A very intelligent barman in Lisbon told me gloomily that his country was about seventy per cent in favor of Hitler's moving in. It developed, however, that his bar was the headquarters of the German espionage group and that he was reflecting their opinion. A newspaper editor told me that ninety-five per cent of Portugal hated National Socialism and Hitler, and would fight to the death in case of an invasion. But his paper was violently opposed to Fascism and his views were undoubtedly born of the fact that he had been reading his own editorials—always a dangerous practice.

Official Lisbon tries desperately to keep neutral in letter if not in spirit. *The Diario Noticeas* is Lisbon's largest morning newspaper. Each day communiqués from both London and Berlin appear on Page One. News from each city is given the same space, and the communiqués are printed without comment. If the London communiqué is sixty lines long and the Berlin communiqué only forty—twenty lines are chopped off the London story. Lisbon doesn't want to make Herr Hitler or Dr. Goebbels angry.

The social center of Lisbon is not in the city itself but at a place called Estirol, which is a road company of Miami Beach on a very small scale. It has a magnificent hotel, a gambling casino and a beach. The bar at the Palacio Hotel is where the boys and girls gather after playing golf or before dinner. Here you can hear news of Berlin, Warsaw, Vichy, Paris and points east that no official communiqué ever gives you.

I sat there the night I arrived with the two correspondents who had come from London with me. A handsome, dark-haired young man in white shorts and a lovely sweater sat at the bar. He had been playing tennis. He was joined by a good-looking blond giant and they ordered drinks and discussed the affairs of the world. We three sat and listened.

Admirers of the Nazi Way

The dark-haired man said in perfect English, "Even the British army admits that it could never beat the German army on land."

The blond young man agreed. They talked for a long while, very complacently and both very, very Fascist-minded. They talked of the magnificent German air force, about how the conquered countries were gradually coming into line, about how the food problem would be helped if the Americans would only send food to Belgium and Holland. Finally the dark-haired man left. The blond, too, paid his bill and then he spied us.

"I've met you somewhere," he said cordially to me. "I'm sure. May I sit down for a minute."

"I hope you don't mind—it's only that we can stand guests just so long!"

GARDNER REA

He sat down. One of my companions had had enough. "Who was your German friend?" he said abruptly.

"He was no German," our blond laddie said. "In fact, he's an American. He was naturalized fifteen years ago."

"We couldn't help overhearing you," I said. "He just came out of Berlin. He's on his way to Rome. What does he do?"

"He raises money for the starving," our visitor said. "It's true he was born in Berlin and he has lived there for the past fifteen years, but he is American."

"He talked like one," my fire-eating companion said dryly, "And you—are you German?"

Our blond laughed. "No, I'm Irish. I'm from Tipperary. I'm just here for a rest."

"A phony American and a phony Irishman," my newspaper pal muttered. "That's a hell of a parlay."

"Will you have a drink with me?" the man from Tipperary said.

We both said "No" and forgot to add "thanks." None of us said anything for a while and then he took the hint and said, "I guess I'd better be going."

A Russian came into the bar. I had known him in Paris. He had got out of Paris just before the Germans arrived and he'd been in Lisbon ever since. He was feeling very sorry for himself. All that time he hadn't been able to get a clipper or a ship out of Lisbon.

"But I have done well at the Casino," he said brightly. Then he added: "When will the English have sense enough to give in? I have it on good authority that London is in ruins, that most of her air force is destroyed and half the convoys that leave Canada never arrive. Why doesn't she give in?"

One of my pals said, "We'd better get out of here before we start something."

We walked through the bar. Here was a group of American Army and Air Force observers whom we had known in London. They had been waiting for a clipper for a week. Here was a group of Frenchmen chatting vivaciously and at the next table a group of Germans surveying the scene with complacency. At a third table there were three members of the British embassy.

Near the door, sitting quite alone, was the inevitable tall, dark beauty with lustrous eyes who may have been a mannequin or a Mata Hari. You can play any game you want to in Lisbon and you'll find people to play with you.

Even the Gamblers Were Bored

The Casino is one of the largest in Europe. It is probably the only one in the world which has a moving-picture theater and a barbershop attached to it. It also has a restaurant and a bar and two chemin de fer tables. It was very quiet. Four of the roulette tables were crowded. There was no sound except that of the bored voices of the croupiers. Most of the players were men. No one smiled. Everyone played grimly.

A dozen players kept making notes in little books. These were the system players. It was the dreariest casino I'd ever been in. This seemed a morgue after the delightful gaiety of the Miami, Saratoga and Hollywood gambling places I knew. But illegal gambling is always so much more fun than legal gambling and the mob men who run the American casinos are so much more affable and friendly than the coldly polite gambling entrepreneurs of Lisbon. Most of these players were refugees with not much of a future and an unsavory past. They played either to make money or because there was nothing else for them to do. It was very depressing.

I went back to my hotel. It was strange to stand on the street at midnight and actually light a cigarette. It was strange to see street lights and to watch cars go by with blazing headlights. I hadn't seen that for eight months. It was strange not to hear the hum of German aircraft overhead and the comforting roar of the guns keeping them high. And we were only six hours from London.

I went into the bar for a nightcap. The barman at my hotel spoke English, which was extraordinary. The Portuguese are not linguists. Even in the larger hotels it is almost impossible to find anyone who can speak English, French or German. But this barman had worked in New York and he was a cheery little chap. He hated Germans too. There was only one other man in the bar. The barman nodded toward him and gave me a surreptitious wink. That afternoon he had been telling me about the German agents who infested the bars and this evidently was one of them. Well . . .

"You are just from London," the middle-aged man at the other end of the bar smiled ingratiatingly. "It is pretty bad there?"

"Not so bad," I told him. "Two or three buildings hit—that's all."

He looked incredulous. "Come now," he laughed, "we hear that London is in ruins."

"That's just British propaganda." I lowered my voice to a confidential whisper: "I have lived there for eight months. There is a fish store in the East End destroyed and a German bomber fell in Kensington Gardens and scratched the statue of Prince Albert. That's all the damage I've seen."

He looked at me closely but I was finishing my drink. "You are Swiss, I suppose?" He said he was. They are always "Swiss."

"Talk German if you like," I told him in German. "I learned it in London."

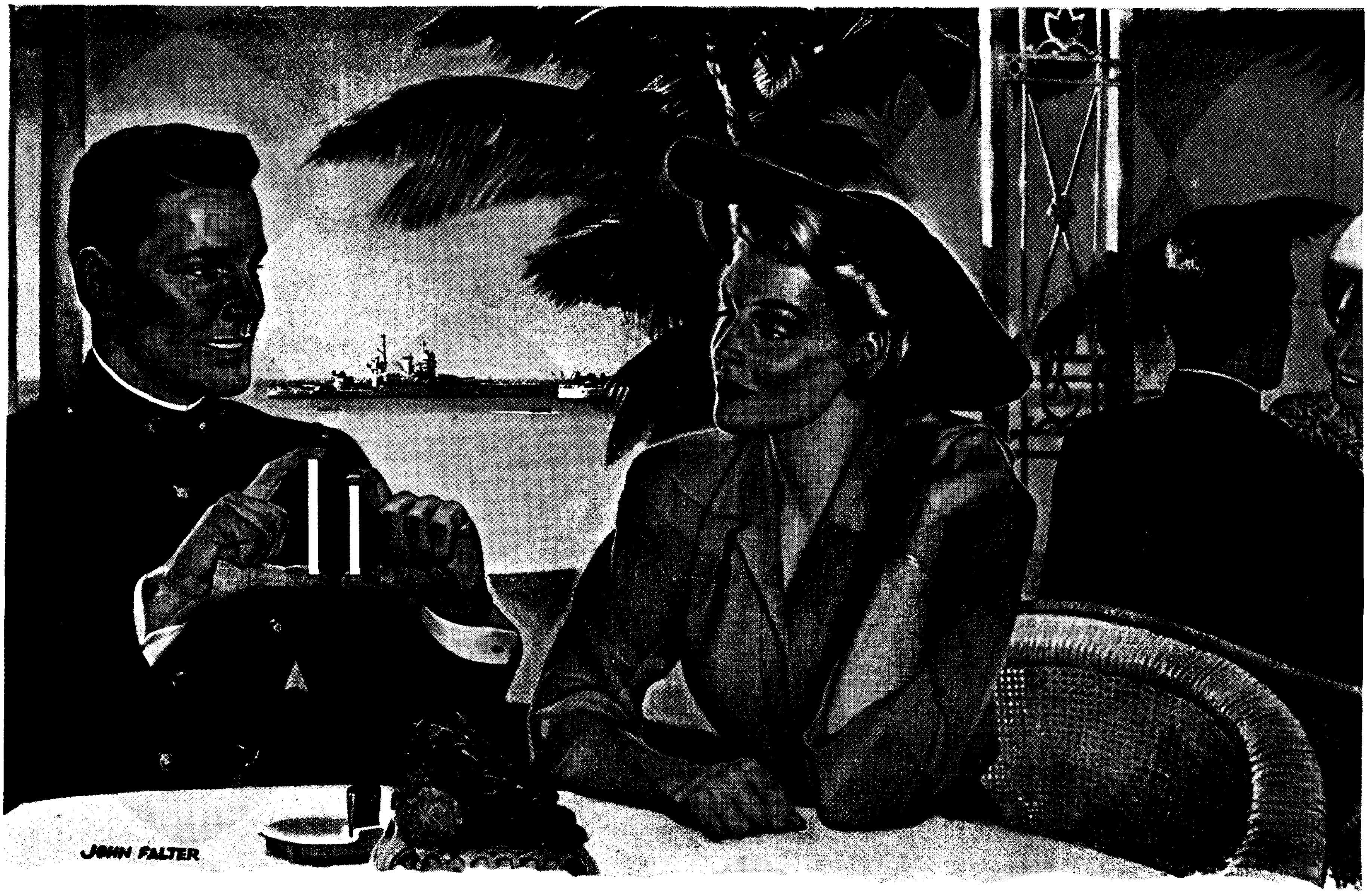
"How was that?" the sucker said.

"The English have captured so many German airmen," I told him carelessly, "that there is no room for them in the prison camps. They have to lodge them in London hotels. In my hotel alone there are more than sixty German pilots. They like London too. Seeing so much of them, naturally I picked up a few words of German . . . well, *wiedersehen*."

I left the bar and wondered what there was about Lisbon that was so deadening, so stupefying. I looked out of my window and the city was ablaze with light and automobile horns were tooting madly and peddlers were out in the square with brightly decorated pushcarts and street hawkers with shrill voices were selling lottery tickets. I pictured London. It would be pitch-black now and I wouldn't have been able to look out of my hotel window with my light on. German aircraft would be above and bombs would be whistling down. And yet, standing there in Lisbon, I wished I were back in London.

There was something unwholesome about Lisbon. Perhaps it was because everyone was playing a part; the gamblers weren't enjoying their roulette; the loafers at the bars weren't having fun; the pretty ladies went through their tricks of fascination in a most mechanical manner. Yet it was bright and there was gambling and there were bands playing. Why was there something macabre about Lisbon and the people of Lisbon? There was none of this atmosphere in London at its darkest.

Then, of course, I realized the cause of it all. Lisbon was a city under sentence of death. Lisbon was virtually a dead city and knew it. London was vitally, vigorously alive, pulsing with warmth and with activity. London was gloriously strong and vibrant. Lisbon? The lights in Lisbon were her own funeral candles; the music and the gambling, these were the symptoms I'd seen in Paris when Paris was under sentence of death and knew it and accepted it last May. They were symptoms that the end was near.


JOHN FALTER

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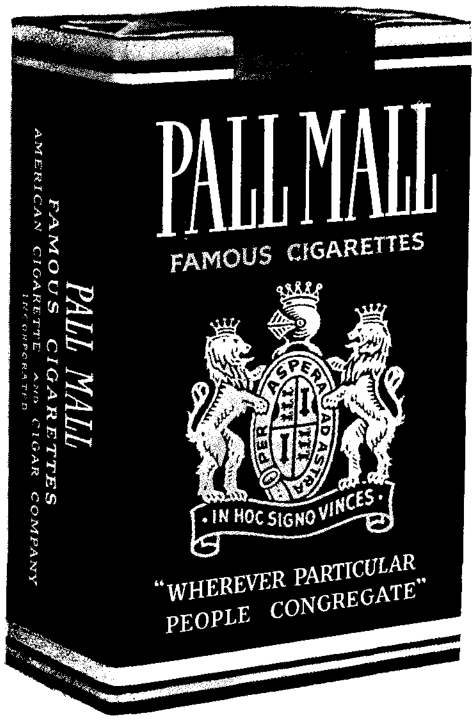
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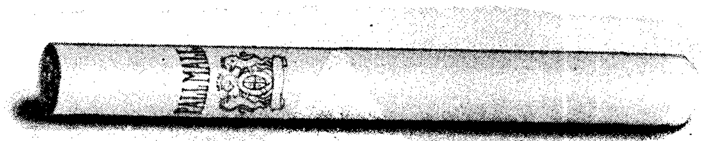

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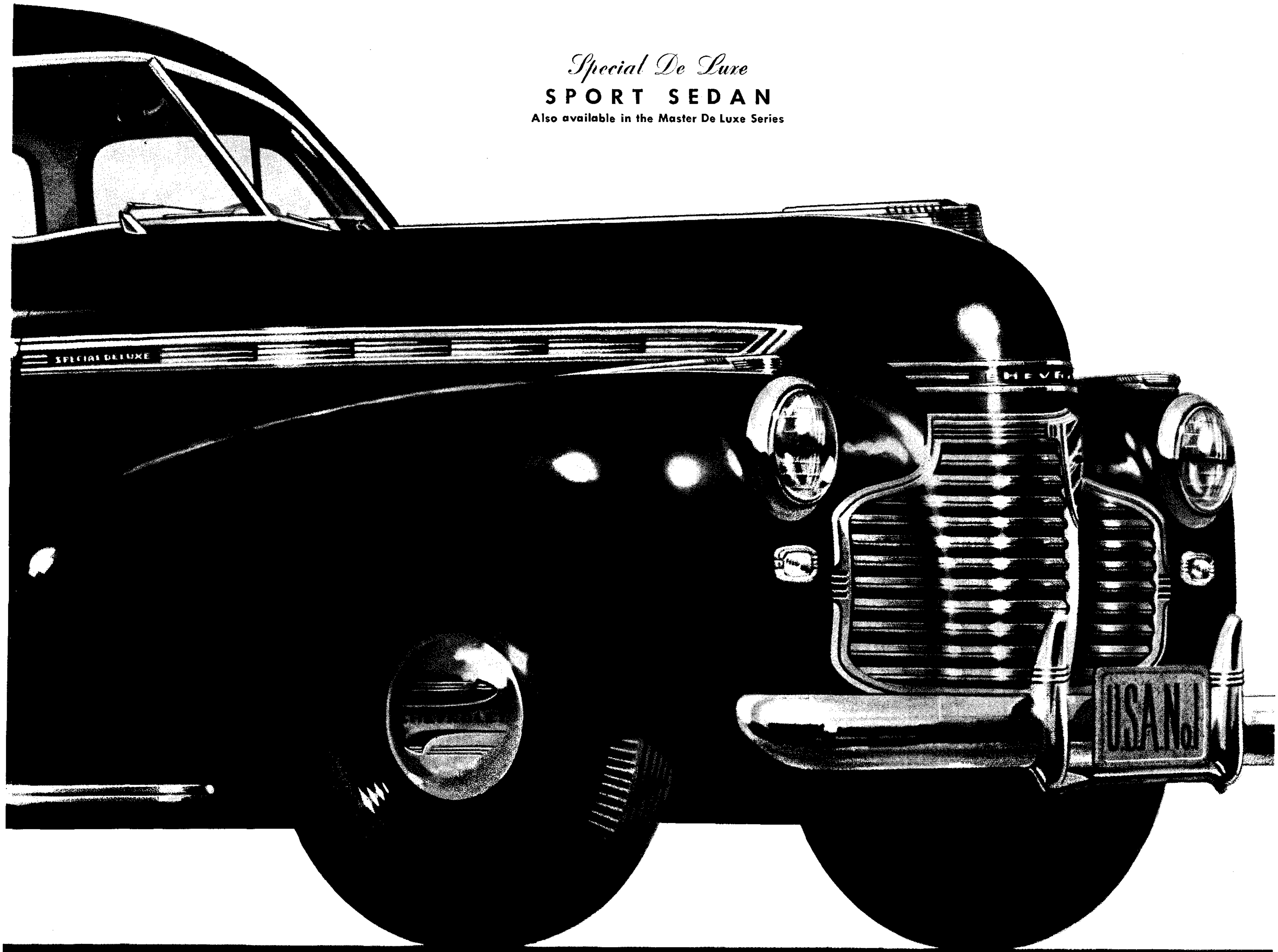

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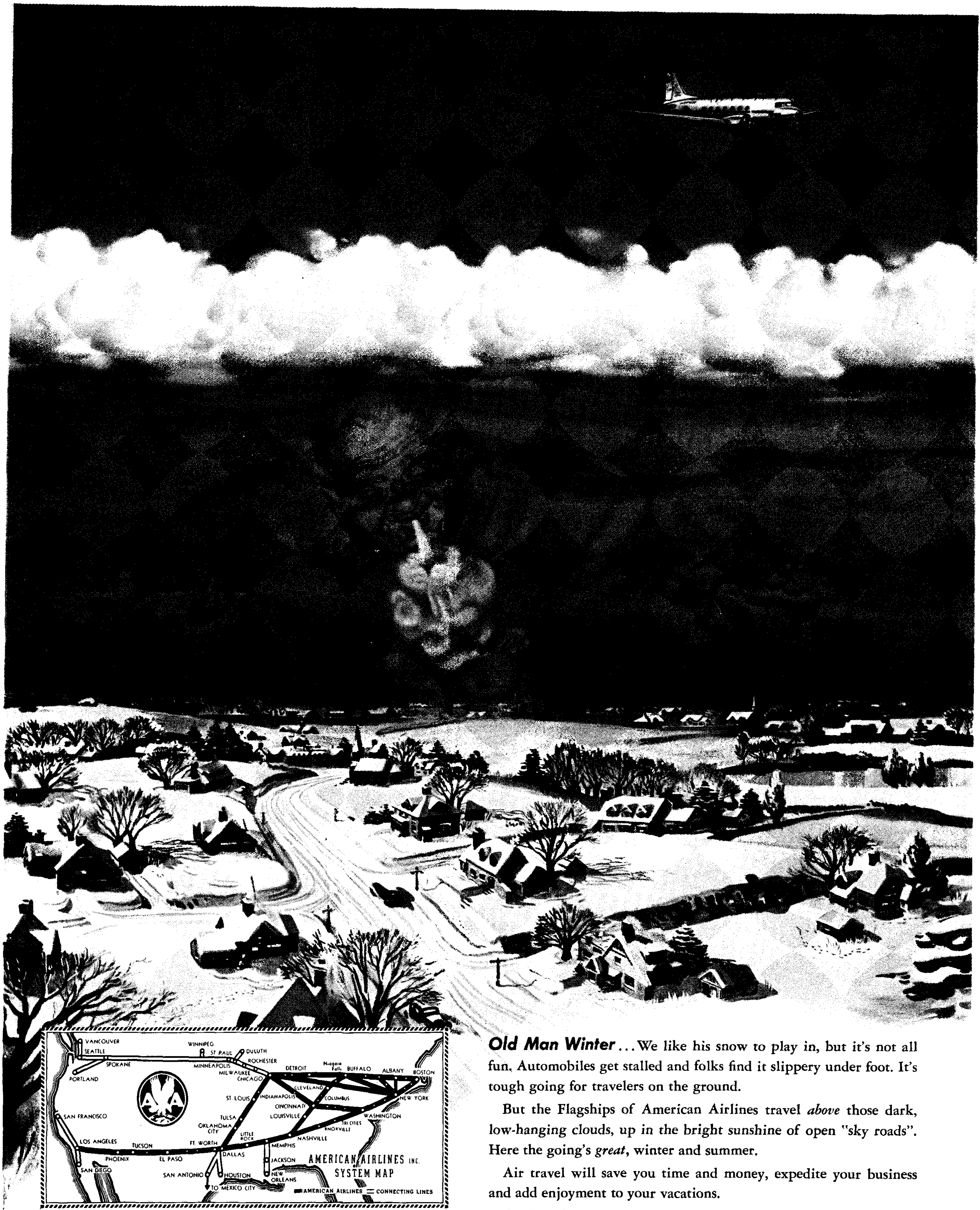
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China Sky

Continued from page 22

. . . Yasuda was not asleep. He was never asleep when Louise came in with her flowers, but she had not told Gray, nor had she told him that she came in almost every day now because she liked Yasuda. He was courteous and dignified and he never mentioned the letters. Instead, when she stayed a few moments, he talked of Japan. This morning, when she came in, he smiled and in his careful English said at once: "I was thinking of those very lilies this morning. It is the season for them in Japan, too."

"I caught your thoughts, then," Louise said, smiling. "The lilies grow on the south side of our house and I picked them for you." She filled a green bowl with water from the ewer.

"In Japan," Yasuda said gently, "every house has the flowers blooming now. My people love flowers."

"I hope I can go there sometime," she told him.

"You will go," Yasuda replied, "and you will like my people and they will like you. Let us hope for the war to end soon. Ah, how I hate war! Let us hope for swift victory and so for swift peace."

Then she heard him call her name:

"Mrs. Thomison!"

"Yes?" She turned, smiling.

"Let me say something long in my heart." His voice was clear, his words were distinct. He was very conscious now.

"What is it?"

"Be sure, when peace comes, that my people will not forget what you have done for me. There will be a reward for you."

She felt elated as she heard these words and actually a little excited. She smiled at the pale, dignified face upon the pillow.

"Thank you," she said simply.

And a few moments later, her flowers arranged, she tripped through the halls again and thought, "I really do like Mr. Yasuda, and I can't believe all the things Gray says about the Japanese." She made up her mind as she stepped out into the warm spring sunshine that she would talk with Harry Delafield about the Japanese when he came to tea next time. He had lived in Japan before he came here.

Someone passed her; it was the pretty Chinese doctor. Louise smiled at her brilliantly, but the girl did not smile back. She looked stern and preoccupied and Louise shrugged and went on.

"This is the final test—if the captain's wife can't smash it then the Army will accept it"

REAMER KELLER

UPSTAIRS in her little living room Sara stopped her tears suddenly and rose. Siu-mei was at the door. She had come for her daily meeting with her lover. Months ago Sara had given this room impulsively one day for such meeting, and now she wished she had not, because the more she saw of Chung the less she liked him. He grew very arrogant, as though he were sure of some power of his own. Today he came late again to meet Siu-mei, and, Sara thought, to avoid herself. But still this might be her own sad imagination and she told herself that if Siu-mei loved this man, what right had she to hate him?

She went away with the baby with no more greeting to Siu-mei than a quick smile and in her bedroom sat doing nothing as she watched the child at play upon her bed. She was glad Siu-mei had been too absorbed to see her face—though Siu-mei saw very little these days! The girl was really in love with the handsome young Chinese. Siu-mei, always so disciplined to calm, could change into a blushing child under Chung's eyes. She sighed and sat listlessly idle. She was very tired, though she had not known it until today when she saw Gray kiss Louise. Now nothing seemed worth doing.

AND then suddenly in the silence she heard voices quarreling. Could it be Siu-mei was quarreling with her lover? She tried not to hear but the rapid, interrupting voices told their own story clearly. They were quarreling! Then she heard Chung's quick step and the sound of a door shut. She opened her own door and saw Siu-mei sitting there alone, her cheeks very pink.

Sara came into the room. "What is wrong?" she asked.

"Chung says Chen-ta, the Eagle, has been defeated at Sian-chow. I told him I would not believe it," Siu-mei replied shortly.

"It is very bad news, certainly," Sara said gravely. "The people of Chen-li put all their trust in Chen-ta!"

"Chung says it is the beginning of many defeats," Siu-mei said with anger in her voice.

"And you?" Sara asked.

"I—I do not agree with him!" Siu-mei cried. "I say anyone can be defeated once. It means nothing." She sat silent for a moment, brooding.

Sara looked tenderly at the beautiful girl. "Do you really love Chung?" she inquired.

But the question was too frank even for Siu-mei's anger with her lover. She turned her face away and would not answer for a moment. Then she rose and leaned toward Sara's ear.

"Yes!" she whispered shyly, and went away. . . .

The quarrel went on between Siu-mei and Chung when four days later Chen-ta was again defeated at Pao-shan.

"What did I tell you?" Chung asked her. "Chen-ta is a peasant, and the sons of peasants are his soldiers. How can they withstand a modern army? The country is lost unless we have something better."

"You talk and do nothing!" Siu-mei cried at him.

"What can I do except what I do—my work?" he replied. Then he grew alarmed at her anger. After all, what was Chen-ta to them? "Let us forget this thing, my Siu-mei," he said.

But she only said, "How can I forget that the enemy will descend upon us if Chen-ta does not hold them back?" And to his warmth she could answer nothing but sighs and at last he grew angry and left her again because she could not put aside Chen-ta.

He could not tell her, of course, that she need not fear whether Chen-ta were defeated or not. He himself would be safe even if the Japanese marched into the city, as long as Yasuda was his friend. And he would keep Siu-mei safe, naturally, and all her family. His plans were very clear. When the enemy was about to take the city he would urge the white people to escape. He would be nothing but courteous, but he would insist on their going. They could trust him, he would tell them. He would take care of the hospital.

THE third defeat of Chen-ta was a week later at Liu-an-fu. Only by a miracle was that defeat accomplished, for a letter which Chung had taken to Louise—he called her "Louise" in contemptuous secret—had somehow not reached the hand for which it was meant. He discovered this by chance through his brother who came to tell him in the night that Chen-ta was preparing to march southeast the next day.

"But is he not to attack Wu-shan?" Chung inquired in great anxiety.

"No, we march instead against the garrison at Liu-an-fu," Chung Third said. "The Eagle has changed his mind because of his two defeats." He saw his elder brother's frown and said pathetically, "My life grows very hard for me now. The Eagle changes his mind often. We prepare to march south and instead at the last moment we march east. Or we are told to face west and then we are turned north. And, somehow, I must slip out of the ranks and come to tell you."

"You must indeed," Chung said fiercely.

"But do I not deserve a little more reward for it?" Chung Third pleaded.

Chung turned his back on him. "When my plans have been fulfilled it will be time to talk of reward," he said coldly, dismissing his younger brother.

Chung Third went away seemingly humble but filled with a hatred against his brother so great that he scarcely noticed a girl who stood near the door when he opened it. She was a pale, pock-marked girl who was not worth notice. But there she was. If he had waited he might have seen her stand for a moment there before Chung's door in the dimly lit corridor, and then turn the handle of the door softly and go in to his room. But he hurried on his way and saw nothing.

THE girl was Ya-ching and she had put her ear to the keyhole and heard seven words out of ten of what had been said between Chung and his younger brother, and then she guessed at all she had not heard. In the hunger of her unreturned love for Chung she came often to his door at night to listen, to watch. She could not believe that Chung and Siu-mei did not meet alone here. When the old barriers between man and woman broke, she told herself, so that they looked at each other and talked together, were not all barriers gone? And if she found it true that Siu-mei came to Chung's room at night it would be a weapon in her hand to be used secretly or openly.

Tonight she had found not this weapon but another. She saw a man go into Chung's room and come out again. She had listened and heard enough for her use, and she decided to use it quickly while the blade was hot and new.

She stepped now into Chung's room so silently that she had to cough before he heard her. He sat by his table writing a letter and when she coughed he leaped and put his hand over what he wrote as he turned.

"Why are you here?" he demanded when he saw her.

"I heard," she said simply.

"You will ruin your good name if you stay here," he said.

"I heard," she repeated.

"Heard what?" He set his white teeth together as he spoke.

"I know what you are doing," she said.

He leaped to his feet. "Leave my room!" he shouted.

But she did not fear even his anger if it only brought her his notice. "I will not tell anyone," she said softly. "Do you think I would harm you? I came in only to say—use me if you need someone to serve you faithfully."

As for him, he now heard her urgent voice for the first time. It might be well, he thought, to have a faithful woman, ready to obey his every command. It might be well to secure her to him. If only her face were not ugly or he were not fastidious!

"How can you help me?" he asked.

Then she turned her head away and in the lamplight he saw the curve of her shoulder and the outline of her slender waist and hip. She had taken off her uniform and put on a deep red robe of silk—for him, he knew. It was a pretty garment. He glanced and saw its long, narrow skirt was cut as the fashion was to show her ankle and leg above the

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knee. It was a slender ankle and there was a graceful shape above it. He had often heard that women with plain faces had bodies most beautiful.

"Use me as you will!" she whispered. She drooped before him and he felt a power rise in him over this helpless woman who offered him herself. He liked power over anyone. The room was still, the house silent, and it was midnight. Who would know what happened in this room? He took one step to the door and locked it.

"Do you know what you do?" he asked her. His eyelids thickened slightly as he looked at her and his lips changed.

"Yes," she said, and did not turn her head. And she thought, "If the whole pomegranate is not to be had, is a part not better than none?" . . .

WHEN Chen-ta's fourth defeat came to pass Siu-mei said nothing to Chung nor Chung to her when the news came. But none the less she did not like his pleasure in his own rightness when they met that day in Sara's room. She thought for the first time, "Can it be he wishes the enemy to win?"

She cast away the thought instantly, but not quickly enough to escape her own alarm. Then she strengthened herself by asking questions to her own scorn. Why should he wish the Japanese to come to Chen-li? Would he not suffer as they all would? Could any possible good come to him from being a traitor? And then when she had let this one word "traitor" come clear into her mind she cast it out quickly. How could she think that word when she looked at her lover as she now did and saw him young and handsome, a man of talent and education and all that young men craved to be these days? In instant remorse, she put out a tender, little hand to him as he sat beside her on Sara's couch and said:

"I wish one thing—that you would not seem so friendly with the sick Japanese. Why do you not let his case be taken care of by Thomison doctor?" The rumors in the city had reached her long before today that the hospital was safe because it sheltered a Japanese officer.

"Yasuda?" Chung inquired, surprised. "But I am interested in his case—a peculiar case with which I am experimenting with a new drug. Now I suspect a tumor on the liver."

"He will not soon be well, then?" she asked, very troubled.

"Not soon," Chung said calmly. He had not taken the little hand on his knee. He would not, he decided, until he need not defend himself. There was no urgency in him to take her hand. Yaching, whom he did not love, had nevertheless drained him of urgency. It was true, as he had suspected, that her body was beautiful. And in the night it is easy not to see a face.

"Do you know that we are losing patients because of this Japanese?" Siu-mei said. "Do you know that people are saying that we are safe in every raid because we are friends of the Japanese?"

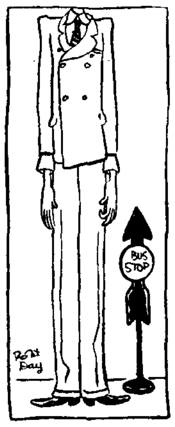
"What does it matter what common people say?" he answered. And then, *after a moment, he said one more thing:* "It may be well, one day, to have been friendly with those who may conquer."

This he said to begin to make her ready, but he himself was not ready for what she now did. For she leaped to her feet and bent over him, her eyes sparkling and flashing and that tender little hand which had lain upon his knee was lifted and laid so suddenly and sharply across his cheek that the sting of it brought tears to his eyes.

"You speak as a traitor might speak!" she cried, and like a whirlwind she rushed out of the room. And Sara came in early that day and she found him with his eyes watering and his handkerchief to his cheek.

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 29


BUS STOP
Robt Day

Robert Day's shyness is evidenced in the above self-effacing picture, but like many of his contemporaries he often draws his likeness in his cartoon characters. A native Californian, he learned cartooning the hard way—newspaper work, comic strips, advertising—and moved to New York in 1928. He draws leisurely (note the detail in the fish drawing across the page), lives on Long Island with wife and two children (one brand new), and haunts newsreel theaters, buses and subways searching for ideas. Amateur movies use up his spare time and cash.

"A lovers' quarrel," he said to her astonishment, and went away, a smile on his face that he dropped as he crossed her threshold. . . .

The city of Chen-li was dark with gloom under the cloudless sky of the clear winter's day. The people were cast down because it was rumored everywhere in the city that the Japanese for some secret reason of their own did not wish to bomb the hospital. Why? Because, reasonably, a Japanese lay ill there. But why was a Japanese there at all? Did it not mean that the American doctors were his friends? And if they were his friends then they were enemies of the people of Chen-li. All their good deeds of the past were as nothing if now they befriended a Japanese.

THIS had been a slow-gathering gloom in Chen-li, and the fruit of it was at last that very few people went to the hospital for any cause. At first some people had made haste to take shelter there when it appeared the Japanese would not attack the compound. But if there were a Japanese inside, then certainly it was right that he be safe. They began to avoid such safety.

This gloom now grew desperate for another cause—Chen-ta, the Eagle, whose ragged guerrillas had won every battle against the Japanese before now suddenly began to be defeated steadily. There were no newspapers in Chen-li but none were needed. Lips whispered and ears heard, and over the whole countryside everyone knew how things were as soon as they had happened.

Thus, on a third day of the last month of the year, the flying word said, "Chen-ta has been defeated a fourth time at San Wan-tse." Now San Wan-tse was less than fifty miles away. Even if there were no roads for automobiles the enemy could proceed at ten miles a day if they were not stopped. So far they had always been stopped. But now what had happened?

Ear to mouth heard that the enemy who had always been surprised easily in the strange terrain was now somehow always prepared, and when they were prepared they could resist, for their weapons were too good. Chen-ta's men, daring and impetuous with anger though they were, could not penetrate the solid wall of Japanese firing their big guns. And they would turn against him if he were not soon victorious again.

THE people of Chen-li talked and took counsel and they sent six of their most respected citizens to inquire of Chen-ta what he would do. Chief among these men was Mr. Ling, Siu-mei's father. He had not wanted to go because the only means of travel was by wheelbarrow over cobbled country roads to the mountains and then by sedan chairs that bearers swung on their shoulders along the edge of cliffs. But the people of Chen-li compelled him by appealing to his honor as a chief citizen, and then Siu-mei had compelled him.

For Siu-mei had gone straight to her father's house from her quarrel with her lover.

"You must go, Father," she said. "You must find out the truth. Our only hope is in the Eagle." She had not forgotten Chen-ta's bold and rugged face. It was clear now in her mind as she spoke.

"I suppose I must go," her father said, sighing. He roused himself to smile at her ruefully. "How peaceful would man be without woman!" he remarked.

"So peaceful you would not be alive at all," she retorted, and they parted laughing.

Thus Chen-ta in his mountain garrison a few days after this received the six elders of Chen-li. They came windblown and somewhat terrified, though trying not to show it, after the journey along the tops of cliffs. The garrison was in a lonely temple up against the sky. Chen-ta had seized it for his own, though he let the three ancient priests who were there stay on and dust the gods at New Year's and pray their prayers, and they were well pleased because he fed them with his hordes and spared them the trouble of going out with begging bowls.

When they missed their old, quiet peace in the midst of all the noisy, scuffling young men, they remembered how full their bellies were and let what was go on. Their only trouble now was to resist the meats that those men loved and their chief prayers were for strength to eat only cabbage when the smell of pork was in their nostrils. They fell into this sin sometimes and climbed out again with groans and fears of hell after all their saintly years.

These three old priests now met the elders as they came up the last rocky steps on foot which even the bearers could not climb with burdens on them.

"Is this the revered nest of the great Eagle?" Mr. Ling inquired.

"It is," the eldest priest replied.

"Let him know that six men of Chen-li await his word," Mr. Ling said.

They had all stood facing the gate while they waited lest turning they must look down the steep rocks up which they had come and must go down again. But they had not to wait too long. The gate opened and a guard stood there and bade them enter and led them to the main hall where, below the great Buddha, Chen-ta was waiting. Mr. Ling, weary as he was, saw that even the high, gilded Buddha did not dwarf the tall young man who stood at its feet. It seemed rather to retreat into the shadows, waiting and protecting.

"Seat yourselves, old sirs," Chen-ta said calmly. He waited until they were seated and then he sat down, too. They waited while he sent for tea and sweetmeats and they heard him order a meal for them of the best the mountain had.

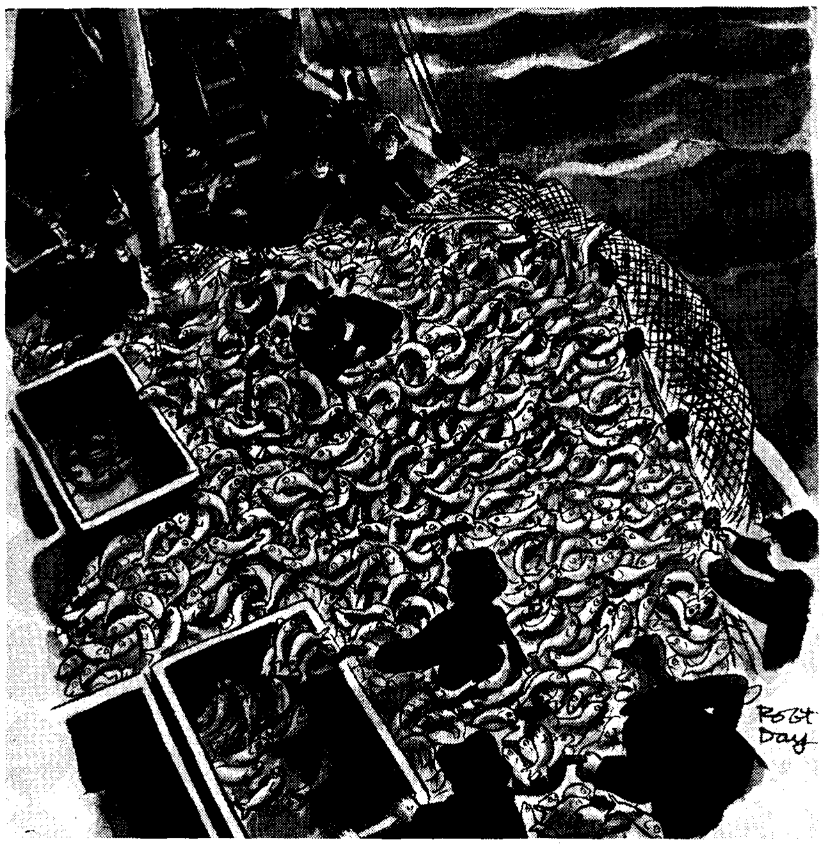
"Do not trouble yourself," they said.

"It is my pleasure," he replied.

And so when they were rested a little, Mr. Ling began, since it was agreed he must be spokesman, and in winding, devious, courteous words which seemed all praise, he made known the purpose of this visit from the Chen-li elders. Out of all the praise Chen-ta plucked the question.

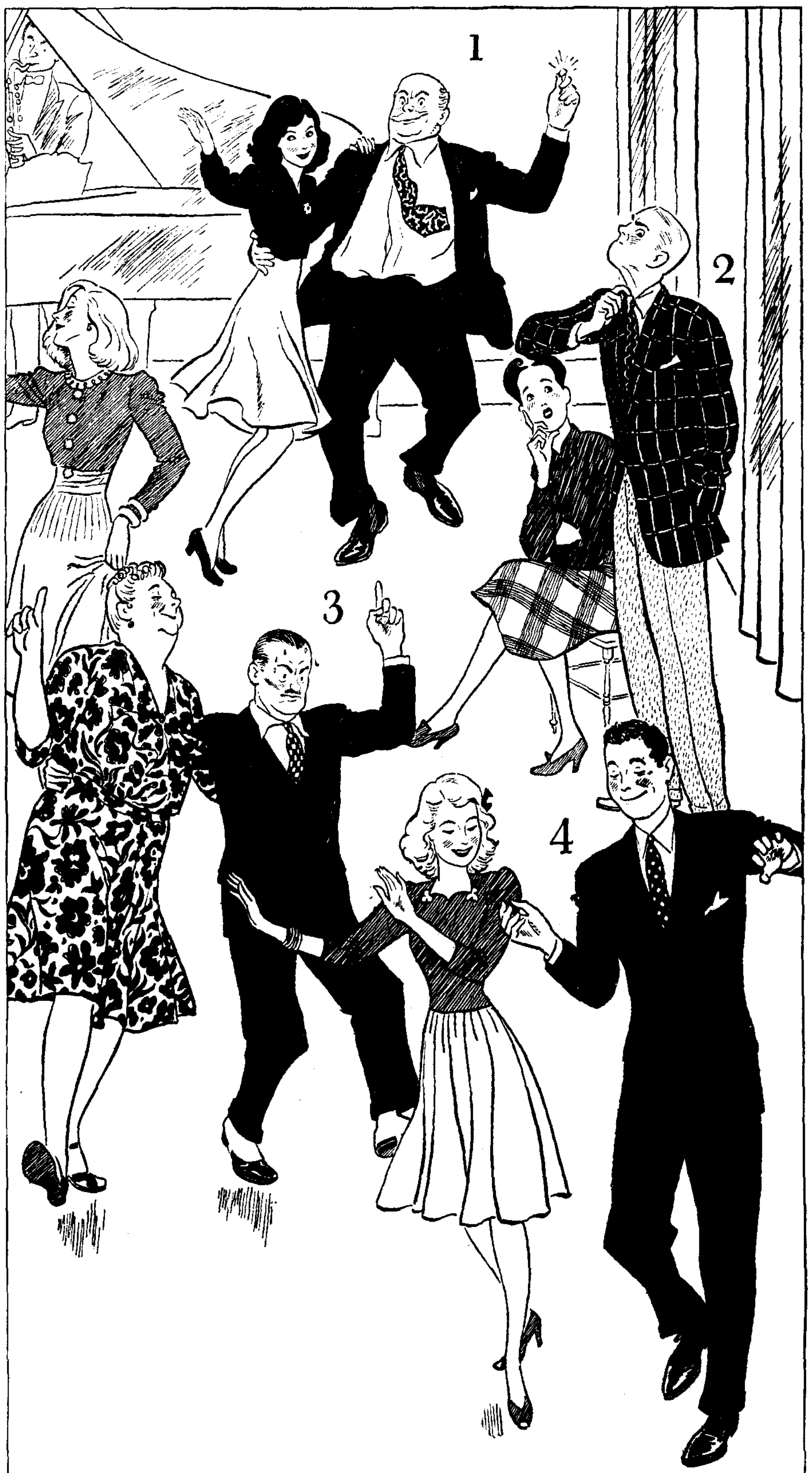
"You come to ask why I am defeated," he said bluntly.

They coughed politely and each



"Johnson isn't cut out for this work. He's ticklish" ROBERT DAY

THE AMERICAN SHIRT FRONT: *Informal Dance*



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"THAT 'STOPPED-UP' NOSE YOU HAD YESTERDAY WOULD HAVE FLOORED ME, BILL. NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D BE HERE TODAY."
"ME, TOO. BUT I USED MISTOL*"
*MISTOL DROPS
FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE SUFFERING THE DISCOMFORTS OF A HEAD COLD
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slowly sipped his tea. This was assent.

"I do not know," Chen-ta said in the same bold, frank voice. "If I did, would I let defeat go on? All that I can say is that whereas before the enemy was always surprised when I came, now he is always ready."

The old men looked at one another.

"There is a spy," Mr. Ling said gently.

"There has never been a spy among my men," Chen-ta said proudly.

No one contradicted him. No one spoke for so long that Mr. Ling knew it was his duty to speak again.

"When the enemy is a common one," he said in a judicial voice, "then we may proceed in common ways of war. But this enemy is no common one. And we must, therefore, expect uncommon things."

"If there is a spy among my men he sleeps dead tonight," Chen-ta cried passionately.

"When a man feels a flea bite," Mr. Ling said again, "he finds the flea before he kills it."

Chen-ta laughed suddenly. He liked this old man with the long, sheeplike face and little, fringy beard.

"I will find my flea, old sir, if he lives," he cried cheerfully. He slapped his knees. "What is your honored surname?" he inquired.

"Miserably, it is Ling," Mr. Ling replied.

"Ling?" Chen-ta repeated. "I met a Ling doctor at the hospital where my prisoner lies."

"That was my negligible daughter," Mr. Ling said proudly.

How could old Mr. Ling now understand the new attentions which Chen-ta urged upon him? He pressed every dainty upon him and deferred to all his ideas for searching out spies and at the feast which was spread in the second hall of the temple before the figure of the God of Wealth, which was made almost as big as the Buddha, Chen-ta put old Mr. Ling in the seat of honor and drank empty to him innumerable small cups of wine.

IT WAS late in the night before Mr. Ling caught a glint of light from the meaning of all this. He only of the six elders had been given a room alone. The old priests had been turned out for this, though he did not know it. He lay upon a priest's hard bamboo bed, fearing he had eaten and drunk too well and that he could not sleep. Then into the lonely room Chen-ta silently came. The old man started up in his bed in confusion, but the young man pushed him down by the shoulders and sat down beside him.

"Do not rise," he said. "I came only to ask a question. I am a common man and one without grace. What I say I say as a beast makes its cry, knowing no other way to speak. Is your daughter betrothed?"

And Mr. Ling gasped and blinked. This was directness indeed. He felt as though snow had fallen upon him.

"Yes," he stuttered, "ye—yes, by her own choice."

Chen-ta's face set itself. He was silent a moment. "By her own choice?" he repeated.

"She is very modern," old Mr. Ling said apologetically.

"Who is the man?" Chen-ta demanded.

"A doctor, Chung by surname," Mr. Ling replied, not sure whether he should give any man's name into such keeping.

"That mutton face!" Chen-ta cried.

Mr. Ling smiled but did not speak.

Chen-ta sat frowning. "I suppose your daughter does not even remember me," he said moodily.

"Yes, she does," Mr. Ling said eagerly. "In fact, it is due to her that I am here. She insisted that I come. She said, 'Our only hope is in the Eagle.' "

"Did she say that?" Chen-ta asked sternly.

"As I am here, she did," Mr. Ling said solemnly.

The moonlight shone clearly into the room, for the paper was torn out of the ancient lattices and none had replaced it. Chen-ta rose and went over to the lattices and threw them open. Then he stood, very straight and bold in the brightness of the night. A faint, distant roar floated in upon the wind. It was scarcely more than the noise an insect makes with its wings.

"The planes are over Chen-li," he exclaimed.

Mr. Ling clambered out of bed and went to see for himself.

"So they are," he said. They could see the darting flashes pale in the moonlight.

"Is she safe?" Chen-ta asked in a low voice.

"Perfectly," Mr. Ling said. "Strangely enough, the hospital has not been hit in months. All the city is talking evil of it, they say the Japanese are protecting it."

"What?" Chen-ta shouted. He seized the old man's shoulder. "I have not been told of this!"

"You have not come near for a long time," Mr. Ling said.

"No, because my messenger I sent there always told me that the Japanese was worse," Chen-ta exclaimed.

"Your messenger!" Mr. Ling repeated. "Who is he?"

"A common fellow," Chen-ta said. Both minds were working now with each other.

"Why did you choose him?" Mr. Ling inquired.

"He said he knew the way, having gone there once to have a wen cured on his cheek."

"Is he loyal?"

"He came to me as a deserter from the government troops."

"A deserter," Mr. Ling mused.

"But for a good reason," Chen-ta said quickly. "He would not join in this retreat."

"A reason good, if true," Mr. Ling said, and sneezed in the wind.

Chen-ta let his hand drop. "Get back to bed," he said. "It would be poor thanks to your daughter to let you fall ill in my camp." He helped the old man back and spread the padded quilt over him. Then he stood for a moment. "We may catch a flea," he said.

"It may be," Mr. Ling agreed, nodding his head.

"Good night," Chen-ta said. "We meet again tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," Mr. Ling echoed. He waited until the young man was at the door. Then he called, "There is one more thing."

"What is it?" Chen-ta asked, his hand on the wooden latch.

"As to my daughter," he said and paused. In the moonlight he saw the young man suddenly motionless. He went on: "I would like you to know that her choice is not mine."

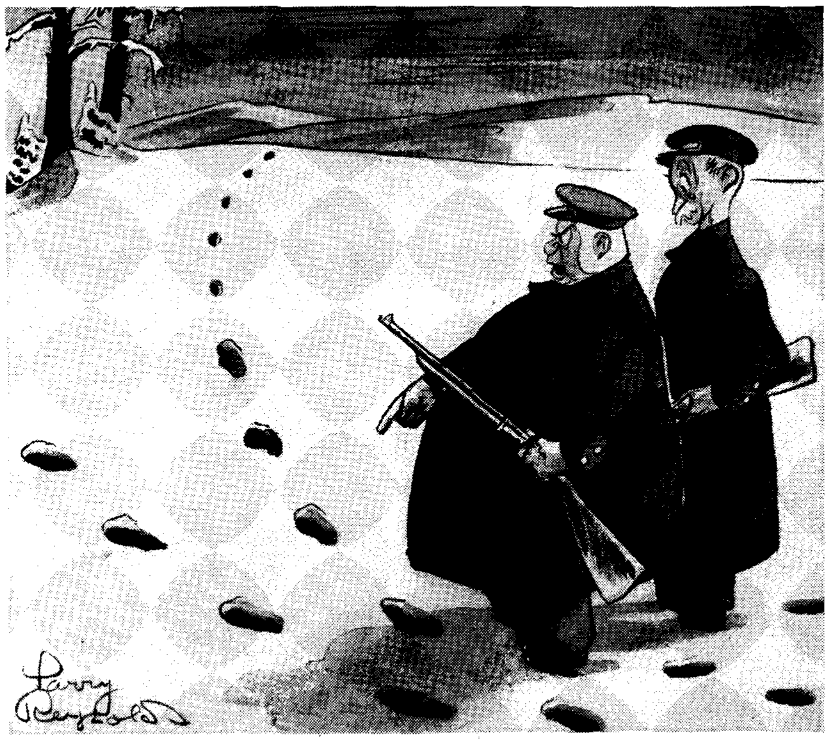
The young man now coughed in his turn. "As for me," he said, "I should like you to know that your daughter is right—about me, that is. I go on to victory."

He marched out and shut the door softly behind him.

IN THE city, at that moment, under the darting, forking, twisting lights of falling bombs, the hospital stood quiet, an island of peace. Gray did not rise from his bed. Louise did not even wake. But Sara was always restless now in moonlight, and she got up and put on her robe and soft Chinese slippers and walked noiselessly about the hospital, from floor to floor, making sure that no one was frightened. She hesitated a moment at the corridor to the men's ward and then went in. There was no use in waking Dr. Chung. She would just see for herself that all was well. An orderly nodded in his seat but she let him sleep. The hospital was for the first time in the years that she had known it more than half empty. The people of the city had turned against it. Who could have believed that to be safe was to be accursed?

And then in the midst of the darkness she saw a crack of light under a door. It was Yasuda's door. She paused, uncertain whether she should go in. But if the man were ill? She listened and heard voices so soft that she could scarcely be sure she heard them in the roar of dull, distant explosions. Then she was sure. She threw the door open suddenly and saw Yasuda sitting up in his bed, Yasuda, who for days had lain half-conscious in the strange coma that no one could explain. Beside him sat Chung. Between them lay a map. They stared at her, transfixed.

(To be continued next week)

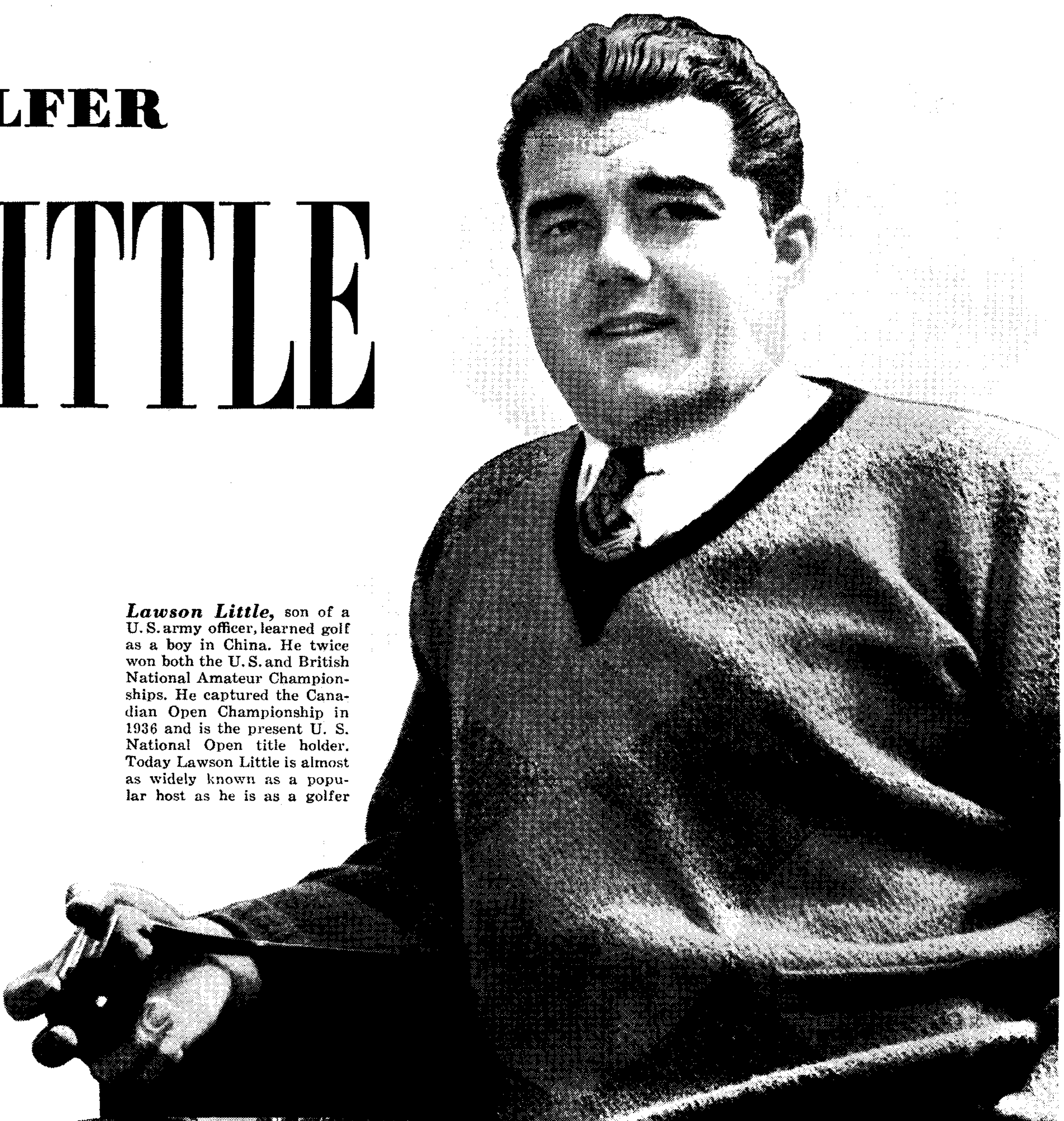


"Well, he won't get away with this! You trail his left foot and I'll trail his right!" LARRY REYNOLDS

FAMOUS GOLFER

LAWSON LITTLE

WRITES



Lawson Little, son of a U. S. army officer, learned golf as a boy in China. He twice won both the U. S. and British National Amateur Championships. He captured the Canadian Open Championship in 1936 and is the present U. S. National Open title holder. Today Lawson Little is almost as widely known as a popular host as he is as a golfer

"I find my guests like an opportunity to say, 'Lawson, I'll have Wine'

'You see, a great many people these days prefer to stay on the moderate side"

"NOWADAYS when folks gather around to enjoy themselves," writes Lawson Little, "I notice an increasing number prefer to be moderate. I find it's a nice custom to offer everybody a choice of beverages, including wine."

Next time you entertain at your house, just make a test. Join Lawson Little, Norman Rockwell, Grantland Rice and many another good host in giving each of your guests a chance to say "Make mine wine."

You'll discover, when you do, that wine makes possible more genial evenings. That it offers a more *considerate* way to be hospitable!

You see, the subtle goodness of wine is best enjoyed when you do not hurry over it. People prefer to linger with their wine glasses — to sip and savor and roll wine on the tongue. Almost no one has an urge to bolt wine down.

Once you try setting out wine for your guests, you'll discover how simple wine is to serve. You'll notice, too, that good wine is inexpensive.

More. You'll find, as Lawson Little says, that wine adds a special, leisurely note to your entertaining—adds an *extra touch* of hospitality.

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA: In discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. More than 9 in every 10 Americans who serve wine choose wines grown here. Wines of California, for example, are grown to strict quality standards. True to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

» POPULAR WAYS TO SERVE WINE «

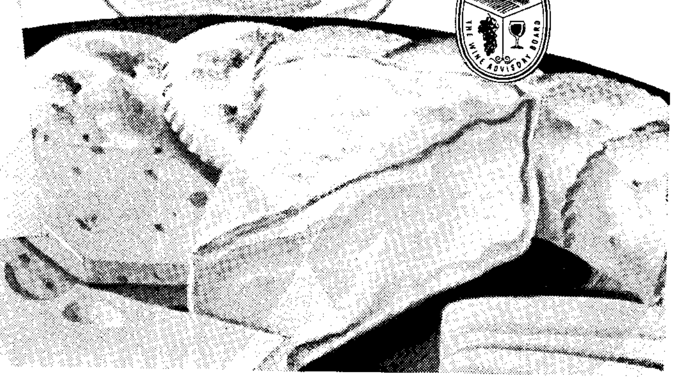
In afternoon or evening entertaining. When friends drop in casually, nothing is better than one of the famous sweet dessert wines, served with crackers and cheese, or with thin sliced fruit cake. Red, full-bodied *Port*, for example; or golden *Muscatel*, rich with the unique flavor of Muscat grapes. These wines are usually served in small portions

At appetizer time. The delicate, nutlike flavor of good *Sherry* wine is an intriguing prelude to dinner. Serve your Sherry alone or with hors d'oeuvres . . . set it out in cocktail size glasses

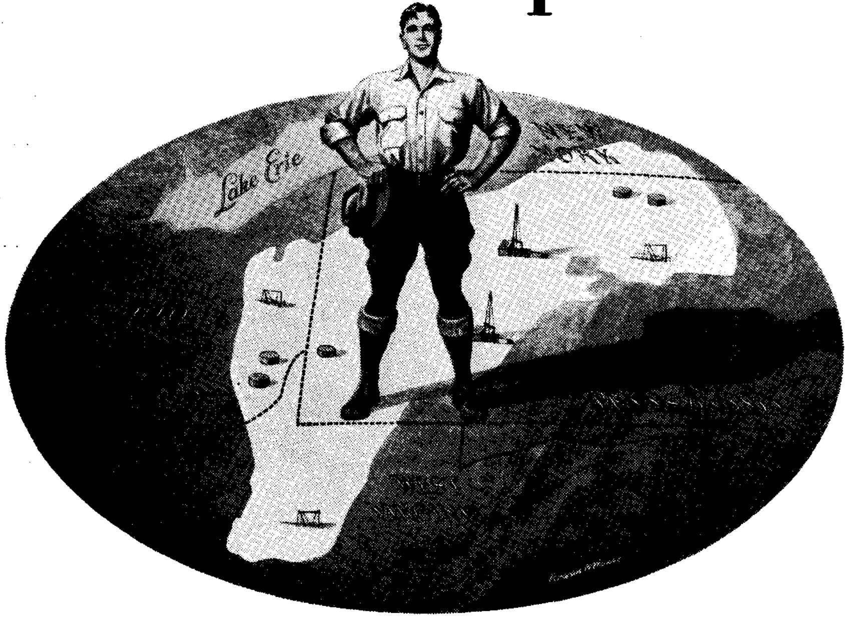
With your dinner. Red, tart *Burgundy* and *Claret* are perfect with roast beef or with a juicy steak. And when your main dish is chicken or fish, just try delicate pale-gold *Chablis* or dry *Sauterne*. These table wines are made "dry" (not sweet) to complement the flavors of main-course dishes. Usual serving is about half water goblet size

Be Considerate
—Serve Wine

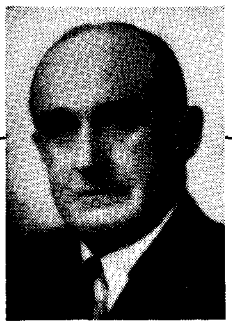
This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco



"We Are Prepared"



Readiness is Characteristic of the Pennsylvania Grade Oil Region...and its Men



Ira L. Hill Photo

By H. A. LOGAN
Veteran Refiner; a director of
PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION

IN THE historic Pennsylvania Grade Oil region, preparedness is tradition. Since "coal-oil" first spouted from Drake's well in 1859, men of this region have looked steadily ahead. They ever have been ready for the next forward move, for their product—Pennsylvania Oil—has been part and parcel of American progress.

In the sixties, soon after it was "discovered," Pennsylvania oil replaced whale-oil and candles to light the world. Then it became the preferred axle-grease for wagons and carriages; next, the friction-fighting lubricant in America's golden railroad age—the age of great expansion westward. A new challenge found Pennsylvania's oil men prepared—when the automobile came, bringing with it the truck, the tractor. And then the airplane! Today, not only millions of automobiles but most of America's great commercial airplanes rely exclusively on Pennsylvania Motor Oil.

Today the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association is both guardian and spokesman for Pennsylvania Oil and the men who produce, refine, and sell it. Through this Association, these men have made it their business to be prepared—always ready for the next step ahead.

H.A. Logan

WHAT THIS MEANS TO YOU TODAY, TOMORROW

In all the world no crude oil equal to Pennsylvania Grade has ever been discovered. Chemically and physically, Pennsylvania Grade Crude is *different* from all others, and, of course, this difference is apparent in motor oils made from it, just as a pie made with choicest apples is different from one made with ordinary ones.

Your car deserves one of these superior Pennsylvania Motor Oils. These oils lubricate better. They last longer. They are economical. A Pennsylvania Motor Oil gives you better service regardless of temperature, because it does not thicken up from cold or thin out from heat as much as other oils.

Every Pennsylvania Motor Oil entitled to use the emblem of the Association is made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil — not one drop of any other crude is used.

When you add a quart of oil or have your car drained and fresh oil put in, be sure you get 100% Pure Pennsylvania. Look for the emblem or permit number of our Association. Don't be satisfied with an oil "just as good."

Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

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Our New Army

Continued from page 27

rates for round trips may precipitate an intercity fight. Pretty dismal prospect.

LIEUT. J. E. MAZE of the 146th Field Artillery contrived to get a snootful but it was involuntary and all in the line of duty. When the trucks in his outfit were ordered serviced with antifreeze it fell to Lieut. Maze to see if the work had been done. "After sniffing the alcohol in about ten radiators," he admits, "I couldn't tell much about it. I was tight as a tick."

IN THE forest greenery and mud of Fort Lewis the most fragrant odors emanate from the tepee chimney of John Shanks, Seattle, whose experience includes five years of cooking in the Forest Service, two years as pastry cook in Spokane's Davenport Hotel and another three years as pastry cook in Seattle's largest department store. The Army made him a cook. Shanks whiffles through the drudgery of dishing up meat and potatoes for the ninety-odd men in his outfit, then spends his evenings whipping up lemon pies, doughnuts and cookies.

"We're all looking forward," Lieut. Griffith Murray sighs, "to plain white bread again."

Shanks joined the National Guard last summer along with a lot of other lads lured by what is now the stock gag of the 41st Division: "Three Weeks' Vacation with Pay on the Shores of a Beautiful Lake." They got the three weeks' annual N. G. outing, all right, but President Roosevelt's mobilization order followed immediately.

●

FORT HUACHUCA, ARIZONA: Largest mobilization of banjos, dice, rabbits' feet and general astonishment is claimed by this post, where several thousand Negro draftees—many from Chicago and Harlem—are being trained for the newly organized 367th and 368th Infantry regiments. Established in 1881 as a border post for Indian-fighting cavalry, the fort is at the mouth of a big canyon in high desert country a few miles from the Mexican border. Rookies' eyes bulge when they take a gander at the vast open spaces. Another eye opener is a tiny adobe village on the reservation, the "camp" of eight leather-faced Apache Indian scouts. Members of the Regular Army for years and the last of the old-time Indian scouts, their official duty is to supervise trails for forest protection and to guard cattle. Their chief, Sgt. Sinew L. Riley, acts as their interpreter but they talk little and don't like to answer rookie questions.

PVT. GIZZIE JOHNSON, erstwhile waiter in a Harlem hot spot, snorted when he was told one scout's name was Pvt. Y-32 Kessay. "Ain't no name, that Y-32," allowed Gizzie. "Mus' be jus' the license number off'n the auto which he ain't got yet."

●

FORT ORD, CALIFORNIA: Major General Joseph W. Stillwell, 7th Division and fort commander, was so pleased with a camouflage demonstration by members of the 53d Infantry that he told Commanding Officer Col. B. G. Chynoweth that his "leaf-and-branch men look as natural as that bush over there."

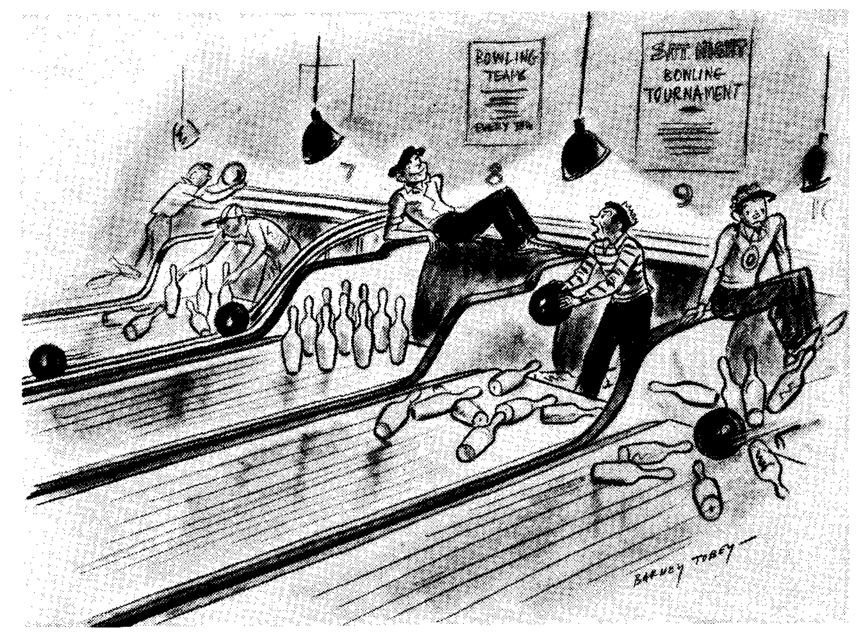
"Thank you, sir," commented the bush, which was nobody but Corp. Edward Pushefski.

●

EVERYWHERE: A few weeks ago our Northwest reporter mentioned the grizzled sergeant at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, who wanted to desert his pals and eat with the new men "because the draftees don't yell while consuming grub." Two Eastern soldiers don't believe it. One is John Kwesell, ex-member of Co. F, 5th Infantry, at Fort Williams, Portland, Maine. "An Army man," he avers, "never raises his voice at mess or fails to say 'Please' when he wants more chow. That's a tradition from way back. And pin this to your whiskers—it's the Regulars who have to train the draftees to be soldiers and gentlemen." Somewhat indignant also is Corp. Kenneth Richman, Battery D, 62d CA (AA), Fort Totten, New York. "That Fort Snelling sarge is sort of mixed up," typewrites he. "In my eight years of Army life I never heard a mess hall stay noisy very long. They have a way of quieting noisemakers in the Army—and quick."

Wonder what they'd do about celery?

G.W.



"You're lucky getting Mrs. Russell tonight" BARNEY TOBEY

The Traitor

Continued from page 19

"But isn't Lieutenant Roberts in danger?"

"Danger?"

"I mean, if there is a traitor here he's going to concentrate on Lieutenant Roberts, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then shouldn't the lieutenant be warned?"

"Not necessarily." Kirstell looked at the end of his cigarette. "In fact, it is better that he know nothing about it, for the time being. Might take extra precautions and our man—if he's spying, as we think—would smell a rat. No, Roberts should proceed in a routine way."

I tried hard to be impersonal. "And maybe get killed?" I asked.

THIS question amused Kirstell. (An overstatement. Actually, one eye almost twinkled.) "Killed? Yes, that's possible."

"But Intelligence can't be bothered?"

"Oh, now, Miss Phyllis—hold on! Do you know anything about Roberts?"

"I've met him."

"I mean—about his work?"

"No."

"He's got several gadgets. One of them is a gas engine using the rocket-propulsion principle. The damn' thing has blown up a number of times. That's why I can't get excited about a spy harming him. Roberts is practically indestructible."

"Oh . . . I see."

"Don't worry. He can take care of himself."

"Why was he transferred here?"

"At his own request, I understand."

Lieut. Commander Kirstell had other matters on his mind. He produced a list of the commissioned and noncommissioned personnel at Navy Station, and began asking questions.

It was a tough two hours. I had to tell what I knew about men like Pop Sedden, Roger, Pete, Briscoe, Bob Cowles, Jack Murphy, Commander McMatthews and Artie Conroy without betraying confidences or descending to gossip. Luckily, Kirstell was only skimming the surface and did not try to probe very deep. I guessed that he would save more penetrating questions for subsequent sessions, after he had oriented himself at Navy Station.

From two or three more than superficial queries, I thought I saw what was really in his mind. Our traitor—if he existed—might be an ideological betrayer of his country, a fifth columnist from secret convictions rather than motivated by external pressures. I needed no great perspicacity to see that Kirstell's job might call for a profound psychological research among the men and women in the yard.

Despite the ominous and exciting possibilities the investigation we were starting presented, I found myself unconvinced of its necessity and, therefore, impatient. I simply did not believe that any of these men I knew so well could commit treason. Other sins and crimes, yes, but not treason. I was very glad when Lieut. Commander Kirstell said, "Well . . . that will do splendidly, for now. Thank you very much, Miss Phyllis."

I paused only long enough to ask what his ostensible assignment would be at Navy Station. He said that he had been placed in nominal charge of reconstruction work at the shipyard, under Commander McMatthews. No one was to know, of course, that he had any connection with Intelligence. Nodding, I hurried out of there.

The skipper had returned from his walk and was in Pop Sedden's office, making a great show of being busy on reports with Pop. He looked guilty as I halted outside the open door.

"All present and accounted for, sir!" I said.

Commander Sedden jumped to his feet. He had taken a brace since morning, and came forward with one of his heartiest greetings, bantering me about my green coat. The Irish were in bad favor with Pop because of their refusal to let England use bases in the Free State. We ribbed each other in the old way, both ignoring what had happened at the Seddens' that morning, until my father considered that he had established a good excuse for not returning to his office.

"H'm . . . I think we've licked it, Joe," my father said. "I'll have to get back to Kirstell." Then, as an afterthought to me: "Shouldn't we have all the newcomers to dinner, Phyllis? Tomorrow night, eh?"

"Why not tonight?" I said.

"All right . . . if you can manage."

"You invite Commander Kirstell, Dad. I'll invite the others!"

"Oh, you've met young Roberts and—"

"Yes. This morning. Be seeing you!"

On the porch, I almost bumped into Willie, a sailor on messenger duty for Roger.

"The chief'll be by at five o'clock, Miss Phyllis," Willie said.

"Thanks," I said.

As I was heading for the commissary to order steaks and warn Dolores by telephone, Marine Sergeant Maginnis saw me from afar and sent another message by a young private.

"Sergeant Maginnis says the chief says he's got some dope and he'll see you at five o'clock, Miss Hartney."

"Good! Thank you," I said.

It is always gratifying to the head of a Gestapo to know that his or her agents are on the alert. I ducked into the commissary and did my ordering. Dolores cursed a little—in Spanish—when told about the dinner on such short notice, but I fixed that by saying, cryptically, "I want much man-appeal in this dinner, much!"

Then I set sail for the basin.

ROGER, always efficient, had posted sentries. One of them stopped me on the path to the basin's single building, an old boat shed. He said I must either have a pass or be accompanied by an officer. I was on the verge of demanding that he phone Roger and get him down here in person to escort me through the lines, when a voice yelled: "Aw, let her in!"

It was Dutch Prentice.

"Ah, there's Lieutenant Roberts now!" I said, "Thank you, sentry!"

Dutch, a small, weazened and goggly-eyed young man, looked at me sourly as I approached. "Savvy isn't here," he said.

I noted that they had unloaded the truck and its contents were now out of sight, probably stored in the boat shed. They had also set up two Army field tents at a respectful distance from the shed.

"Oh, he isn't?" I said. "It may not matter at all. Just think, I may have come to see you!"

"Yeah? Ha!"

"As a matter of fact, I did."

"What for?"

"I'd like to have you come to dinner at our house this evening."

This flustered Dutch and he called

I NEVER THOUGHT OF AUNT JEMIMA'S FOR SUPPER BUT IT'S A SWELL IDEA!
NOBODY NEEDS TO HOLD BACK 'CAUSE AUNT JEMIMA'S ARE SO QUICK AND EASY TO MAKE!
GEE, I'M LATE BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WE WERE HAVING AUNT JEMIMA'S!
CAN WE HAVE AUNT JEMIMA'S AT HOME, MOM? I'LL BET I COULD MAKE 'EM!
I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T HUNGRY!
BUT THESE AUNT JEMIMA'S JUST MAKE EVERYTHING ELSE TASTE SO GOOD!
I'LL REMEMBER THAT! WE CAN HAVE AUNT JEMIMA'S AT OUR HOUSE, TOO!
THESE AUNT JEMIMA'S ARE SO LIGHT AND EASY TO DIGEST!
AND THEY'RE PACKED FULL OF ENERGY!
"Guests jus' rave over this old-time tasty supper feast!"
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX PANCAKES
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX BUCKWHEAT, CORN & WHEAT FLOUR

Hot Soup
AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES
Butter, Syrup, Broiled Sausage Cakes,
Buttered Peas, Coffee

No failures—no fuss! Aunt Jemima's secret recipe is already mixed in the box so you can't go wrong. Easy as 1-2-3! Just add water or milk, mix, and drop 'em on the griddle. Light, tender and nourishing! Economical, too!

TODAY! **Get both kinds of Aunt Jemima Ready-Mix—the red box for pancakes and waffles, the yellow box for buckwheats!**

for reinforcements. "Hey, Pat! The captain's daughter!"

Pat came reluctantly out of the shed, being careful to close the doors tight behind him. He was a chunky lad with a glum, cynical face. I had been unfair when I classified them as mugs on first sight, but Dutch and Pat had a dismaying lack of the ordinary amenities. I thought a good deal about this, later, and decided that they were like one-man dogs, loyal to Savvy to the death and hating all others on principle. In addition they were engineers, not long enough out of school and too absorbed in their work.

"I thought you'd be around," Pat said. "Whenever Savvy pitches a new camp, they always come around."

"Once," Dutch said.

"You've got me all wrong, Mister."

"Yeah?"

"I came to see you."

"Ha! She told me the same thing," Dutch said.

"I'll own up. You both dazzle me."

DUTCH and Pat exchanged glances. They worked as a team.

"Savvy ordered us to be very polite to you, because you're the skipper's little girl," Pat said. "So pick yourself a rock and sit down."

"Less majesty, you oaf, you churl!" Dutch said. "This gal rates thirty-six guns, eighteen side boys, twelve flourishes and sixteen ruffles. I shall get her a chair."

He dragged a canvas chair out of the nearest tent. I did not sit down. It is better to die on your feet.

"Are you coming to dinner?" I said.

"Dinner?"

"Did she say dinner?"

"Who asked the question?"

"I think she said thinner."

"So you don't want me to love you, eh?" I said. "Too bad, too bad!"

"Yeah?"

"Why bad?"

"We could have made great music together, with me drumming on your thick skulls. Now, I'll just have to brush you off as a couple of klunk stooges and invite Lieutenant Roberts."

"Can't you take a hint, Sis?"

"Spell it for her, Dutch."

"Look, honey chile," said Dutch. "What we've been trying to say is: 'No dice.' N-o . . . d-i-c-e. To put it brutally, Savvy is married, see?"

"Married?"

"That's it!" said Pat, moving in. "He's married to a beautiful skyrocket with swishy skirts all covered with stars."

"No other dame need apply."

"Not even a cute little redhead like you."

"I think she's beginning to understand, Pat!"

"I doubt it. Tell her some more."

"Okay, I'll put it this way: you mustn't ask any of us to dinner. You mustn't go rolling those big brown eyes at Savvy. There's a *war* coming on, see? We've got work to do. We have to warn all the girls. There's nothing personal about it, Miss Hartney. So thank you very much . . . and after the war . . . we'll all get together in Berlin and be very happy!"

"Nicely put, Dutch!"

A girl can take only so much. (Young Phyllis takes rather less than that.) So I lost my temper and really lowered the boom on Mr. Dutch and Mr. Pat.

I said if they wanted war, let it begin here. I said I was not in the habit of being warned away when I brought duty-invitations. I never threatened anyone, I said, but let no boorish, goggle-eyed screwballs from M.I.T. assume that I was not a power around Navy Station. I could throw plenty of spokes into wheels and monkey wrenches into machinery. Life was going to be very hard for a couple of young geniuses. I'd have the Navy Department send 'em back to M.I.T. for a course in good manners, that's what I'd do. And if Lieutenant Dent (And Maybe Not So Savvy) Roberts didn't know how to kick his dogs around and make them behave, I'd—

"Miss Hartney!"

"Oh . . ." I said. "H—hello—"

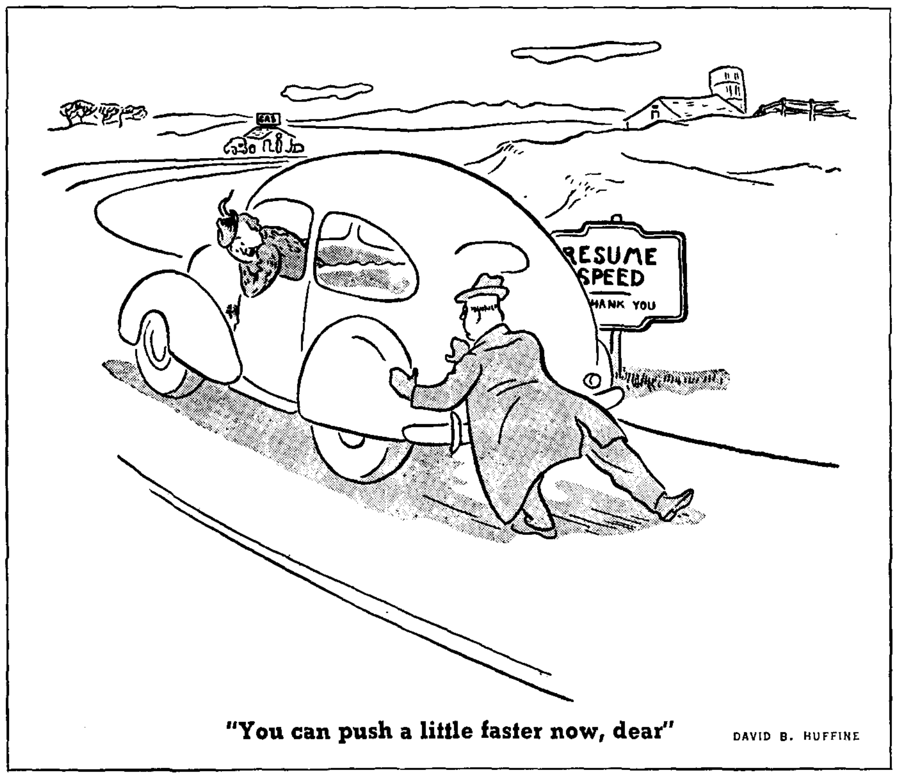
Savvy Roberts, himself, in person. He was in uniform, with coat unbuttoned and cap cocked rakishly, and he carried an armload of apparatus wrapped in burlap. He set this down with care and looked at the three of us.

"What's the trouble here?"

"Aw, just a little argument."

"She lost her temper."

I was still good and sore, and I moved in to do all the damage I could, saying, "I came over here to invite you all to dinner this evening. I've been informed that you never accept invitations. I've also been told to stay away from here. Are those your orders, Lieutenant?"



"You can push a little faster now, dear" DAVID B. HUFFINE

"Of course not, Miss Hartney," Savvy said, "I shall be delighted to come to dinner. Either Mr. Prentice or Mr. Rorabeck will be with me. They can't both come because one of us stays on duty at all times. Will you explain that to Captain Hartney?"

"Yes," I said. "He'll understand, of course."

THEN, Savvy looked at Pat and Dutch. They up and spoke their pieces like little gentlemen.

"Sorry, Miss Hartney," Pat said.

"We were just kidding," Dutch said. "Forgive us, please."

"I'm sorry too," I said.

We shook hands solemnly, like naughty children in front of an indignant teacher.

"We'll expect you at seven-thirty, then," I said.

"Which way do you go back?" Savvy asked.

"I think I'll take the short cut around the basin," I said.

"Mind if I walk along with you a few minutes?"

"No, indeed!" I said.

"Thanks."

The short cut around the basin led along a skimpy beach with our precious fence on one side and a fishy-smelling backwash from the sea wall on the other. It was not a romantic walk, but the sun was shining nicely, low down in a moody spring sky, and we did have the ocean, a booming surf and a good wind.

"This is all right!" Savvy said.

"You like it?"

"Very much."

"The whole shebang?"

"Yes. I can work here!"

"So you like Navy Station. *Why?*"

"Your father is the principal reason, Miss Hartney. I had a real talk with him, this morning. He knows what I'm after, and he approves of it. I told Dutch and Pat that if we could just wrangle our way to this station we'd be all set. And *am* I *happy!*"

"That's good of you."

"Good of *me?*"

"To speak that way of Dad."

"WHY be so humble? Captain Hartney is one of the best brains in the Service. The tops, *I* think!"

"So they exiled him."

"That's quite unimportant."

"And called him a foolish visionary."

"I read all about it in the papers," he said. "Best thing that could have happened to your Dad. All the fatheads denounced him. Now his reputation is secure. Didn't it make him happy? Can you remember what he said when Granny Hartrig sounded off in the institute proceedings?"

"Yes . . . come to think of it . . . I do."

"I'd like to know."

"Dad said, 'Too bad Hartrig isn't a more famous fool. His criticism could make me an immortal!' "

"Swell!"

But it was my bounden duty to go on being cynical and bitter. (Tactical Note: This is known as drawing a man out.)

"I don't want my father to be an immortal," I said. "I want him to have his flag not later than the first of next month."

This was heresy to Lieutenant Roberts.

"Any amiable chump can be an admiral," he said. "Don't talk nonsense."

"Oh, sure, just stay here at Navy Station and rot."

Savvy halted and looked down at me, his gray eyes seeming to have tiny, mystic lights that danced and flickered. Whoa, girlie, I thought, this one is really different. You'd better be careful with this one. Maybe he actually *is* Lawrence of Arabia, come back to life. That's a sand dune right behind his left shoulder, isn't it? Now, if he wore a burnoose and if he hadn't singed his eyebrows putting out that fire this morning—

"You ever talk this way before Cap'n Hartney?"

"No."

Then, I said, "Yes, I did . . . once. This morning. I got jittery—and sounded off."

"That hurt him, didn't it?"

"Yes."

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen, going on twenty."

"You won't begin to have any understanding for five or six years, yet."

"Yes, sir," I said, meekly.

Savvy nodded.

"I'll have to find the time to talk to you," he said. "A girl should learn to know and appreciate her father—when he's a great man like Cap'n Hartney."

"I think I do appreciate him—"

"Obviously not. Or you wouldn't speak of rotting at Navy Station. Men rot in their souls—and where they are in this world has nothing to do with it."

"Yes, sir. Tell me some more!"

But Savvy was absorbed in lighting his pipe, a battered, stub-bit briar. He had already sniffed the wind like a true sailor; he was turned just right and his long, lean fingers cupped over the bowl. He used three matches held together and they made a blaze that should have burned his hands. He got his light at once, however, tossed the matches down and kicked sand over them. Then, apparently forgetting all about me, he started on.

I TROTTED alongside, wondering how far he would walk before he noticed me again, and determined not to bid for attention. Savvy could really step it off. I was getting a little winded when, abruptly, he looked up and saw the dry-dock gate.

"Miss Hartney?"

"Right here—"

"Oh . . . yes. Walk too fast for you? Should have complained."

"It was a delightful sprint."

"Er . . . uh . . . about Dutch and Pat—"

"Yes?"

"They really didn't mean to be rude."

"It *looked mighty deliberate.*"

"They've got just about one decent outfit of clothes between them."

"No money?"

"Stony."

"Oh . . . but I thought—"

"They're paid fairly good salaries." He flushed and kicked at the sand. "But they give nearly all of it to me."

I looked at the rusty stripes on the cuffs of his coat. "And you spend their money in riotous living," I said. "Shame on you, Mister."

"Well, not exactly. But I spend it. Only fair to tell you this. We just can't be very . . . uh . . . social, Miss Hartney."

"Quite all right. I'll pass the word."

"Thanks. See you this evening."

"This evening, Lieutenant!"

He held the creaky big gate open for me and watched me safely through, his attitude quizzical and almost fatherly.

"Thank you," I said.

"Not at all."

I resisted an impulse to glance back. I am fairly certain that he did not bother to look after me. The thought that he probably hadn't taken me in at all was disheartening. Also, I felt a sudden letdown in my physical self. There had been a strong electrical current flowing around that man; to part from him was like breaking a circuit. Colors dimmed and excitement went out of me—I was back in the dull old yard, trudging past familiar ugliness. (Clinical Note: I suppose I was beginning to fall in love with Savvy right then and there. But I was conscious only of having failed to make an impression of any sort upon him, except to irritate him momentarily into disapproval. No hits, no runs and several errors for P. Hartney.)

It was in this mood that I forced myself to hurry home, cutting corners past the Officers' Club annex so as to evade people who might stop me if I went across the parade ground. By this route,

"He fell in love every other Tuesday," said the meerschaum

"YEP," said the old hand-carved meerschaum, "back in the Gay Nineties my boss was in and out of love like it was a revolving door.

"But flighty as he was with the gals, he had *one* love, by golly, that he never tired of—and that was *me!*"

"Phooey!" scoffed the Shiny New Briar. "No pipe can be *that* good!"

"You'll learn, sonny," said the Old Timer, "after you've been broken in with Half and Half tobacco. You'll find a man reaching for you in the morning with a grin, and putting you away at night with regret."

"Jeepers!" said the youngster. "Do you really think I'll click like that with some guy?"

"Don't worry, son," said the meerschaum. "You'll be sitting pretty when you're filled with Half and Half. It's a tobacco a man enjoys right down to his toes. It's a fragrant smoke . . . a friendly smoke that doesn't talk back, or ever nip a man. Yes sirree, bub—Half and Half makes any pipe a sweetheart!"

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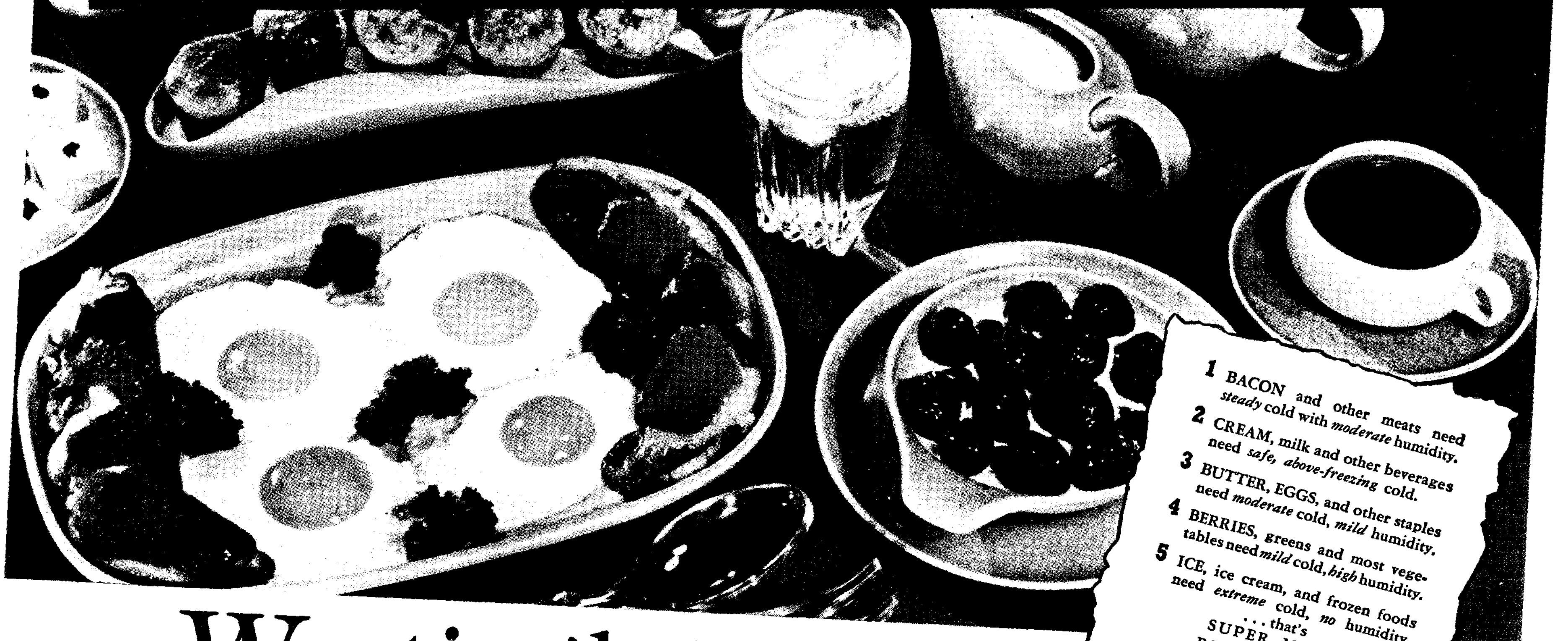

1 BACON and other meats need *steady* cold with *moderate* humidity.
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3 BUTTER, EGGS, and other staples need *moderate* cold, *mild* humidity.
4 BERRIES, greens and most vegetables need *mild* cold, *high* humidity.
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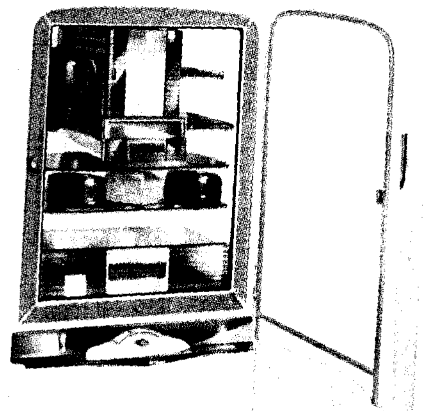

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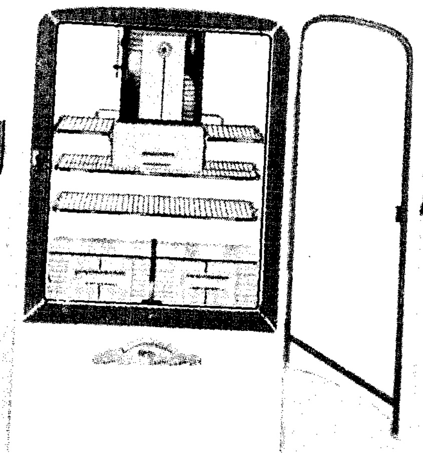
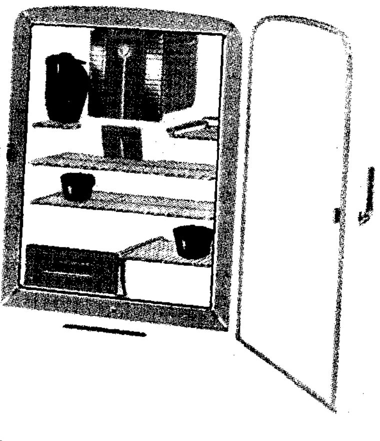


THE *Dolly Madison*

Rich buff, brown and gold trim; double Crispers, plastic-front Meat-Keeper, new dial-type TRUE-TEMP CONTROL. *A model with taste and distinction.*



THE *Betsy Ross*

Crystal "Mount Vernon" styling; "Hi-flex" glass shelves, gay "Peasantware" dishes, "Aerospring" self-closing door. The "dream" refrigerator of 1941.

Every house needs
Westinghouse

I approached our house through the side yard.

Chief Nardin was patiently waiting. He had been killing time by playing with my father's red setter dogs. I apologized for being late and brightened expectantly for his report. But the chief had nothing cheerful to offer:

"About those young fellows over at the basin, Miss Phyllis—"

"I knew you'd get some dope, Chief!"

"Yar . . . but it's all bad."

"Bad?"

"They've got a rocket engine they want to put in ships." Chief Nardin spat politely behind his hairy paw. "Two models have already blowed on 'em. The skipper shouldn't have stood for 'em coming here. It ain't smart, Miss Phyllis. They've got enough gas stuff to lay us level to the ground, yar, level to the ground!"

"They—they'll be careful."

"Lieutenant Roberts, he will. Looks like a fine lad. But them civilians, gar!"

I tried to discount Chief Nardin's innate prejudice against civilians. He distrusted all civilians per se, deeming them selfish, irresponsible nitwits.

"Mr. Prentice and Mr. Rorabeck are M.I.T. men and should know their business, Chief," I said.

"Yar? That little one they call Dutch looks like a Communist to me. Might there be any chance?"

"Of what?"

"You pass a word to the skipper, Miss Phyllis! The islands is the place for experimentin' with rocket engines, not Navy Station. Should folks in the village maybe hear of it, gar! You pass a word to the skipper."

"All right, Chief . . . I'll see. Thanks very much for the dope."

I MIGHT have known that dinner party would be a complete washout. In the first place, remembering that I had told Roger he could have a date that evening, I was forced to invite him to the dinner. Then, Chief Nardin's mordant forebodings preyed on my mind and sharply recalled all the other situations which were teetering on the brink of open trouble. I had to face the fact that Bert Sedden was coming home in the morning; that Bob Cowles and Jack Murphy and Roger were in a three-cornered quarrel, and that Mrs. Briscoe had gone on the warpath.

Also there was our traitor . . . oh, yes, our traitor. That would really be something, if true. We were sitting on enough rocket-engine fuel to blow us all to kingdom come . . . and Savvy was not to be warned to take any extra precautions . . . but if we escaped death, there was still a possibility of treason which would make Navy Station a national disgrace.

As I write these words now, I do not want to seem hysterical, for I was not hysterical then. I went through the motions of dressing for dinner and riding herd on Dolores in the kitchen, fussing with trivialities, much the same, I imagine, as women in England have done with the end of all things imminent overhead. Hope sustains us, blessedly, to the last grain of sand; and I told myself, "Savvy will not kill himself or any of us. My father's career will not be ruined, because there is no traitor here." Yet, every moment I was afraid.

The men were no help whatever.

My father had drawn into a defensive dignity which allowed him to be charmingly courteous and, at the same time, abstracted and aloof. Lieut. Commander Kirstell was cautious and poker-faced. Savvy arrived with Pat, who, I guessed, had drawn the short match. Pat said about half a dozen words all evening. Roger, handsomely turned out in a new uniform, did his best to carry the conversational ball, but he was fidgety and kept fumbling.

Only Savvy seemed entirely at ease. A captain's dinner or potluck with the Hottentots, it was all the same to Savvy. Alas, he was interested only in my father, and hero worship plays the devil with dinner-table small talk. Savvy kept waiting for the great man to drop priceless words of wisdom, but Dad was not in good form, poor darling. I saw, to my dismay, that Roger had taken quite a shine to Savvy and was trying to make him a friend—and that Savvy, while kindly disposed, did not give his friendship for the asking. Roger, sensing this, was bewildered and suspicious. It is difficult for a conceited man to understand why his charm does not sweep all fields.

To add to my torture—any hostess worth her salt would have felt tortured—Dolores, the scourge of the Spanish Main, went for Lieutenant Roberts in a big way. Such smiles and such rolling of the eyes at Savvy! (Grim Commentary: Like mistress, like maid? eh? We are *simpatico*, eh? Dammit!) So I sat on the edge of my chair, diving to retrieve the conversational ball whenever Roger fumbled it behind our own goal line, and waiting for an undisciplined child of Panama to blurt out the inevitable gaff.

"I'm sorry I broke your machine. I just wanted to get some gum"

KIRK STILES

I knew my Dolores, all right.

Serving Lieutenant Roberts the biggest and best fillet, Dolores looked at him in rapture. "You are Señor Ga-ree Coopair's twin brother, no?" she said.

"I beg your pardon?" Savvy said.

"Dolores!" I said.

Roger, across the table, grinned. "She wants to know if you're Gary Cooper's twin brother!" he said.

"Cooper—"

"The movie star, dope," Pat said.

"Oh . . . oh, no—no relation," Savvy stammered.

Dolores saw my face and fled, giggling evilly. I wanted to follow her right out to the kitchen and kick her shins. Gary Cooper, for goshsake! To compare the reincarnation of Colonel T. E. Lawrence with a movie actor. I wanted to stick a sharp fork into Dolores.

Then, while Savvy reddened, probably ashamed of his ignorance about movie stars, and while I tried to think of something to say, dear Roger put his foot right in it. "That's treason, Roberts!" he said. "Not to know one of America's heartthrobs."

My father looked up from his plate. "Treason?" he said.

The word had such an ugly sound for three of us. I set my teeth hard and Lieut. Commander Kirstell's face tightened a little, as Roger politely explained the joke to the skipper and Savvy looked more miserable than ever.

"Oh . . . oh, yes," my father said.

ROGER babbled right on. "And, speaking of treason," he said, "have you seen Colonel Donovan's report on France in the current Journal, sir?"

"Yes," my father said. "Depressing."

"Let's be merry and gay!" I said.

Savvy looked at my father. "Depressing, sir?" he asked.

"It didn't strike you that way, Roberts?"

"No, sir."

"That's interesting. Why not?"

"Well, sir, treason is a fascinating crime—to me. I suppose I take a clinical delight in it. So much more complicated and important than murder—isn't it, sir?"

"Yes, it is," my father said, slowly, his eyes warming as they habitually did when anyone he talked to showed the slightest evidence of originality. "Go on—"

"I remember an essay you wrote, sir—quite some time ago—when Hitler first came to power. You said he would be dangerous because he was a genius at treason."

My father looked down the table at me. "I told you someone, somewhere would read that, Phyllis," he said, pleased.

"Where was it published, sir?" Roger asked.

"In the Virginia Quarterly," Savvy answered. "I can lend you a copy."

"Thanks. I must read it," Roger said.

"A true prophecy," Savvy went on, as if thinking aloud and wholly absorbed. "It may be that the history-book boys will call this the Age of Treason."

"That's . . . rather severe," my father said.

I glanced uneasily at Lieut. Commander Kirstell. He was watching Savvy out of the corner of his eye.

"We're getting much too serious—" I began.

Roger barged right in. "We're not France, Roberts," he said.

"Frenchmen said they were not Austrians."

Stiffening, Roger got testy: "Treason isn't an American vice."

Savvy looked at him, gravely. "You've never been a traitor, Collins?"

"Are you serious?"

MY EYES appealed to the skipper for rescue. But he was leaning forward in his chair, with a scholar's intentness upon the debate.

Roger's chip-on-my-shoulder tone amused Savvy. "I think we've all betrayed our country, in one way or another, Collins," he said, gently. "I think most of us are traitors right now."

"Rot!"

Savvy turned to my father: "What do you say, sir?"

As my father hesitated, a sentry's voice shouted "Halt!" and it sounded through the open windows of our dining room as if from just across the parade ground.

The order was repeated, and then a rifle shot cracked out. Two more shots followed in rapid succession.

I thought Roger was admirably quick as he sprang up and said: "Excuse me, sir!"

But Savvy Roberts was already out the door.

(To be continued next week)

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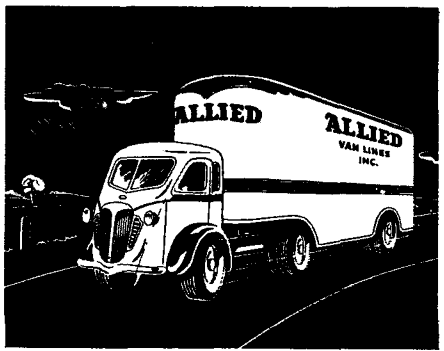

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**The physicians who took the Knox Gelatine test prefer to remain anonymous. Photographs by professional model.*

Putting is Easy

Continued from page 17

the flag. It took a backspin, came back and disappeared into the cup.

"Oh, darling, darling. It's an omen. When is the first one?"

Ed Barret grinned at his fiancée. "At Pinehurst," he said, "next month."

"HOW long have you been married, dearie?" Mrs. Summers asked.

Jessie kept her eyes resolutely on her knitting, away from the eighteenth fairway where a threesome was coming in. "Two months," she said.

"Your Ed has a beautiful swing," Mrs. Summers said. "Beautiful. I'd like to see him get out of this erratic string he's on."

Jessie said, "He's just got to win this one, or at least finish high up. He's just got to."

"He ought to be a cinch," Mrs. Summers said consolingly, "working off of two-thirteen."

"Two-eighty won the River City Open last week," Jessie said, "and he went out with two-nine for the last eighteen." She paused, keeping her eyes down, knitting. "He finished with an eighty-three," she said. "He won seventeen dollars and sixty-seven cents."

Mrs. Summers was silent for a moment. Finally she said, a shade too brightly: "The Gunner's been in the eighties plenty of times."

Jessie looked up from her knitting. A threesome was coming in and it was carrying most of the gallery. "Siege Gun" Summers, a stocky, gray-haired veteran, was swinging along down the fairway talking to his caddie. Ed Barret, playing in the same threesome, was grimly walking toward the heavy rough that bordered the left side of the fairway. His shoulders were sagging and Jessie could almost see the drawn lines of his face.

The Gunner, long and straight from the tee, hit a crisp two iron that stopped rolling eight feet from the pin. Ed Barret, from the rough, hooked into a trap guarding the green.

Jessie got up from the porch, gathered her knitting and walked into the clubhouse. She didn't wait to see "Siege Gun" Summers can his putt and take the ball out of the cup and kiss it. She didn't wait to watch Ed Barret take a shaky five. She walked into the bar and sat down at a table far in the corner. Ed found her there

SHE heard his spikes, even above the babble at the bar, recognized his tired step. He sat down. "I blew it," he said. "A lousy eighty."

She looked up, took his hand. "Don't worry, darling," she said. "Did the Gunner win?"

"Demaret might catch him," Ed Barret said. "But he'd have to come in from the ninth, three under. I don't believe even Jimmy Demaret can do that."

"If it wasn't you," she said, "I'm glad it was the Gunner. He's such a gallant old gaffer."

"Sure," Ed said bitterly. "He's won the Open twice. Why wouldn't he be gallant?"

"What happened?"

"I don't know. If I blow hot at the start I blow up. If I tie a couple of seventy-nines together, I finish with a sixty-eight; just a guy that can't deliver in the clutch, I guess."

"But darling, it isn't a matter of not being able to deliver. And it's not a matter of courage. It's a—well, I don't know what it is but I've sat with those wives on the porch and knitted and watched them knit and tried to read and if you can go through anything like we do it must be awful."

"It's awful, all right," Ed said. "But it would be worse if you walked around with me. I see now why nobody has his wife go around with him. After that time at Pinehurst when you tried it."

"It would just make it that much worse," Jessie said. "I know. But anyway, whatever it is you'll beat it, and if you beat it once then you'll have it licked once and for all."

"Yes," Ed said. "I guess I would."

"I know you . . ." Jessie stopped. "Siege Gun" Summers was lowering his genial bulk into a chair beside her. He had a half-filled highball glass in his hand and he motioned to Ed and a bus boy in one expansive gesture.

"Order up, Ed," he said. "Jimmy Demaret treated himself to a fat five on the sixteenth. I'm in!"

"Take a drink, honey," Jessie said. "Take two drinks."

Mrs. Summers, smiling, tapped Jessie on the shoulder. "Come away, kid," she said. "I want to tell you something." She turned to her husband. "Don't get stiff, Lucky, remember that eighty-five you had along with your hang-over in the North and South last year. We play Eagle Glen next week."

MRS. SUMMERS led Jessie out of the clubhouse and around to a table on the deserted back veranda. "Dearie," she said when they were seated, "the Gunner's winning this one is kind of like pennies from heaven. I can let you have a hundred or so if you need it."

Jessie stiffened. "That's very kind, I'm sure," she said, "but really I think we'll be all right. I don't think . . ."

"Don't get your back up, kid," Mrs. Summers said. "If you don't need the dough you don't need it. It wasn't that I wanted to talk to you about, anyway, I wanted to give you some advice."

"I didn't mean to be rude," Jessie said. "I'm sorry."

"Skip it. I want to tell you something about golf and about golfers. I mean the guys that shoot for bread and butter. The playing pros like our husbands."

"Yes," Jessie said meekly.

Mrs. Summers settled herself more comfortably. "After a man has got his swing grooved, after he's got so he can play every shot in the bag, after he's learned to putt—which is half the game in this league—why, then he's got but two things that he has to beat."

"Yes," Jessie said. "Par is one of them, I suppose."

"Par won't win you cigarettes on the winter circuit," Mrs. Summers said. "The two things a great golfer has got to beat are his feet and his imagination."

"What?"

"His feet," Mrs. Summers said, "and his imagination."

"I'm sorry," Jessie said. "I don't understand."

"I'll start at the bottom," Mrs. Summers said, "and work up." She paused, fumbled in her bag and lit a cigarette. "A golfer walks and walks and walks. Mostly up hill and down dale and in spikes. They have to wear wool socks and you have to wash 'em every day in lukewarm water. You have to dry 'em on racks."

"Yes, I know about that," Jessie said. "Ed showed me about that."

"All right. Your man's feet don't hurt. He hasn't got anything to do but go out and hit the little ball around. And that's where he's got to beat his imagination."

"Yes?"

"He's coming in the last nine, he needs even par to get a score he thinks will win, he hears 'em hollering over on number six. 'Oh-ho,' he says to himself, 'Sarazen is over there going wild like he loves to do on that last eighteen; I better treat myself to a couple of birdies on this nine or I'll wind up five hundred dollars worse off.' "

"What's wrong with that?" Jessie asked.

Mrs. Summers continued: "So the lad says to himself: 'Now I'll slug this one down next to that trap and from there I can get on with an iron, but I mustn't pull it even a shade or I'll be in trouble.' So he slugs it into the trap and takes a five-hundred-dollar six."

"But why would he hit it into the trap?"

"Because," Mrs. Summers said, "the imagination is stronger than the will." She took a drag from her cigarette.

"But," Jessie said helplessly, "there's no cure for that."

"You have to relax to play golf. To relax you have to think of nothing but the shot you are playing. Not the one you've played, not the one you are going to play. You'll get your eagles, your birdies. You play great golf one shot at a time."

"But what can you do?" Jessie asked.

"I don't know," Mrs. Summers said. "The Gunner won the Open the first time with me in the hospital. He wasn't even thinking about the tourney, practically, and he came in even par for the last nine in a driving rainstorm. Olin Dutra won the Open once sick as a horse and running a temperature. A fellow named Roland Hancock could have won it in '27 playing the last three holes one over par. He put on the pressure and wound up five-six-six or some such." Mrs. Summers snuffed out her cigarette. "I don't know what to tell you to do, but I am telling you the trouble with your Ed. He's got too much imagination."

"I see," Jessie said.

THE Eagle Glen Open carries ten thousand dollars in prize money. It has only been played a couple of years and they toughen up the course for the tourney so that two-ninety won it last year with all the talent in there shooting.

Ed Barret played his first two rounds with two obscure amateurs out for the ride, the caddies and the scorekeeper for gallery. He had two seventy-twos.

Not that he shot two seventy-twos. Two seventy-twos occurred while he walked the course, worrying about how he was going to get back to Cold Springs with a wife on seventeen dollars and fifty cents. His one forty-four coupled him with Little and Horton Smith, tied for third place.

He came in for lunch the last day with a seventy-three, still tied for third. The leader had two-fourteen.

He lunched in the clubhouse with Jessie.

"This," Jessie said, "is very nice, now, isn't it?"

"What?" Ed asked abstractedly.

"What?" Jessie almost yelled. "What! I'll tell you what. Getting me two thousand miles from home without any money and no prospects of getting any, that's what!"

ED'S mouth dropped open. "But, honey, I'm just three strokes back and I've got this layout licked. Those fast greens don't bother me a bit. I'll . . ."

"You'll get out there and shoot an eighty-four probably," Jessie said scathingly. "Remember the Los Angeles? Remember the Mid-South? Remember the River City? You simply can't . . ."

"Listen," Ed said. "This winter-circuit thing was your idea. I didn't think I could get out and play with these guys." His color rose just a shade and Jessie could see his lips thinning.

"You could play with them if you didn't get scared and fold up like—like —like an accordion."

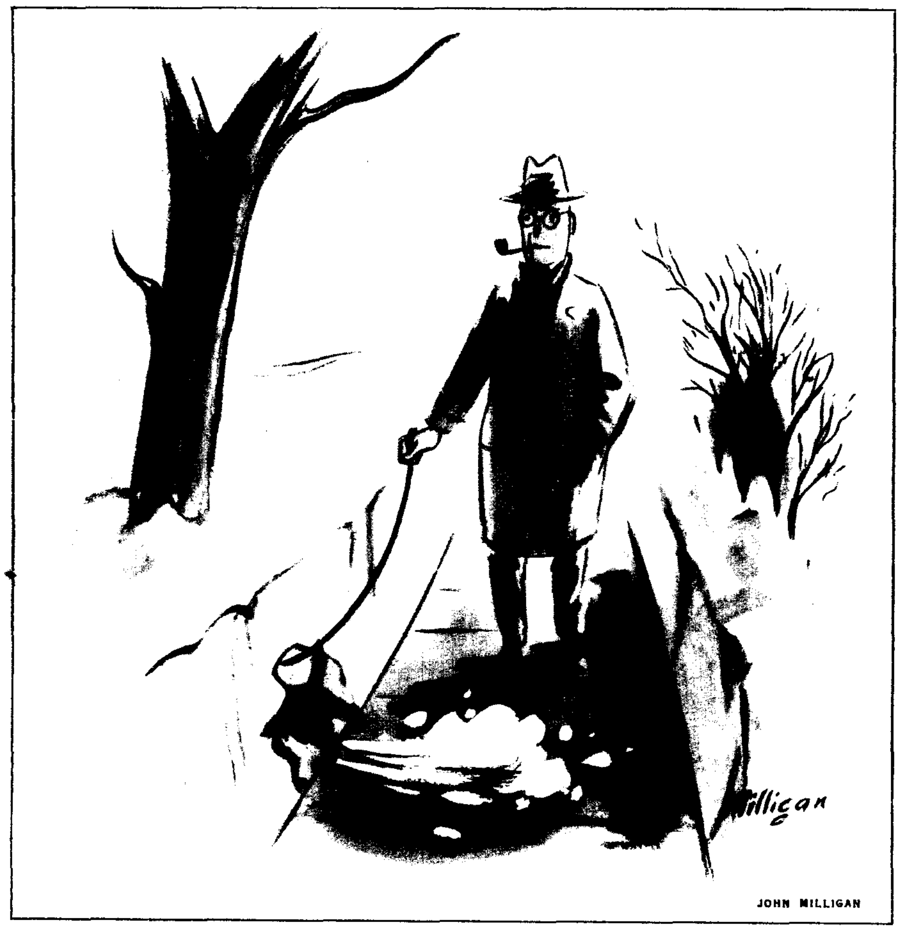
A man came to the door, and called to Ed. He stood up. "I've got to go now," he said. "We'll discuss this matter after . . ."

"We'll discuss nothing after. I'll walk around with you. If you think you're going to get away before I tell you a few things you are badly mistaken."

Ed Barret clutched his hair. "Oh, darling, please, please don't walk around with me. Remember what it did to me at Pinehurst, having you along."

"Things," Jessie said, "are just a little different now. In the first place this *marvelous* honeymoon you led me into is definitely over."

They were out at the tee now. Ed was up. He teed his ball quickly, lashed into it. It hit the fairway with a suspicion of hook to make it roll just past



JOHN MILLIGAN

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the two-hundred-yard marker. Ed strode back to Jessie.

"*I* lured you into! I! Why, you know perfectly well that you were the one that . . ."

Jessie walked away from him into the crowd. She reappeared when he reached his ball. "Socks," she said feelingly. "Socks. Fourteen million pairs of socks that have to be washed in lukewarm water and put on racks. What kind of feet have you got anyway? Honeymoon! Do you call living in a two-by-four hotel room in a forest of wet socks a honeymoon?"

Ed walked over to his ball, pulled a four iron out and addressed his ball briefly, hit a shot that was on the pin all the way. He turned to Jessie, but Jessie had walked away into the crowd.

But she was back with him when he reached the green. "My mother warned me against you. You and your sixty-fives at Cold Springs and your eighty-threes when it amounts to something. The . . ."

Ed walked away from her, lined up his putt and stroked it crisply. His expression didn't change when it dropped.

Jessie was waiting for him on the second tee. "Well," she said, "how do you propose we get home on seventeen dollars and fifty cents? Have you given that any thought . . . ?"

They were carrying most of the gallery at the tenth hole but Ed Barret didn't know it. He had heard, piecemeal, his entire married life reviewed in the most unfavorable, in fact untruthful, fashion. Every time he marshaled an answer and got his temper under control enough to make it, she would fade into the crowd, leaving him open-mouthed, impotently raging. But she was beside him as he prepared to play his second across heavy rough to the eleventh. "I'll tell you something if it'll relieve your mind," she said hotly. "You don't have to worry about that bank roll of yours. I'll wire father from here and have him send me money to come home on. I won't be a burden to you any longer."

HE STOPPED stock-still and his answer came low through clenched teeth: "Okay! Fine! That's swell. The quicker the better. Just simply go any place your phony heart desires and let me play golf." This last was spoken in a slightly less restrained tone and the caddie must have heard it.

"Good golly, Mr. Barret, you're . . ."

"Shut your mouth!" Jessie whirled on him. "You speak when you're spoken to." The caddie dropped back, coloring with anger. Jessie winked imploringly at him.

Ed Barret stepped up and played a spoon shot across a hundred and eighty-five yards of trouble into a quartering wind. The ball came to rest on the edge of the green. But he didn't hear the clapping.

Jessie was back at him: "You moan and you groan. Why don't you get an honest job like anybody would that had a wife to support?"

There was more of this. Much, much more. It lasted until Jessie, coming up the eighteenth fairway walking beside her silently raging husband could see Mrs. "Siege Gun" Summers, crocheting on the clubhouse porch.

Jessie blinked back her tears. She watched Ed hit a four iron that stopped eleven feet beyond the pin.

She came beside him to the edge of the green and as he walked out to line up his putt she touched him on the arm. "Don't hate me too much," she said. Then she turned away and started making her way through the crowd toward the clubhouse. She wasn't trying not to cry now.

ED FOUND her in the corner of the clubhouse bar. "Well," he said grimly, "I sunk it."

"I'm glad," Jessie said. "That's swell. You had a sixty-six."

"I won the tourney," he said. "Nobody can catch me."

"Yes," Jessie said, "you won it."

"It was the most terrible eighteen holes I ever had to go through, though. I'm sorry you feel the way . . ." Ed Barret stopped. He stood there a long time looking down at his wife's tear-stained face. "Darling," he said, finally. "Darling, darling. You talked me into it. You made me so unhappy I couldn't *think about the score nor the shot I had* played nor the shot I was going to play . . ."

Jessie smiled. "I couldn't stick it out," she said. "I wanted to die when you had that long downhill putt for a win. I couldn't stay and watch."

"You didn't mean all that," Ed said. "You wanted me to win—you wanted me to have some confidence. You wanted . . ."

"A tournament golfer's wife has got to do a lot of things, sometimes. When the Gunner won his first Open, his wife was in the hospital, though she didn't have anything wrong with her," Jessie said.

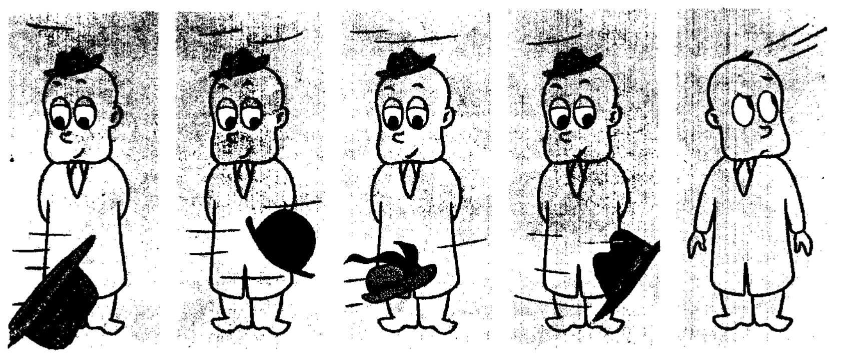
Ed started to answer but just then "Siege Gun" Summers came over and sat down at the table. His wife was with him. "Well," he said, "you did it, kid, but how you managed with your frau walking with you is more than I can see. The last time Mrs. S. here went around with me I had a snappy eighty."

Mrs. Summers looked down at her husband. "Before Ed goes crazy with anxiety, tell him what you finished with today, with me on the clubhouse porch."

"Ah, Ed," he said, "you know how they had the cups set and I was playing with Diegel and he was acting the fool . . ."

"He had an eighty-three," Mrs. Summers said, "and as I calculate it now, his share of the ten thousand dollars they so kindly give away for hitting the little ball around will be seventeen dollars and sixty-seven cents."

Ed Barret didn't hear. He was looking across the table at his wife. "I love you so," he said. "They finish the Open on your birthday. How would you like to have that one for a present?"



March Wind

CROCKETT JOHNSON

Our Southern Exposure

Continued from page 20

country on earth—the Soviet Union is first—is a quarter of a million square miles bigger than the whole United States, but hasn't more than one third as many people. Estimates of residents in Brazil with German blood vary: one million is tops. In the United States there are nearly thirty million. All South America has only about two thirds as much population as the United States.

South America's historical experience is the reverse of North America's. Our east side, from Canada through New England and Virginia to Florida, got first attention and settlement. Their west side, from the Isthmus to the Horn, received earliest immigration and emphasis.

IN ANY land down here you can, for a few pennies an hour, secure a friend who divines your thoughts, keeps you on tap with your engagements, husbands your time and energies, supervises your shopping with taste, guile and belligerent economy; instructs you in history and politics; censures your intolerance; and fruitfully arranges your hours of relaxation—merely by hailing the first taxi you meet and settling back in the seat with a more or less pleasant "*buenos noches*."

The taximen of South America are in a class by themselves, different from those anywhere else in the world.

There was Alec, in Lima. He said: "When you return to the United States and perhaps your acquaintances will not instantly accept your statement that we Peruvians are the truest Spaniards of South America—tell them about our little boys!

"Here in Peru there is a law that the little girls must be let out of school half an hour before the little boys, noon and afternoon. This is because otherwise the little boys will make love to the little girls. You see our policemen shooing the little girls along, not permitting them to loiter at shop windows and giggle, making sure they will all be safely home before the little boys with the big Spanish ideas come running after them.

"Alas, on the day of our earthquake last spring this necessity to watch our little Don Juans was a great misfortune. The catastrophe occurred just after eleven-thirty in the morning, when the little girls were on the streets going home for lunch. Streets are safe, if you are quick to run into the center, or to stand in a doorway. But the impatient little boys—they were still at their school desks, and many, many were killed by the ceilings and walls."

It was Alec, too, who called our attention to disagreements in maps we had bought in Brazil, Chile and Peru. Vague, remote little discrepancies as to boundaries, always somewhat favorable to the nation in which the map was printed.

THERE are classic rivalries between cities and sections the world over: Osaka and Tokyo, Moscow and Leningrad, Milan and Florence, Manchester and Liverpool. At home we have Los Angeles and San Francisco, and, in matters of sport at least, the fratricide between New York and Brooklyn. Alec reminded us all these were gentle compared with rivalries existing in South America, where spectators at intercountry football games are customarily searched for weapons.

In Brazil, whenever the weather turns sour, it is attributed to a "wind from Buenos Aires." In Argentina officers told us that in academy lessons or field sham exercises their imaginary enemy was never referred to with discreet anonymity, but quite frankly as "the Brazilians."

Not especial pugnacity in South Americans, but rather the unsurveyed, unconquered, illimitable wildernesses of their continent—inhabited, if at all, by Indians—are to blame for vexed, uncertain frontiers. Alec said:

"Look at the maps of South America on display in any North American business house down here. You will see the names of the countries indicated, but not their boundaries. They've all had their ears burned hanging definite maps. That's why they all now use that neutral blank map, same as the one in the Pan American Airways timetable.

"When your great man, His Excellency Señor Alfred M. Landon, was here in Lima in 1938, I was his chauffeur. Yes, all the time. And I showed him things and told him matters as I now do to you. I said to him, 'Your Excellency, it is fine, this Good Neighbor business. However, I hope while you are about it you will find some way to get us in South America to understand and to love *one another* as well!' "

WE HAVE large enough crowds at our air fields to watch planes come and go. But most of those people are bent on curiosity. Airports in South America have a deeper meaning, attract large but different crowds. With unimportant exceptions, the plane is South America's only means of interstate and continental international travel. The major airports, therefore, take on the flavor of bus, rail and plane depots combined, with Fred Harvey and customs and immigration men to boot. Here are no sightseers; but relatives and friends pressed gaily, or tearfully, behind official bars.

It's all on a bell system. One bell, and the crew marches sheepishly aboard. Two bells: amid an instant hubbub of squeals and lamentations, you stride firmly to the plane. But this is nothing compared with the uproar when three bells sound.

Three bells is a signal that an incoming plane has been sighted and there is a stampede for vantage places and the first glimpse of Uncle Louis or little Gracilla.

There are certain fields where shrewd, old hands have learned to read signs that enable them to wedge in ahead of the three-bell rush. At La Guaira in Venezuela, you know, when you see hangar attendants go forth with sticks and stones to chase the goats from the field, that the last radio word, ten minutes before arrival, has just been received from the plane. At Barranquilla, in Colombia, there are cattle to be shooed. Santiago airport in Chile, has sheep to be herded away.

At Santiago, moreover, there is a bit of animal occultism. Usually, on fine days, the air-minded sheep do not venture too far onto the runways. But airport workers say:

"No matter what the weather looks like, or what the meteorologist says, if we see those sheep grazing all the way across the field to the station, we know there isn't going to be any plane arriving today!"

AEROPUERTO SANTOS-DUMONT at Rio de Janerio is named after the great Brazilian who, while the Wrights were still mending bicycles, went to France, flew an early dirigible around the Eiffel Tower, made sound if less

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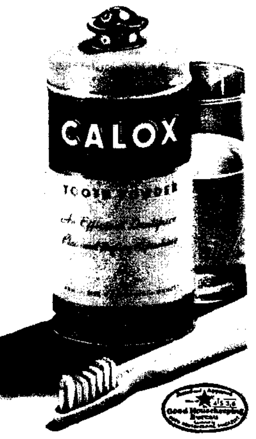

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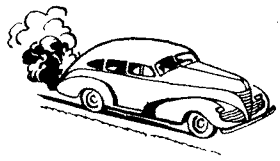

YOU'LL enjoy extra satisfaction with the performance of your reconditioned engine if you order your service man to replace worn connecting rod bearings.

Worn connecting rod bearings are often the real cause of power-stealing, motor-fouling oil pumping, and must be replaced to assure long-lasting performance, satisfaction and economy!

Give new piston rings and spark plugs a chance to do their job efficiently—tell your service man to check the connecting rod bearings and, if worn, to replace them with a set of Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings to restore power, pep and economy!

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spectacular contributions to the science of aeronautics. He is one of the patron saints of flight, who set in motion in your father's skull the preparations for your present air-mindedness.

This is a handsome, spacious field, with fine terminal buildings, landscaping and restaurants. On the harbor front, it is only a single click of the taximeter to Rio Branco, the center of Rio de Janeiro—one of the most civilized and sophisticated of modern cities.

From the clipper plane, then, at this airport in this city, stepped the foreign editor of a great United States daily paper—all decked out in sun helmet and snake boots, with the print of a grim mission on his features, as if he were resolved at whatever cost to life, limb and comfort to plunge through jungle and pestilence in his search for the fifth column.

Brazilian reporters who met him exchanged hurt, uneasy smiles. One told us:

"Some day I'm going to step out of a plane at LaGuardia Airport all dressed up to hunt red Indians!"

IN RIO is a neighborhood that strikingly resembles the Yoshiwara of Tokyo. Here, indeed, are birds in gilded cages. From clean, tidy, starkly lit rooms girls of every nationality and color and gradations of both grasp the gaudily painted wooden bars of their windows and smile upon passers-by. Everything is friendly, orderly.

Within one such room, alone, oblivious of the jolting throngs outside, the plump, middle-aged Frenchwoman in a decorous Mother Hubbard sat reading the war headlines in a paper from home—a month-old Le Temps. Her spectacles had slid down to the bulb of her nose, and sat there like a small boy held by a stair banister newel. To see through them she had to tilt her head back and look down her cheeks, gaining thus a singularly benign expression. There was a sailor hailing her from the window bars. For several minutes she paid no attention to the puzzled man. Then she glanced at him briefly over her glasses, readjusted them, shook her paper, turned her back and went on reading.

BETTER stay away from the Monroe Doctrine as a subject of conversation down here. The average South American knows so much more about it than you do. If in an excess of good will you patronizingly and emotionally explain how it is all for his own best interests and protection, he will tell you that our famous Doctrine has been warped, frequently stretched a lot, and cleanly broken more than once. By England, when she seized and colonized British Honduras; again when she took the Falkland Islands from Argentina. By France, when she set up the Emperor Max in Mexico. By Spain in Santo Domingo.

SOMETHING of the intense devotion of South Americans to the idea of personal liberty is expressed in their driving habits. On this continent traffic lights are as scarce as Communist orators in Vatican City, and as little needed. A week in Rio is sufficient to reduce anyone schooled in the closely regulated driving of the States to craven, quaking collapse.

When you enter his car the genial Brazilian allows no consideration of the problems or conditions of the road to interfere with his manners as host. He presses the accelerator to the floor at once, points his car in the general direction of your destination, allows one hand for the wheel but keeps the other free for conversational purposes, turns around in his seat and composes himself for a chat with his eyes fully upon you—and pays no further attention to where he is going or what or who may be in the way.

Unbelievably, you always come through safely. The driver affably explains: "Oh, yes, we have plenty of regulations and rules, but nobody pays any attention to them and therefore everybody is comparatively safe because he knows the others are all dopes and he doesn't know what anybody is going to do! Besides, we have a saying—'God is a Brazilian!'"

Accidents are not frequent in Rio, but when they occur you see a quaint thing. The driver, or drivers, or motormen, perhaps some of the riders, leap out and rush away without even stopping to assay the damage or the casualties.

It's on account of the law. In the States we are solemnly warned it's a heinous offense to leave the scene of an accident. In Brazil, it's plain dumb not to. Brazilian courts provide no bail arrangements. If arrested, you just have to wait in jail until your case is called. But if you are not apprehended at the scene of your mishap you cannot be convicted of it, no matter how many witnesses testify having seen you there before the arrival of the cops—who, following immemorial precedent, always come too late. Neither can undoubted ownership of the vehicle incriminate you.

A private flier recently landed on Santos-Dumont Aeropuerto. While he was taxiing, his prop struck and killed a man. The pilot immediately jumped out and ran away.

Next day he returned, unmolested, and got his plane.

THE only foreign air line, other than from the United States, that flies into South America nowadays is Italian. The contract is for a once-a-week schedule. Because of the war no dates are specified for arrival or departures. Nobody knows when to expect it; or whence it takes off on the opposite side of the South Atlantic. Mostly it bears mail. Occasionally there is a passenger, an Axis diplomat or technician. Natal, on the nose of Brazil, is the terminal.

Brazil has a law that requires pilots on her domestic air lines to be citizens. Several of her sister republics have similar rules—a fact that may surprise you on account of bogey stories of European aviators in South America. On international lines, such as Pan American Airways, that fly into or through Brazil, foreign crews are permitted. Routed from Miami to Rio, or to Buenos Aires, you will have United States pilots all the way.

Pan American, under the laws of the country, operates through a subsidiary known as Panair do Brazil. If you fly on one of its local runs, say from Rio to São Paulo, you will have Brazilians—excellent, courageous, talented fliers with whom you will be as safe as with any Yank. So don't be like a certain fellow countryman of yours.

He is a real big shot in business at home. He was given a grand *despidida*, or welcoming cocktail party in Rio. Among the guests were twoscore highly placed Brazilian official, business and professional men. The tycoon had just got back from a local flight to Puerto Alegre in South Brazil. The whole party was spoiled for him by something he had discovered, and which he continued to state in terms as loud as they were long.

An air-line man was his target, but all the guests there, including the Brazilians, heard:

"When I bought my tickets in Miami," he shouted, "I understood I was to have American (*sic*) pilots *all the* way. And now what did I find? It's an outrage. I'll complain to New York.

I'm going to tell my friends in Washington. I'll demand my money back. Why, you could have knocked me dead with a feather when I saw us flying with these damn' spig pilots!"

ONLY two nations of South America are in the temperate zone—the climate bands of earth in which, sociologists tell you, most industrial and material activity takes place. The rest drowse in the somnolence of the equator, and their people are inclined to accept life as it comes. Philosophically, they have a tart eye toward piety in the go-getters from the bustling lands.

With delight, therefore, in view of the fifth-column publicity, your South American friends will call your attention to the number of young Britishers who work for German firms, notably in Argentina; also to our State Department's "secret" list of 168 United States firms that are represented in South America by German agents. Many of these firms are household names in the States. Their German agents, of course, were engaged before the war; in some instances, these are business relations that go back decades.

You suspect your South American friends deem all this a little insincere.

In 1922 Brazil held an International Centenary of Independence Exposition in Rio. All participating nations were given land gratis on the Avenida des Nacions, fronting Rio's incredibly lovely harbor, on which to raise their exhibits. After the exposition was over, France presented her building—a replica of the Petit Trianon—to Brazil for use as an art museum. Great Britain made a no-strings gift of her building.

The canny, thrifty United States, richest of nations, turned her pavilion—built on land which had cost us nothing—into an embassy!

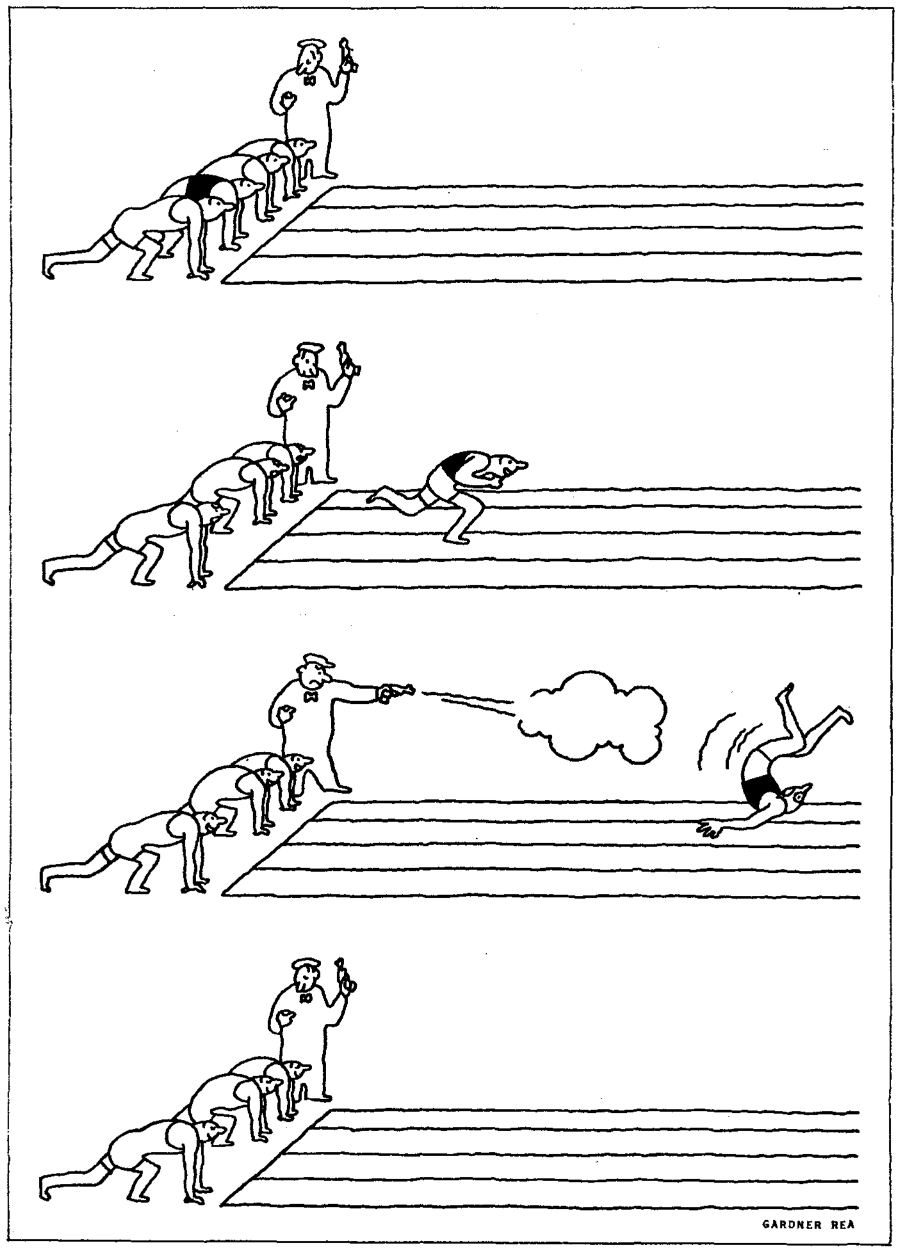
THINGS are so mixed up with isms and ologies, with axes, fronts and only friends, that it seemed inevitable to South Americans—the primary target for both European and North American propaganda today—that somebody would kick a goal for the wrong side.

When the Havana Conference was in preparation signs developed that Mr. Hull's official sweetness and light were not uniformly shared by all his compatriots—particularly those in the shipping business. International conferences are something like an air corps. To keep a plane in the air you need at least ten men on the ground. To keep delegates at table, you need a retinue in the background of at least twenty clerks, secretaries and ink boys for each of the front men.

So there was a large batch from the east coast alone of Brazilians, Argentines, Uruguayans, Paraguayans to be transported to Cuba. The air line handled some; the bulk had to go by steamer. But North American boats could not turn aside from their regular schedules for the one extra day that was necessary to make a stop at Havana. There were a dozen such excuses.

At Rio at the time was the Brazil Maru, one of Japan's fine new merchant ships. "Look," the Japs said, "we'll take off passengers, reimburse them, put them up in hotels to wait for the next ship, turn the whole Brazil Maru over to you at your convenience!"

So it happened that many of the delegates from South American republics to the famous democratic convention on unity against dictatorships traveled to it in a totalitarian ship!


GARDNER REA

You'll like yeast this new way

NEVER SAW YOU WITH SO MUCH GINGER! BEEN EATING YEAST AGAIN?

NO...DRINKING IT! FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IN TOMATO JUICE IS DELICIOUS. I'M CRAZY ABOUT IT!

FRANK: Clever little trick! I used to eat yeast every day, and I remember the good it did me, too. Never felt better in my life. But I didn't like the taste.
SUSAN: Well, here's a way to like it! Really, it tastes like oven-fresh bread . . . in tomato juice. Makes a delicious vitamin cocktail this new way . . . Quick and easy to mix, too. Twice a day for me now. I'm going to get *all* the benefits of yeast by staying with it.

FRANK: And there are plenty of benefits to get, believe me! I check the authorities 100% when they say "yeast is one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex."
SUSAN: Now you're talking! And maybe you aren't getting enough of these vitamins. Drink yeast first thing in the morning, last thing at night . . . Keep it up, and see if the silver lining doesn't begin to show!

MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.

STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast

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You remember Aladdin? The poor tailor's son who found the magic lamp, and every time he rubbed it a Genie appeared and granted Aladdin's every wish.

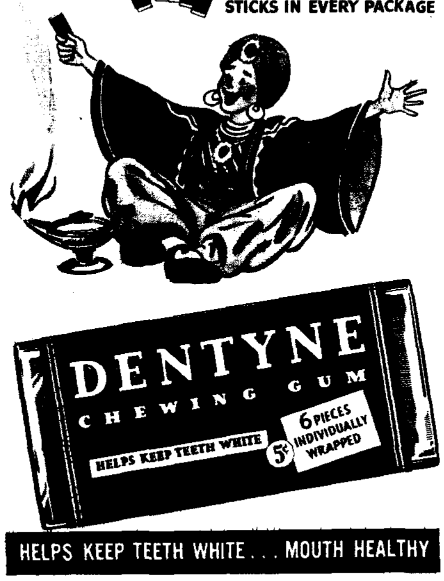
One day at lunch...presto! Genie appeared. "Hey," said Aladdin, "why are you here? I didn't rub the lamp." "I know it," replied Genie, "but it rubs me the wrong way to see you eating all soft food. Take this Dentyne and chew some often. Its extra chewiness gives your teeth needed exercise and helps protect them from tartar and decay. And that richly satisfying taste is real flavor magic."

"That's fine!" said Aladdin. "Don't forget," answered Genie, "Dentyne adds lustre to your smile."

"Genie," said Aladdin, "you're really a genius."

Moral: You too should take the Genie's advice. Try Dentyne for distinctive flavor and to help brighten your teeth... And don't overlook its handy, flat, flavortite package—so easy to share.

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE... MOUTH HEALTHY

Discovering the New Ones

Continued from page 13

her name to Doris Davenport and gave her the lead in The Westerner. One of our first hunches for the role, Margaret Tallichett, found a career of a different sort in Hollywood: she became the wife of Willie Wyler, the well-known director—and if she hadn't quit pictures for marriage might have had a nice theatrical career.

A little girl named Bebe Anderson, whom we brought up from Alabama, played the part of Maybelle Merriweather in the film, was subsequently signed by Warner Brothers, and is now playing substantial roles under the name of Mary Anderson. (It would seem that most of these girls got not simply new opportunities, but new names in the bargain!) Paulette Goddard, who had only played in Chaplin's silent Modern Times, some years before, was given a contract by us and got off to a whole new career in The Young in Heart. There are half a dozen others that I could tell you about, but I think these ought to be enough to make my point—which is that the much derided Gone With the Wind casting search was possibly the most productive episode from the standpoint of finding new personalities that the industry has ever had. Our tests cost us approximately $85,000, but I like to think it was worth it.

Before my brother Myron, a Hollywood agent, brought Laurence Olivier and Miss Leigh over to the set to see the shooting of the burning of Atlanta, I had never seen her. When he introduced me to her, the flames were lighting up her face and Myron said: "I want you to meet Scarlett O'Hara." I took one look and knew that he was right, so far as my conception of Scarlett O'Hara was concerned. Later her tests, made under George Cukor's direction, showed that she could act the part.

The Girl that Nobody Wanted

Although the public furor about it was not so great, the experience with Joan Fontaine in Rebecca was almost as exciting. For a year I had been talking with Miss Fontaine and trying her in tests. At one point in the proceedings I tried to get Sam Goldwyn and Hal Roach to join me in a three-way deal on a contract with her, but they looked at her other pictures and would have none of her. RKO gave her a couple of important opportunities, and then let her out. She was thought by some people in Hollywood to have so little talent that they called her "the wooden woman." Nobody at our place could see her for dust in this role, nor could they understand why I kept turning down the great and important stars that were eager to play the part. (The part was considered the biggest plum in years, second only to Scarlett; and one prominent star pleaded with me to let her play it with no salary whatever.)

Being the boss and also stubborn, I kept making tests of Miss Fontaine as well as those of many others, including newcomers and great luminaries who hadn't for years deigned to make a test for anything. Finally, I gathered all the tests together and assembled the studio staff in our biggest projection room. There wasn't a person in the outfit in favor of Miss Fontaine. I finally decided that maybe they might have better judgment back in our New York office. You see, I had sent the Leigh tests back to the New York office to confirm my judgment before closing with her, and everybody had agreed that she was the only Scarlett. In fact, John Hay Whitney, my principal partner, insisted that we shouldn't even consider anybody but Leigh. . . . But there was nothing doing on Fontaine. The verdict was unanimously against her.

At this point I weakened and let Miss Fontaine's option drop. Then, a week before shooting was to start, I paced the floor one night and brooded over the fact that if the lead in Rebecca was miscast the whole picture would be wrong; and that if I had enough nerve to cast an English girl as Scarlett O'Hara, why couldn't I have the courage of my own convictions about Fontaine? I reminded myself that she would have the benefit of the guidance of the great director I had assigned to the picture, Alfred Hitchcock. And I went to the studio bright and early the next morning, determined to use her. But it looked as though I was going to pay the penalty for not having decided sooner. Miss Fontaine had just promised to marry Brian Aherne, and she was not sure she wanted any further part of the picture business and its heartbreaks. Finally, by raising the terms that were called for in the option, and by making certain other concessions, I was able to persuade a girl whom Hollywood wiseacres had branded a failure to accept the greatest role of *the year!*

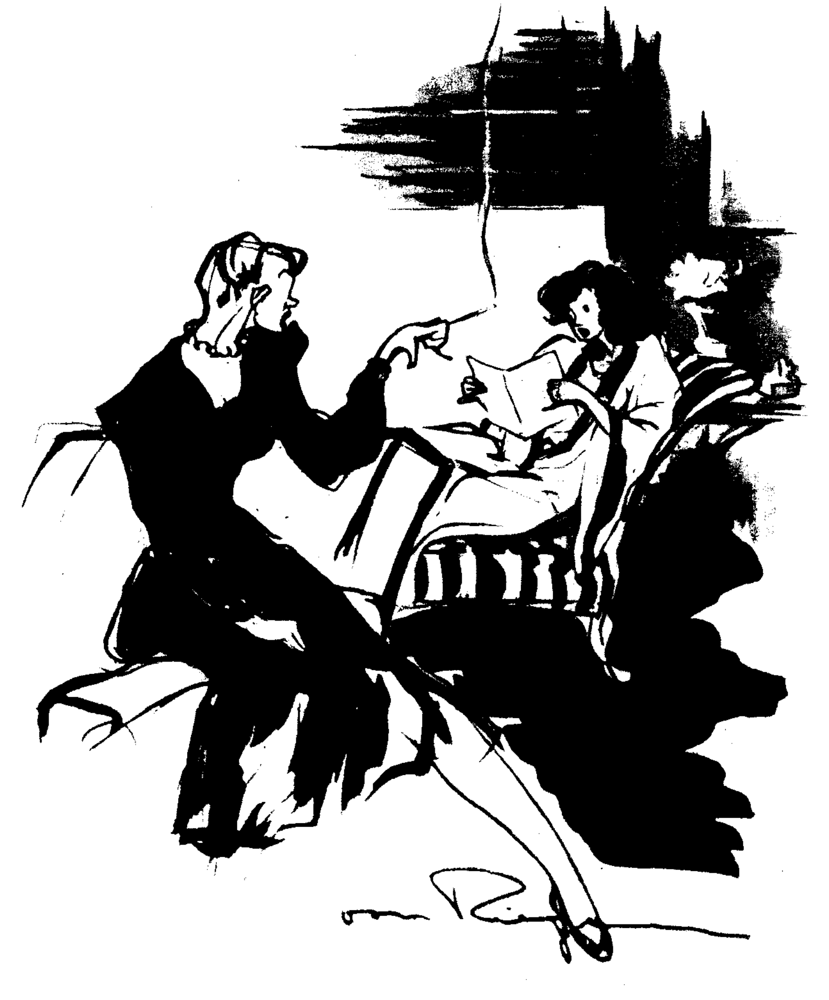
By the way, one of the best performances among the newcomers we tested was given by a girl from New York named Ann Baxter. She has great charm and talent, but was a little too young. I predict great things for her, and am glad to hear that she's already getting some good breaks in Hollywood. Another girl who made splendid tests and who I think has a very promising career is Virginia Gilmore, under contract to Sam Goldwyn.

Vivien Leigh wanted the Rebecca lead very much, and while there's no doubt in my mind that Vivien can play almost anything brilliantly, I don't think anybody in the world would believe that she could have been so dominated for so long by the Mrs. Danvers character—and if they didn't believe it, the whole story would have fallen apart. It needed a girl who looked like a nice middle-class Englishwoman and one who would in all reason have allowed Mrs. Danvers to boss and frighten her.

It's Not Only Beauty

There is much talk about people being "photogenic" but that is largely misunderstood. Nine times out of ten if an actress has a great personality on the stage she also has a great personality in the films. This is more true today than it was years ago when photography hadn't progressed to its present point. Naturally the screen enlarges and makes grotesque any physical defects—and if these defects are serious enough they might keep an actress from achieving a big fan following in films. However, there are actresses who had both great talent and interesting personalities, and whose *failure in Hollywood* was charged to their not being "photogenic," when the truth of the matter is that they were badly cast, or that the pictures were poorly made.

And while we're on the subject let me say that, so far as I'm concerned, the day of the elaborate make-up is drawing to a close except for the occasional exotic type. When Madeleine Carroll was playing The Prisoner of Zenda, I



"Personally, I don't believe a fellow who sends mimeographed love letters is sincere"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

threatened to annihilate the next make-up expert who waved a lipstick. I couldn't seem to make them understand that the role was that of a virginal princess, and not that of a musical-comedy queen. In fact, even Madeleine, who is a very nice girl, wasn't sure that I wasn't spoiling her looks in insisting that her face look a little more scrubbed, and that her beauty didn't need so much artificial aid.

When Ingrid Bergman played Intermezzo she used no make-up at all. It was only when the necessary make-up of the other actors provided too much contrast that we asked her to dab at herself a bit with a powder puff. Ingrid never uses a lipstick. She's one of the great natural and perfect beauties. We used almost no make-up on Joan Fontaine in Rebecca, due to my insistence that here, too, was a natural role.

The ironic thing about discovering new players for particular parts is that their success in these parts makes it necessary to find new pictures for them that can be built around these personalities. They can come to the audience with the thrill of discovery only once. The most electric and bombshell appearance I've ever seen in the films was at the first "sneak" preview of A Bill of Divorcement, which introduced Katharine Hepburn to the screen. I had wanted to do A Bill of Divorcement for many years but could never sell it to my bosses, because of the insanity angle which was supposed to be taboo for pictures. But finally I became my own boss, and it was practically the first story I bought. I searched for a new girl, because we needed new stars at RKO and because I was convinced that the story would be more moving and believable if it was played by a girl who hadn't previously been identified with other parts. Furthermore, the role had made great stars on the stage, such as Katharine Cornell. After a long series of tests, George Cukor and I decided on Katharine Hepburn, who had recently made a favorable impression in a New York play. Everybody was shocked silly.

And a Star was Born

"Ye gods, that horse-face!" they cried, and when the first rushes were shown, the gloom around the studio was so heavy you could cut it with a knife. Not until the preview was the staff convinced we had a great screen personality. During the first few feet you could feel the audience's bewilderment at this completely new type, and also feel that they weren't quite used to this kind of face. But very early in the picture there was a scene in which Hepburn just walked across the room, stretched her arms, and then lay out on the floor before the fireplace. It sounds very simple, but you could almost feel and you could definitely hear the excitement in the audience. It was one of the greatest experiences I've ever had. In those few simple feet of film a new star was born. Immediately after the preview I decided to do Little Women with her, and started making plans for it, but I left RKO to go to M-G-M and never carried out my plans.

Most casting successes are a matter of common sense. Myrna Loy had been playing Oriental sirens for years, which was always a joke with people who knew her. She is a beautiful girl, but no siren. It was a revolutionary thing, putting her into a polite comedy like The Animal Kingdom, but when it was suggested to me by Ned Griffith, the director, I leaped at the idea. Nobody objected very much, probably because they knew Myrna personally. We followed this by casting her in a straight comedy role, the lead opposite John Barrymore in Topaze.

Old residents will remember the frenzied search for a Tom Sawyer, which resulted in our discovering Tommy Kelly in a schoolroom in the Bronx. That also was suspected of being a publicity build-up, but we took hundreds of tests and were desperate for a Tom Sawyer until we located young Kelly. Tommy had been selected along with dozens of other boys by Oscar Serlin, who was then talent-scouting for us, and who has since become well known as the producer of Life with Father. Norman Taurog, the director, and I saw Tommy's test mixed in with dozens of others that had been arranged by Oscar and other talent scouts in all parts of the country. There were those who thought it was silly to look in the Bronx, but Tommy's personality stood out head and shoulders over all the others.

Since there are few stories as great as the Mark Twain classic for a boy to play in, Tommy has never repeated that triumph, but he is a fine little actor. We were all sentimental about him in the studio, and everybody was delighted when I arranged that he should be in the very last scene that was shot for Gone With the Wind. Do you remember the scene in which the news of the Gettysburg defeat came to the people of Atlanta? The ragged band, composed of old men and boys, began to play Dixie, and the camera finally centered on a heartbroken boy playing his flute. That was Tommy Kelly.

There's Always a Chance

The point of all this seems to be that there is always a chance for a newcomer in pictures. Real sincerity and acting ability cannot be hidden on the screen. I saw Ingrid Bergman in a Swedish film and sent Katherine Brown, our New York representative, over to Sweden to sign her. There was no need to see her personally or talk with her. She has an honesty and spirituality about her acting that I am confident is going to make her one of the really great figures of the screen.

In addition to her vitality and beauty, her striking personality and enormous natural ability, Vivien Leigh has a background of training and acting experience that makes her a great film actress. Vivien makes no secret of her opinion of certain scenes as she goes along. During the 122 days she was on the set during Gone With the Wind, the longest period for an actress in a single picture in the history of the movies, she would be muttering deprecations under her breath and making small moans before a scene. Then she would walk into the scene and do such a magnificent job that everybody on the set would be cheering.

Back in the days of silent pictures, it was possible to take a nitwit with a beautiful face and figure and make an actress out of her. The glamor girls are still needed in films, but it takes more than glamor now to achieve real and lasting stardom. Some of the biggest failures in Hollywood have been concerned with trying to make actresses of famous New York show girls. With sound pictures the ladies have to talk.

Occasionally, someone who has had no previous experience will make an impression. But the screen is going to have a whole new list of stars in the next few years, and most of them will be those who have come up the hard way—those who have learned their trade, who have studied the profession that they hope to succeed in, and who have become actors and actresses through long experience. Our make-up men and photographers can make great beauties out of fairly pretty girls. But all the grease paint and all the expert lighting can't make a Helen Hayes or a Vivien Leigh.

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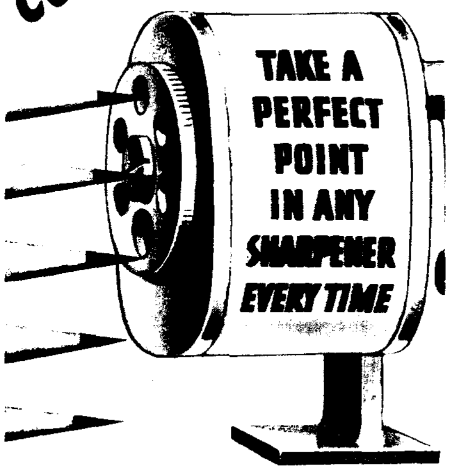

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Journey by Night

Continued from page 15

came through that January Purtle had been robbed and killed did Joe Ed find courage to lay claim to a part of the skimpy crop he tended for his pappy. Sukey was left alone and might need help. He had to go to her now.

They rattled across the wooden bridge by the ice plant and pulled up at Stillson's Produce Market. There wasn't a soul in sight.

"I ain't gonna git much talkin' done around here," Billie complained.

"They're jest in eatin'," said Joe Ed.

Then footsteps sounded behind them and Billie craned round.

"Hit's that Simp Goodloe," he said. "He always knows ever'thing."

Joe Ed climbed down over the wheel. "I'll go in an' get my price from Mr. Stillson." And his long legs carried him out of sight before Simp reached the wagon.

SIMP GOODLOE was a big fellow, handsome in a heavy sort of way. He wore tight gray pants and a dirty orange sweat shirt that strained across his chest.

Billie hailed him. "Hi, feller."

"Hiya," said Simp. He stopped. "Where'd you get this fit-out?"

"Hit's Thorntons'. I rid in with Joe Ed. Say, whut they found out about . . ."

Simp cut him off: "So you're ridin' with Thornton trash? I'd a heap rather walk." He leaned against the wagon. "These Joe Ed's punkins?" He looked them over with small gray eyes set close in his heavy face.

"Uhuh," said Billie.

"That bein' the case," said Simp, "I guess he could spare me one." He picked up a big, fat pumpkin and smashed it against the front wheel of the wagon. Then he smiled at Billie and dusted off his hands on the seat of his britches. "Jest tell him I been along," he said, "an' if he's countin' on seein' Sukey Purtle this trip he might as well change his mind." He strolled off toward town with a well-pleased, rolling gait.

When Joe Ed came back Billie was still scratching his head and looking after Simp. "Dogged ef he ain't a polecat, pure an' simple," he said.

The boy leaned down and picked up the pieces of broken pumpkin. "Ef I was Pappy I'd hunt Simp down an' kill him," he said slowly.

"Good thing you ain't," said Billie. "Punkins ain't wuth that much."

Joe Ed nodded. "I'd take a heap, Mr. Bevans, afore I'd do ary vi'lent thing." He put the pieces of pumpkin back into the wagon, explaining, "They'll do for my little pig." Then he unloaded the others.

With the pumpkins sold and the few pieces of silver in his pocket, Joe Ed climbed up on the wagon seat again. He divided his piece of cold corn pone with Billie and they ate in silence. When they had finished the corn pone they set off for Courthouse Square.

The town, its midday meal completed, came back into the street. The square was a bewildering maze of cars and people to the boy.

Joe Ed found a place to hitch by the old stone watering trough. It stood toward the back of the courthouse near the jail, and the sight of the three barred windows didn't ease him any. His pappy spent several months of the year behind them.

"I guess I'll jest get me my pants an' be off right soon," he said to Billie.

"I'll find me a ride. I warn't aimin' to go courtin' with you."

Across the street and halfway down the block was the Cyclone Cash Store. It was painted red and had a porch six steps above the sidewalk which gave it a commanding view of the square. As they crossed the street Joe Ed could see the usual crowd on the porch: the two Canary boys, Lige, the big one and Birdie, the little one; and Ham Tatum who looked like a chinquapin after frost, and a few others. Simp Goodloe's orange shirt stood out among them and Joe Ed slowed his steps. When they came to a little alleyway he stopped.

"I reckon I'll jest go around to the back an' get me my britches. Sometimes they says things about Pappy if my clothes is raggedy."

Billie scratched his nose. "I reckon it wouldn't do ef you jest plumb slapped 'em down?"

The boy shook his head. "I don't ever aim to be so vi'lent as Pappy."

Joe Ed came quietly in at the back of the Cyclone Cash Store. He saw no sign of old man Clark, the owner, but there were the denim work pants stacked at the end of the counter. He felt for the silver in his pocket and in a moment of elation and excitement went over and touched one of the stiff, blue garments.

A voice rapped out behind him: "What you up to there?"

The boy swung around as if he had been shot at.

Behind the grocery counter stood round little Mr. Clark, his bald head shining, the tufts of hair above each ear trembling with indignation.

"You ornery Thorntons! I'll set the sheriff on you same as I did on your pa. Come sneakin' in by the back to steal from an honest man."

"I come to buy me some pants, Mr. Clark," said Joe Ed. He looked down and saw that they were still in his hand as if he had picked up a piece of fly paper. "These here," he added.

There was a pause. The old man shifted his glance from one side to the other. "So you come to buy some pants, eh?" Then he pushed his glasses to the end of his nose and the watery eyes crystallized into a sharply pointed look. "And where'd you get the money?"

Joe Ed stood with his back to the counter and he felt the shock of swift, instinctive fear a wild thing must know at the scent of unseen danger. "I sold my punkins to Mr. Stillson. This here's what he give me rightly." He drew out the silver pieces and held them in his hand, but he hated them. He wanted to be rid of them.

At sight of the money Mr. Clark came forward. "How much?"

"I ain't right certain. He said they was worth two dollars."

"Give here."

Joe Ed put the money into the pudgy hand.

"He ain't give you but a dollar seventy-five."

"Will it buy me the pants?"

Mr. Clark slipped the money into his pocket. As he held up the pants for size he managed to dislodge the tag that said $1.25. "I'll let you have 'em for that, seein' it's cash."

JOE ED felt pretty good when he stepped out onto the porch of the Cyclone Cash Store in his stiff, new britches. He was going to Sukey now and nothing could stop him.

Simp was leaning against the railing near the steps.

"Now ain't you pretty!" he said.

Little Birdie Canary piped up from the top of an apple barrel, "Joe Ed Thornton lookin' as sweet as a pea vine."

Billie sat quietly chewing his straw at the far end of the porch.

"Joe Ed must sure have a gal," said Lige, "to be buyin' himself such fixin's."

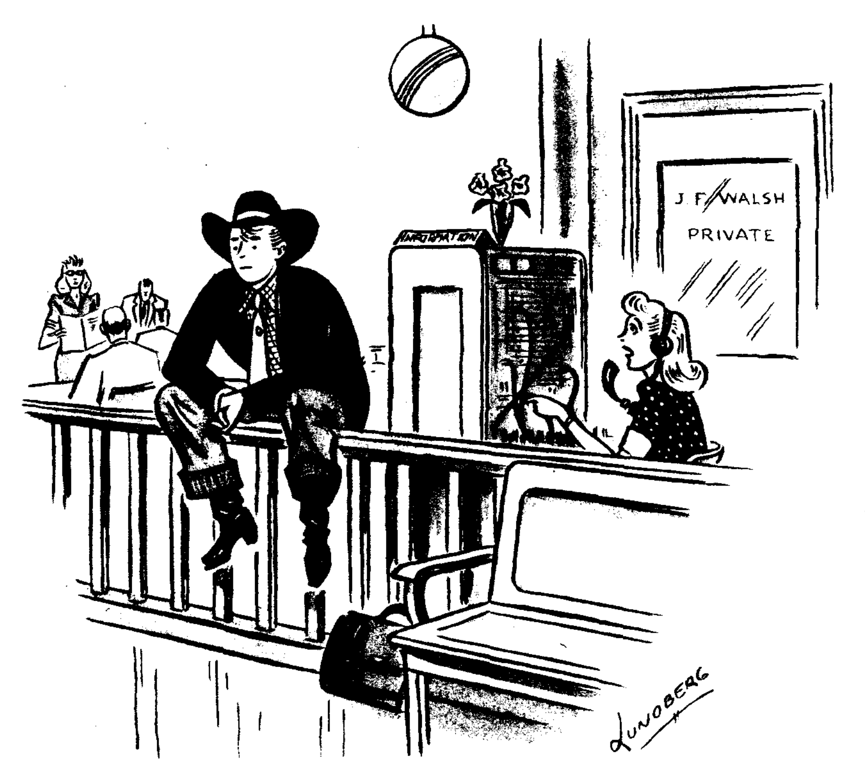
Simp slashed a look at Lige and then turned slowly back to Joe Ed: "Where do you think you're goin' all dolled up?"

For the moment Joe Ed forgot he was a Thornton.

"I'm goin' out to Purtle's." And he said it like a man who knows his mind.

Simp said nothing right then. The others watched him. Joe Ed started for the steps and, quick as the striking of a snake, Simp's foot shot out and tripped him.

He got up slowly. The porch rocked with laughter. Simp was leaning back



"I think one of your dude ranch friends is here, Mr. Walsh"

GUSTAV LUNDBERG

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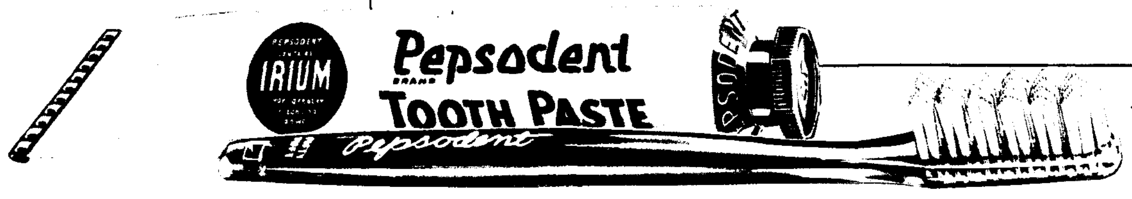

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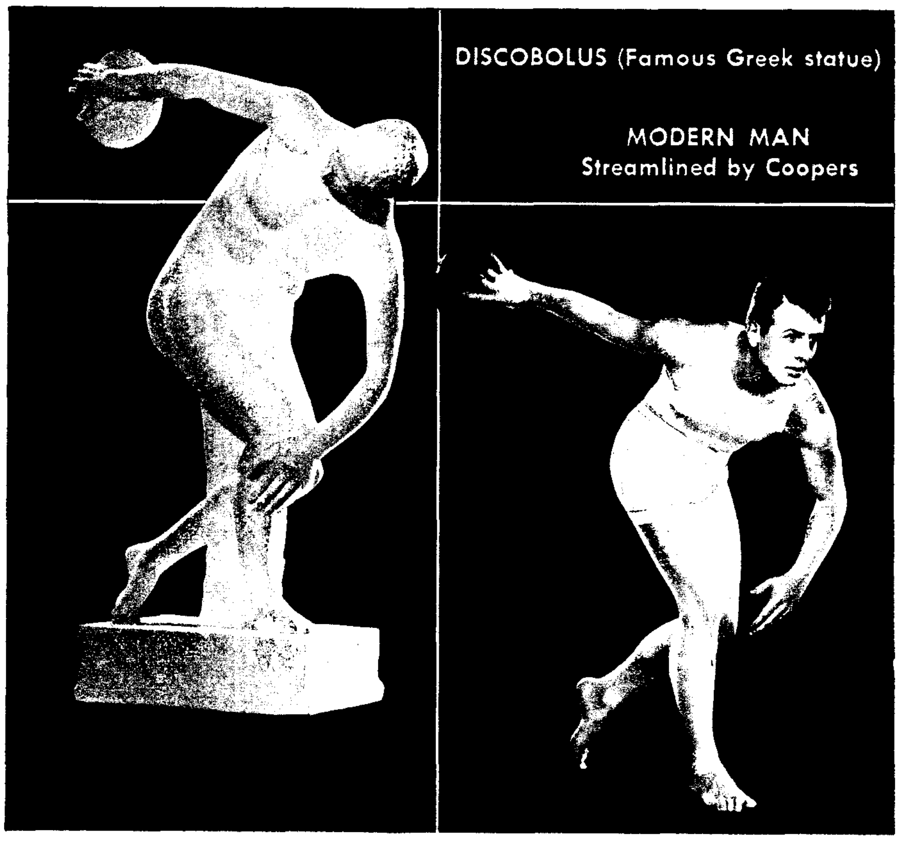

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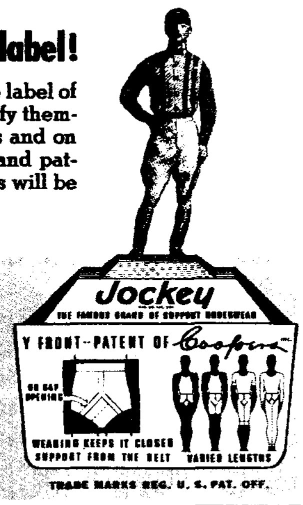

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against the railing, feet crossed, hands in his pockets, taking applause with easy insolence.

"Still goin' to Purtle's?" he asked as Joe Ed stood brushing the dirt off his brand-new britches.

Joe Ed looked up. "I aim to," he said.

Simp lowered his lids and smiled around at the men. "Looks like he don't know Sukey's marryin' me when I get around to ask her."

Joe Ed stood straight and his eyes were a hot blue in his quiet face. He stepped over in front of Simp. "That ain't so," he said.

Lige laughed and slapped his thighs. "Better get out your lucky buckeye, Simp, an' rub it up if you're gonna mix with a Thornton."

"I don't need my lucky buckeye. Joe Ed's nothin' but a milk-belly." He spoke softly but his eyes were hard. "You go an' peddle your punkins an' lay your hands off Sukey."

"I ain't takin' no orders," said Joe Ed clearly. He had his hands together in a knot behind him. "I aim to go out to Purtle's same as I said."

Then Simp's lids flickered like a snake's and quick as a snake's tongue the blade of a knife flashed out. An instant later Joe Ed's big, bony hand swung from behind him and sent Simp whirling backward over the railing.

For a full half minute nobody moved. It was Joe Ed who moved first. He went slowly down the steps alone.

Simp lay there on the pavement. A narrow stream of blood seeped from his forehead just above the hairline. The knife lay near his hand, its blade bright in the sun. Joe Ed stood looking at him, waiting for the hand to reach for the knife. But it did not move. Simp did not move.

Mr. Clark came bustling out of the store, letting the screen door bang behind him. "What's this? What's this?" he cried.

The men on the porch began to talk and shove. They all piled down the steps at once. In five more minutes half the town had gathered. Joe Ed was pushed aside. He stood off at the corner of the store alone. His knees began to shake and he wondered what he ought to do. For a few minutes he was violently sick and after that he saw Billie's face swim past him.

"Git out," said Billie.

The boy nodded. "I'll be at home when they want me." And he went wavering like a drunk man across the street to his wagon.

HE HAD untied his horse and thrown the rope in the wagon when he heard the voice of Mr. Clark from the steps of the Cyclone Cash Store. "He done this thing to one of our own boys, but he done a heap sight worse to January Purtle, our most respected citizen. Why, he came in here not a hour ago with money! Did you ever hear tell of a Thornton with honest money?"

Joe Ed had put his foot up on the hub of the front wheel. He stopped as he was. He knew what he heard and yet his mind refused it.

Then again the voice of Mr. Clark, sharp as the blade of Simp's knife: "Did you ever know a Thornton that wouldn't kill?"

And the crowd began to murmur.

"Then what are you standin' here for?"

The words cracked like a whip over the restless crowd. Joe Ed had never heard an ocean, but he knew that was the sound behind him now, the tug and surge of a tremendous force without a mind to guide it.

The sound rolled toward him down the street, mounting and rolling forward like a wave—and he ran!

His long legs carried him a lap ahead of the crowd. His feet thumped over the wooden bridge and past the ice plant, but he stumbled in the stony ruts of Lebanon Hill. When he heard the men on the bridge, he climbed a barbed-wire fence and struck off across the open fields, slashing knee-deep through tangled grass. He tore his pants on the second fence, a big, three-cornered tear above the knee. As he crossed the next field he heard them leave the road to follow his path through the deep growth His throat felt harsh and dry, his chest stuffed with air he couldn't breathe. By the time he reached the third field his legs seemed to be pumping up and down in the same place, and he knew by their shouts that they were gaining on him.

THEN he saw ahead of him the Purtle's place. Beyond the roofs a blood-red sun was slipping toward the knobs When night came it would be easier to hide, but whether or not they caught him, he had to see Sukey. He had to tell her he didn't kill her grandpap.

He came to a drop in the rounded close-cropped field and under cover of this he made for the locust thicket. From there he reached the barn just as the men came whooping over the rise.

He clung to the ladder of the loft a moment, letting his breath pump slower. The cows had been driven in for evening milking and the barn was filled with the steamy smell of them. He was touched with a fleeting sense of peace, then he heard the men come whipping through the thicket.

The little Negro, Bones, darted from one of the stalls and ran past him out into the barnyard.

"Sufferin' sassafras!" he yelled. "Whut's got loose?"

Then Joe Ed saw Sukey at the far end of the barn.

She was a dark little thing with black, knowing eyes and curls all over her head like a cap. She had on her red-checked gingham dress and a little red sweater buttoned tight around her. As she came toward him he saw that her feet were bare as they had always been. Her eyes searched his face.

"Joe Ed." And it was half a question, half a cry.

The calls of the men drew closer to the barn.

"What is it's happened?"

"A passel of 'em from town . . . they're huntin' me."

"*You?* Oh, no!"

He went on, speaking jerkily against the pull of his breath. "Sukey, I kilt Simp Goodloe, but I never kilt your grandpap. I come to tell you that."

They were rattling at the barnyard gate.

"Get up in the loft," said Sukey.

"They'll hunt there."

"Lie down in the middle where the hay's the thinnest. They'll hunt in the corners first."

He did as she said.

He felt that the hay still quivered over him when the first foot hit the ladder. He heard the ring of a pitchfork against the rungs. Four men came up and made for the corners where the hay was piled to the eaves.

As he lay there his eye found a crack between the boards and he saw the barn below him; the beaten floor, the sweaty old mule harness, the gentle heads of beasts thrust from the stalls, and at the foot of the ladder the faces of the men lifted hungrily. Once he had seen a pack of hound dogs with that same light in their eyes, hounds held on a rope till the fox had taken cover. They were quiet now, taut with expectancy. And the loft was quiet, only the whish and whisper of the hay as it was lifted, dropped. . . .

It was dusk when they had gone. He pushed up out of the hay and crept to the ladder hole. Sukey stood there, her head bent on the ladder. He called her softly and she lifted a face all streaked with tears.

He spoke to her gently: "Don't take on so, Sukey."

She pushed the back of her hand up either cheek. "I'm jest so glad."

"They come awful close," he said. "One of 'em run a tine into my arm, but he never knowed it."

"You're hurt!"

"Not much to speak of."

She was up the ladder like a squirrel. Kneeling beside him in the dusky loft she found the wound. "Did you suck the bad blood out?"

"No."

She gripped his arm and set her mouth to the wound.

She waited with him until dark. When the first long, lonely whistle of the whippoorwill trailed in to them from the bottomlands, he stirred uneasily and said that he must go.

"I got to get out of Kentucky. There ain't no other way."

"How?" she asked.

"There's a 'shiner's truck goes down the highway each night. Pappy knows the feller. He'll give me a ride across to Indiana."

"But you never kilt Grandpappy!"

He stroked her hand as it gripped his coat. "They'll never believe me, seein' I'm a Thornton. Folks are funny that way, Sukey. An' I done what I done to Simp."

They stood side by side in the big, dim doorway of the barn, their hands clasped like children. The sky was a clear night-blue with a strip of orange over the knobs to the west.

"I'll be goin' now," he said.

He stepped out onto the beaten dirt of the barnyard. His stooped, furtive figure skimmed along in the shadow of the barn. Sukey stood watching him, her fist crammed to her mouth. But when he reached the corner of the barn the muffled cry broke out in spite of her:

"Joe Ed! Joe Ed! You ain't a crawlin' beastie! You've got the right to stand up straight like a man!"

He turned the corner of the barn and struck off across the fields.

SHE sat on the gate and waited for a while. Finally she crawled down slowly and started up the path. Bones had gone up with the milk pails before dark and a light showed in the kitchen window, but the path was dark. At the steps she turned off to see if the nesting hen under the porch was safe for the night. She stepped into the dry stubble of grass and then stepped back. It was dark and she bent down and searched about with her fingers. After a little she stood up with something in her hand.

For at least a minute she stood quite still, turning the small, dark object in her fingers. Then she carried it to the light from the kitchen window. As she held it close to the sill and studied it her hand began to shake. She closed it in her firm, brown fist and burst in at the kitchen door.

"Bones," she cried, "where abouts are my shoes?"

The little Negro turned from the milk crocks and walled his eyes at her. "Fo' Lawd, Miss Sukey, ain't somebody else got kilt, yo' come roun' wantin' yo' shoeses?"

She dived under the sugar chest and brought them out. "You look after everything, Bones. I've got to go into town this blessed minute."

On the back porch steps she stopped a moment and looked off to the knobs. "Joe Ed," she whispered, "I don't know how to find you."

JOE ED dragged on across the lumpy fields. His arm grew heavier with pain and he cradled it in his other arm as he walked. His mouth and throat were dry and he made for a clearing where he knew there was a small, dank pond. But when he reached it and swept back the green scum with his hand, he spit the water back. Before he could rise he heard sounds in the direction of the highroad—the chug of a motor and men's voices.

For the time, flight was over. He must make himself a hiding and let the hunt go past him if it would. With the knowledge of any wild thing, he found in the dark an old uprooted tree and he clawed his way among its roots and drew in leaves about him. As he worked he heard them coming. They were liquored up and loud. A shot rang out and went whirring through the half-bare trees.

"Whut in hell you shootin' at?"

"Moon, I reckon; ain't nothin' else in sight."

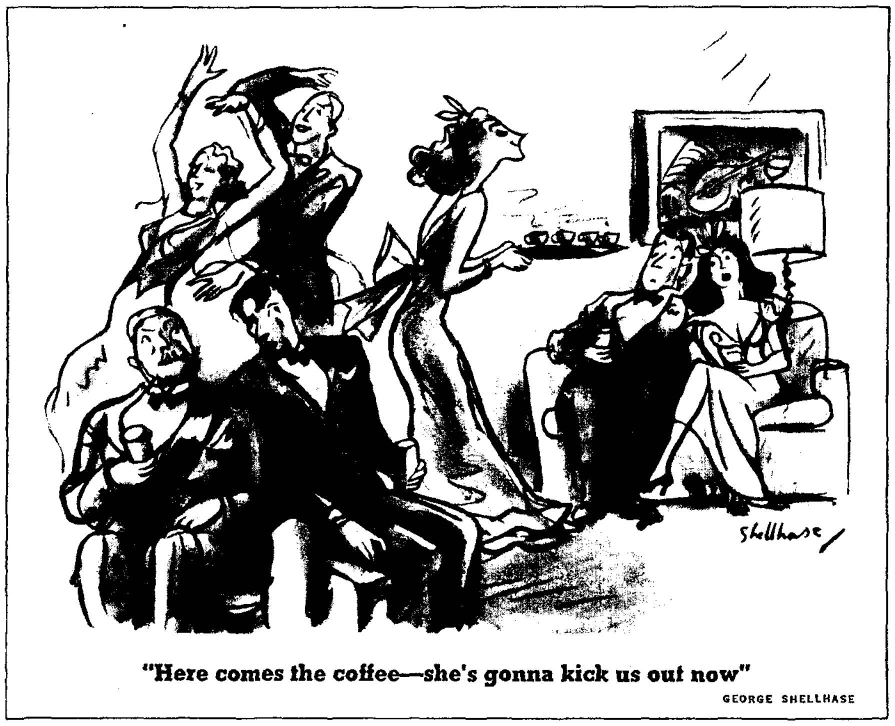
Their laughter rocked crazily through the woods.

"Better save them shots to put into Joe Ed's hide."

"Some Thornton meat'd taste right good to this ol' blunderbuss."

They were making for the pond. And another sound came on ahead of them, a softer tread coming with rush and pause and an occasional puzzled whine. A dog! The dog would find him whether or not the men did.

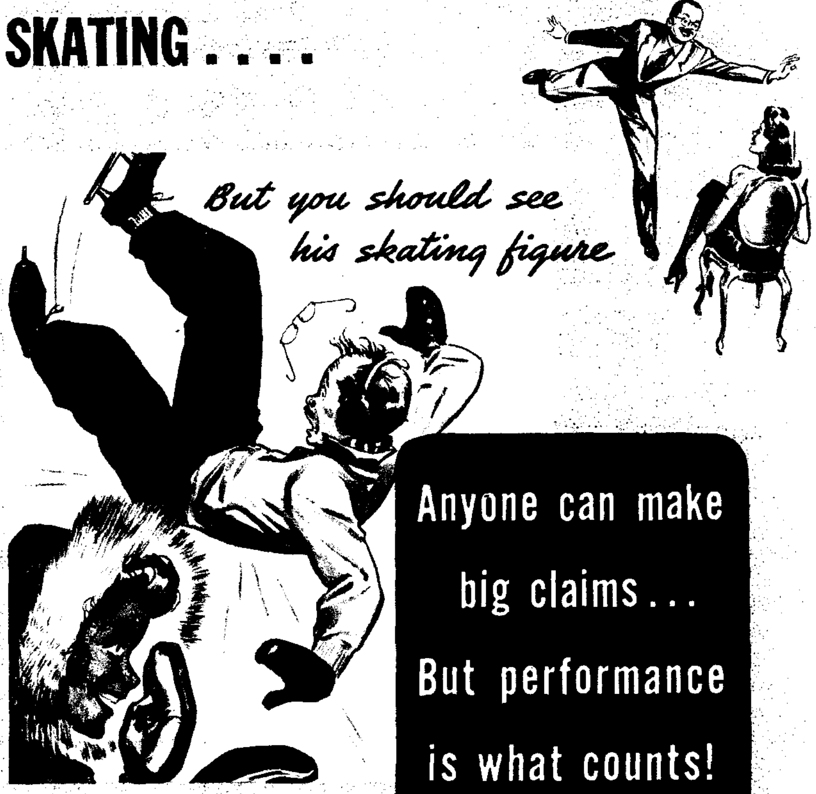
A curious stillness filled his body as he listened to the soft feet coming nearer. The whine gave way to a sharp snuffling along the ground. Joe Ed felt the tendons at his knees and elbows



"Here comes the coffee—she's gonna kick us out now"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

HE BOASTS ABOUT HIS FIGURE SKATING....



But you should see his skating figure

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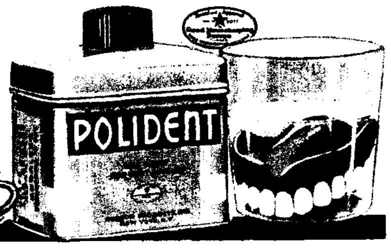

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draw like wires and he was cold to the bone. The whole heat of his body rushed to his wounded arm and throbbed there like an engine. He waited.

Then the dog's cold muzzle thrust through the leaves and touched his face. For a moment neither of them made a sound. Then the dog crouched to his belly and Joe Ed heard its thick tail thump the leaves. He moved his hand over the big smooth head, along the chest and forelegs.

"Spot!" he whispered. "Old Spot!"

For there on the left foreleg was the knotty joint where the leg had been broken on a coon hunt in the knobs about two years back. Spot was Ham Tatum's dog and Joe Ed had come along as Ham was about to shoot him.

"I'll mind him, Mr. Tatum," he'd said.

But Ham hadn't lowered his gun. "Ain't worth mindin', a fool critter would go an' break his leg."

Joe Ed had bent down, putting his body between the dog and the rifle barrel. "I'll mind him; you go along with your hunt; I got nothin' else to do." But when Spot was well Ham Tatum came and got him.

Now he heard the men come scuffling on, snapping the branches and swearing.

"Spot . . . Hooo Spot!" Ham shouted.

The dog had found the wound on Joe Ed's arm and was licking it with his warm, rough tongue.

"What in tarnation's happened to my dog?" Ham complained. He was good and mad. "Consarn the critter. I'll kick his teeth plumb to his tail when I get aholt of him."

They had come to the pond. The moon tipped up from behind the trees and Joe Ed could see them plainly. There were about ten of them. Lige had a jug of moonshine hung on his thumb and they stopped and passed it around from mouth to mouth. Moonlight had turned the pond silver and the mud-bank gray. When the jug came back to Lige he set it down and saw the fresh footprints at the edge of the water. He let out a whoop like a dog that has almost bagged his quarry.

Joe Ed watched them as they searched outward from the pond. He lay very quiet, listening, watching. Spot's warmth had loosened the grip of cold from his body. Now and then the dog thrust a cautious tongue to touch his arm and the boy remembered Sukey's mouth about the wound; he remembered her cry that had followed him every step between the barn and this hiding, "You've got the right to stand up straight like a man."

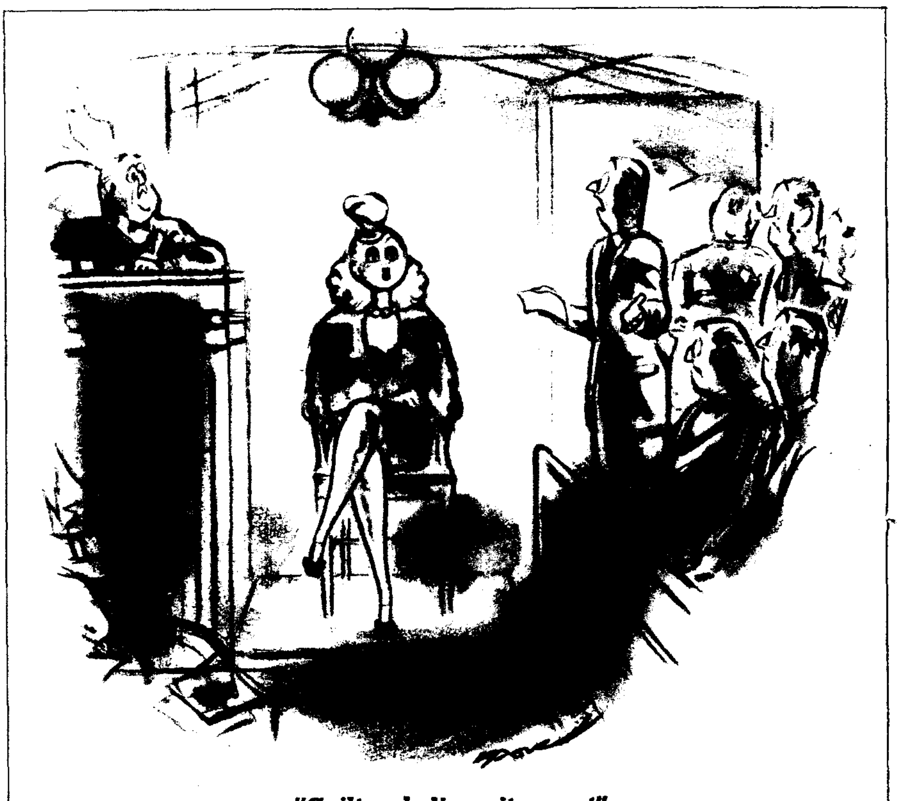
As the searchers scoured through the branches only a few yards from him, he thought again of spring rains in the knobs, how they could change in an hour's time the shape of a whole hillside. Now, in himself, the subterranean ledges of Joe Ed Thornton were shifting, settling into a new place. A rotten log broke under someone's boot not more than a yard from his face. But he wasn't afraid any longer.

When the men were finally gone he began the long, painful business of getting up. His arm was badly swollen and he had to lift it as if it were a baby. When he finally stood erect he raised his face in the dark and said out loud, "Whatever I done, whatever they think I done, I'm better than folks like them."

His flight had carried him near the highroad where the 'shiner's truck went by. Now he cut through the woods in that direction, having sent Spot off to follow the men at a safe distance. It took time with only one hand to beat away the branches, and the moon was well into the sky when he came out of the woods. There lay the road to either side of him, looping and dipping, white, like a loose-flung ribbon on the knobs. He climbed up out of the roadside grass into the open and the moonlight laid his shadow, sharp as a pencil mark, before him on the road. As he stood there, a thing as clean and good as joy was in him. He lifted his head and drew in a long, slow breath that washed his throat like water. Then he started to walk—toward town.

FROM the rise of the last hill he saw the town beneath him. He had never seen a town at night; he knew only the single ruddy window of a cabin set among the knobs, but he needed no one to tell him this was no usual scene. A crazy heap of crates and boxes burned in the street before the courthouse steps. The shapes of people darkened the sidewalks, the street, the steps. It seemed to Joe Ed he had never seen so many people.

As he stood there a man and a mule moved toward him up the hill. They seemed lengthened, curiously disjointed by the flare of light behind them. When they came to where Joe Ed stood, the man reined in his mule.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Westinghouse
MAZDA LAMPS

"What's happenin'?" asked the boy.

The man had a narrow, anxious face. "The whole town's mad as hops over the killin' of January Purtle. This here's been brewin' fer three days an' it's done bust loose fer fair."

"What is it they aim to do?" asked Joe Ed quietly.

"String up the killer to the courthouse elm soon's they set eyes upon 'im."

Joe Ed said nothing. His hand made an involuntary movement toward his throat.

"I'd sure like ta seed it," said the man, "but I got to git home an' help my wife have a young un." He kicked his mule. "Well, good night, buddy."

Joe Ed looked into the sharp face of the stranger as he started to ride away, and loneliness, deeper than any he had ever known, tugged at him. With the simple urge of man toward man, he put out his hand and his fingers brushed the ragged knee crooked to the mule's withers; but the man rode past, his eyes on the road ahead. Joe Ed drew back his hand under cover of the darkness.

"Good night," he said. Then he turned and set off downhill.

AT THE edge of the square he stopped. Standing in the safe darkness beyond the Cyclone Cash Store, he could make out a few faces that he knew: Mr. Clark haranguing from the base of a lamppost, Ham Tatum drunk asleep on the pavement by the watering trough. Joe Ed's horse and wagon were still there, and he was glad of that. As well as he could he pushed his wounded arm behind him and stepped from the shadow of the store into the lighted square.

He was on the sidewalk near the corner of the store where, that afternoon, he had stood shaking and vomiting like a cur. He could be plainly seen. And that first moment of standing clearly visible was distended for Joe Ed so that it held all he had ever feared or hidden from or fled from. It held, fiery and anger-sharpened, the core of a community that counted him and his kind more worthless than the coons and possums that lived with them in the knobs; it held scorn and mistrust and hate. After that moment had passed he moved forward into the crowd, slowly rather, but with a steady, even tread.

He knew now that he was ready for whatever they meant to do, but he didn't wait. He walked straight toward the courthouse steps, his eyes on the lighted window of the sheriff's office. If anyone raised a gun he wouldn't know it. It was better that way. His measured footbeats sounded louder to him than the noises of the mob. Crossing the street, he passed close to the bonfire, but no one stopped him, nor even noticed him.

There were some twenty steps up to the courthouse porch. The old stones were hollowed slightly in the center by the passage of many feet. And Joe Ed set his own feet in these hollows, firmly, one after one, his eyes on the step above him and no higher. He was nearly halfway up when a great shout rose behind him.

Now, he thought, now! But he did not break the rhythm of his climb.

As he mounted, step after step, he felt from all parts of the square the rushing in of anger, the mob converging on the steps behind him.

It was not until then that he lifted his head and looked above him.

Beyond the wide, dim porch the double door of the courthouse was thrown open. The block of electric light looked white and hard and ruthless compared to the wandering firelight in the square below, and in that light, sharply outlined, shoulder to shoulder, arm to arm stood the sheriff—and Simp Goodloe.

For the fraction of a second Joe Ed's foot refused to leave the step beneath it. There was no strength in him, only a wild lightness like the wings of little peewees skimming through him where bone and blood should be. Simp Goodloe was not dead! Then he moved on up the steps and the mob roared like a forest fire behind him:

"Kill him! String him up!"

Joe Ed scarcely heard them. He saw the sheriff raise his arm for quiet, but it was no better than a straw held up against a cyclone.

Then Joe Ed felt the board floor of the porch beneath his feet, but he didn't stop. He kept right on walking until he stood eye to eye with the sheriff and Simp Goodloe.

"I come back," he said quietly. "I come back to say that, dead or alive, I ain't afeard of you, Simp."

Simp didn't answer, just looked at him with heavy, sullen eyes.

Then Joe Ed turned and walked back to the head of the steps. The fading light of the bonfire clung around him. His clothes were torn, his face was scratched and dirty, his hair hung wild and ragged into his eyes. He knew he looked like a scarecrow, but he didn't care. For he knew besides that, no matter what they did to him, he was free. He had done what was right to do and all the jails in the state couldn't lock him up from that single, simple fact.

The mob on the steps stopped where it was and was silent.

He hadn't much to say, but he spoke each word out slowly and clearly:

"I'm sorry I ever run from you. I never kilt Mr. Purtle."

As he looked down into the faces, picked out of the gathering darkness here and there by a lantern, he heard again that peculiar murmur that is the pulse beat of a mob. And again he knew that it was swelling toward him, but he stood where he was, his face to their faces.

Then it broke into a shout and men came swinging forward, saying his name and clapping him on the shoulders. He looked from side to side of him, from face to face, but they moved on, closing in behind him. Here was Billie Bevans at his elbow, his hat shoved back, his eyes all puckered up with pleasure.

"Dogged ef it warn't a right prideful thing you done," he declared. "But they're sure gonna have Simp's hide afore this night be done."

"Simp?" said Joe Ed.

THEN he saw Sukey pushing toward him in her little, tight, red sweater. Her eyes were shiny black as she caught his hand and her words came tumbling out: "It was Simp Goodloe . . . he done it . . . he kilt Grandpappy! I found his lucky buckeye right by the back porch steps with S. G. carved into it plain as day. I run all the way to town to tell the sheriff." She stopped and caught her breath.

"Yes," said Billie, "an' sheriff took off down to Goodloe's an' found the money buried right into the woodpile."

Joe Ed saw Simp and the sheriff being hurried past them by the mob. In a crazy jumble they poured down the courthouse steps and went swinging off around the corner toward the jail. A few of them still waved lanterns, but they would string nobody up tonight. Joe Ed had seen in their faces that they were tired and their anger was spent.

Sukey looked down at Joe Ed's hand that she held in both of hers. She spoke softly now: "Oh, Joe Ed . . . I didn't know how I'd ever get you back."

Behind her the square was quiet and empty and given back to night.

"Sukey."

She looked up at him.

"I had to come by my own self," he said. "There wasn't no other way."

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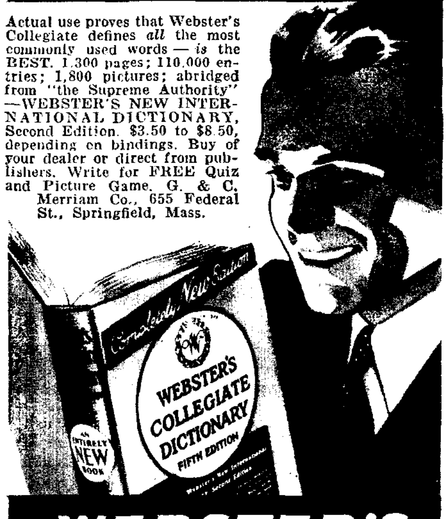

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(from a letter by A. S., Fresno, Calif.)

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KEEP OUT

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WHEN I USED THEM TO REMOVE POLISH FROM MY FINGERNAILS. NOW I USE KLEENEX, AND THE PLAGUE IS OVER!

(from a letter by G. J. J., Vandalia, Mo.)

I was Driving Blind

...UNTIL I STARTED KEEPING KLEENEX TISSUES IN THE CAR TO WIPE MOISTURE, FOG AND DIRT OFF THE WINDSHIELD.

(from a letter by E. W. B., Birmingham, Ala.)

SOME DUMB BELLE!

I DIDN'T REALIZE ONLY KLEENEX HAS THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX THAT ENDS FUMBLING AND WASTE! PULL A FRESH KLEENEX—ANOTHER POPS UP!

(from a letter by M. M., Ogden, Utah)

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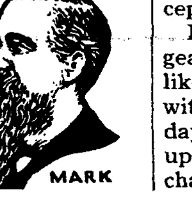


The Finest Mess in the World

Continued from page 14

the world. Thirty-nine components in a soldier's ration. Know what a ration is? A ration is subsistence for one soldier one day. A ration costs the United States government anywhere between forty and fifty cents. Got that down? Okay. About forty-two cents today."

Sergeant Delvecchio machine-gunned us with information, barely pausing in his inspection. It was all sound stuff too, because we checked it with his boss, Lieutenant Colonel Talmadge Phillips, United States Army Quartermaster Corps. We'll speak of him later—of him and his schools and his headaches. The colonel has been in the Army since 1906, up from the ranks, and if you'll inquire of his superiors they'll tell you that he knows more about feeding soldiers *than almost anybody else in the world.*

History with Your Food

"Vegetables," demanded the sergeant, his spoon ready and his eyes announcing that he was in no humor for trifling. Six vegetable cooks were standing defiantly at their hot pots of peas, potatoes, spinach and corn. Grated egg went on the spinach. Before dipping in, he turned to us. "Vitamins. Starch. Minerals. Broccoli yesterday and not so hot. Cooked to a pulp."

The potatoes didn't please him—cooked enough, but they had rather a quick-lunch look about them.

The peas were okay, not shriveled. The spinach passed, although it had come within that much of being on the overdone side. The sergeant ate quite a mouthful of it, grinding it well with his molars, expecting sand. But it had been well washed. He waved the corn aside, not thinking much of corn anyway. Corn's all right, you understand, but it hasn't much nutritional value. So the sergeant made a surprise attack. Instead of commenting further on the vegetables, he gave us a bit of history.

Washington's colonial troops licked England on a ration of eight components—when they got 'em, he said. And that ration included one tallow candle and a fifth of an ounce of pure lye soap. Like as not they ate the candle. It included a gallon of spruce beer too. Of course times have changed but it is Sergeant Delvecchio's opinion that if Washington's raggies could win independence on a ration like that, and half the time not getting it, their heirs today ought to hold it on a ration better than the average American family gets. Beef, flour, milk, peas, rice, soup, spruce beer and a candle—maybe—that's what the Boys of '76 got.

And it was worse in 1812, only seven components—beef, flour, salt, a candle, four ounces of rum, half a pound of soap and (steady now) one gallon of vinegar. It was like that in the Mexican War except that the lads got seven cents' worth of dried beans a day instead of a gallon of spruce beer. But they still got that gallon of vinegar. In the Civil War things got better, the sergeant told us. The government added pepper, sugar, yeast powder and dried beans to the ration. But they still got a gallon of vinegar. By this time we all got inquisitive about the vinegar. To the general amazement, the sergeant didn't know what the boys did with the vinegar except maybe to pour it on something.

Before inspecting the dessert, the sergeant said that the ration of 1917 was like Friday in the poorhouse compared with the chow our fellows are getting today. We were glad that he brought it up, inasmuch as it gave us our first chance to say something. The sergeant is right, although we got along pretty well without consommé, chile con carne, chicken salad, endive, radishes, okra, parsley, broccoli, cheddar cheese, watermelon pickle, candied sweets, iced tea, Parker House rolls, fried oysters and shrimp cocktails, all of which they are stuffing into our New Deal Army. And mind you, we've picked out only a few of the variations in the 1941 ration. We might have mentioned Spanish rice, spareribs and sauerkraut, sweetbreads, calves' brains, ox tongue, grapefruit, fresh orange juice, prune whip and coconut custard pie.

But let's get on. The dessert that day happened to be coconut custard pie. At the very sight of it, Sergeant Delvecchio melted.

Under the mellowing influence of coconut custard pie, the sergeant led us to the bakery where fifty brawny lads were absorbing the art of bread, rolls, muffins, cake and pie. In every Army Corps area there is such a school as this one at Fort Slocum. You may be a cook in civilian life but the Army makes you prove it before entrusting you with its bellies. Maybe you've been the champion hamburger maestro of Humdinger County or perhaps Monsieur Anthelme Brillat-Savarin himself (who, appropriately enough, was born in Belley, France) but it would get you nowhere if you aspired to cook for the Yankee soldiers unless you had finished a two months' course in an Army School for Bakers and Cooks. And you'd have to pass written, oral and practical examinations before such exacting nutritionists as Colonel Phillips and Sergeant Delvecchio would think of turning you loose with a skillet among our troops.

In our Army there is one cook and one baker for fifty men. Under the new regulations every officer below the rank of major is supposed to take the two months' course, although they don't do it. Too busy. Moreover, we haven't enough officers for our rapidly expanding forces. Nevertheless, every Army unit from company up must send at least one commissioned officer so that someone in authority in each outfit may know as much as the cook, the baker and the mess sergeant. And yet the United States Army's nutrition standards (which by the way are actually achieved and not merely something to shoot at) are already even with and in some things ahead of what the National Research Council hopes to educate the American civilian populace to.

Vitamins for Pep

The Army has long since enlisted that stout morale builder, Vitamin B-1. Nothing that Dr. Russell M. Wilder of the Mayo Clinic (he's one of the scientists the government has asked to jack up American civilian dietary habits as a part of our defense program) hopes to do for the average housewife is unknown to the chow experts in our Quartermaster Corps. If the American soldier is as full of initiative and derring-do as he is of vitamins, the other guys are going to have no good news to send home. The quartermaster has studied the findings of Mr. Milo Perkins, president of the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation, and even two years ago was prepared to feed a draft army accordingly, knowing that a huge number of the conscripts would come from the low-income 29,400,000 families and 10,000,000 single individuals which the survey covered. In short, the Army rewrote its food regulations and remodeled its baker and cook schools in anticipation of the coming of thousands of undernourished but otherwise valuable rookies.

It is the job of such as Colonel Phillips to establish schools in all the camps and concentration centers. The man earns his pay. There was the National Guard for example, that poor little stepchild of the Army. Suddenly, overnight, it was mustered into federal service and just as suddenly the Army had to go to work on it. We may as well shudder over the situation that obtained in the 44th Division, National Guard, now stationed at Fort Dix, New Jersey. One afternoon, after the division was mobilized, Colonel Phillips was ordered to take a squad of the men he had trained—men like Sergeant Delvecchio—and set up a school for bakers and cooks at Fort Dix.

No Untrained Cook Wanted

What the colonel found was all the proof you need that the National Guard had not been yearned over by the General Staff. We'll have to annoy you with a few statistics. For 1,729 men in the Seventy-first Infantry there were just fifteen cookstoves, some of which you could cook on. There were only three refrigerators. There were thirteen mess sergeants, only two of whom had even a glimmering of how to cook. There were twenty-seven cooks, but only thirteen of them had ever had any cooking experience. And not one of these thirteen could pass even the preliminary examinations in an Army school.

Today you can't cook for the Army until you've survived two months in school. You can't be a mess sergeant until you've proved that you're a good graduate cook. In the Regular Army there are 12,000 graduate cooks. The Army is in the process of turning out 15,000 more immediately.

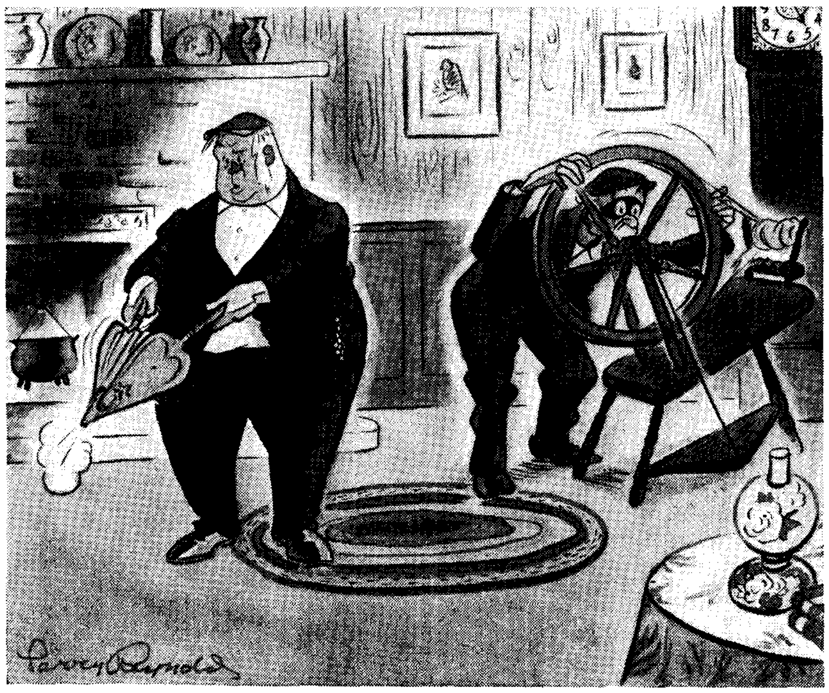
When Sergeant Delvecchio ushered us into the bakers' school eighteen of the aspirants were taking written exams. They were large, earnest fellows, it being essential that a baker be hefty. The sergeant gave us a set of the questions, observing as he did so that he'd bet a hundred bucks and let you name the odds that not one housewife in a thousand could pass. We agreed with the sergeant, having done so all day. Anyway, we didn't find a single question that meant anything to us. For example: Name five constituents of flour. What kind of wheat is our Army flour made from? Name three other grains used to make flour. Give two reasons why flour is held in storage for six months to a year before using. What is gluten? Give the percentage of protein in soft wheat flour. What is yeast? How many kinds of water in the United States? Name them. Name the best water for bread-making. Why is sugar, diamalt, corn sugar used in bread-making? What change takes place when water, sugar and yeast combine? Room 80 degrees, flour temperature 78 degrees, what shall the temperature of your water be?

Anyway, we flunked. And we did a little worse next door where they were holding exams for mess sergeants. Try a couple yourself, Mom: Define nutrition. Write six dinner menus and tell why, from a nutrition standpoint, you made each selection. Name the six classes of food that make up a menu. What is a calorie? What are the water-soluble vitamins? The antineuritic? The antiscorbutic? Name the foods in which these vitamins are present.

All right. Admit you're licked. We'll try again. In the next room they're giving student cooks their finals. Sergeant Delvecchio said that only six of the sixteen head-scratchers had had any experience at stoves or ranges in civil life. Two had been salesmen, one a plumber, three clerks, one a filling-station attendant, two engineers and one a stockbroker. The engineers and the stockbroker were lieutenants. The latter was a swell cook, said the sergeant. The fact is, he added, a little education never hurt any cook. Anyway, here are a few of the questions they were pondering: What specifically are the food values of cheeses—name five? What should be the average weight of a case of specification eggs? What is butter? Explain gravy? What specifically is the food value of milk? Why does a good cook use a swab on a griddle instead of pouring the grease? Why does salt in the water make the cooking faster? What vegetables are cooked in the least amount of water and why?

We missed the meat examination. Cooks and mess sergeants must pass it if they hope to win or hold their jobs. But we got a set of the questions and found the sixteenth to be: How long do you boil frankfurters? The thirteenth

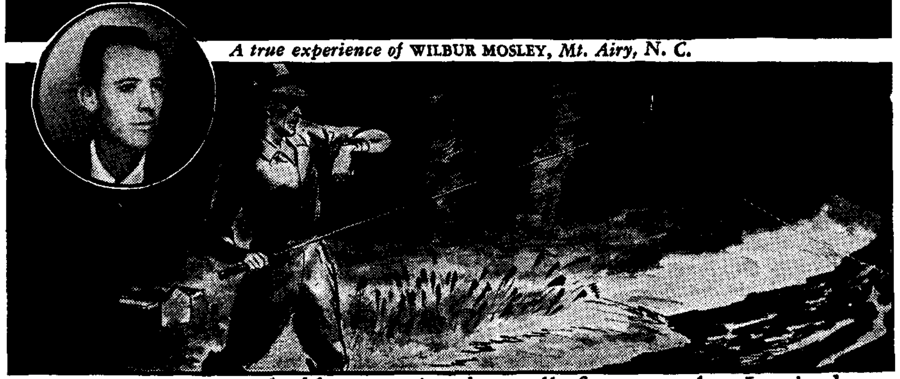
BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**



"Lookit this, Slug. I'm tellin' ya, some screwball inventor must live here"

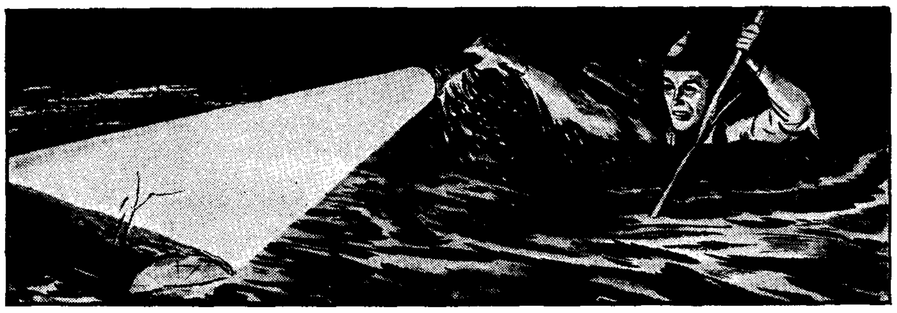
"BLACK DEATH CLOSED IN ON ME!"

A true experience of WILBUR MOSLEY, *Mt. Airy, N. C.*



"TORRENTS OF RAIN had been coming down all afternoon when I arrived at my favorite fishing spot—a place where the river turned at a sharp angle. My luck was so good that I lost track of time until I glanced at my watch at 10 P.M.

"HASTILY GATHERING UP my equipment, I started back to my car. Suddenly, to my horror, I saw that on each side of me was a hundred yards of black rushing water. The river had overflowed its banks and even now was engulfing my 'island.'



"WITH THE AID of my flashlight and a pole for sounding the water's depth, I struck out into the flood. Sometimes I slipped into water over my head—but the drenched flashlight burned on—and I reached higher ground. Believe me, that night 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries saved my life! *(Signed)* Wilbur M Mosley"

Note: *An "Eveready" flashlight with "Eveready" batteries, will normally continue to burn under water.*

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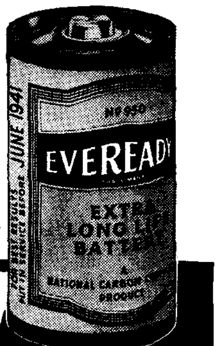

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stirred us to our roots: How do you prepare brain that you would fry with scrambled eggs?

It pays to be an Army cook—financially, too. A cook (private, first class) gets fifty-six dollars a month and a mess sergeant sixty. If you're a master sergeant like Sergeant Delvecchio, an executive NCO of a school for bakers and cooks, you get away up into the higher-income brackets—$204 a month, a house to keep your family in and plenty of coconut custard pie. If a student cook exhibits exceptional talents, he is recommended for the mess sergeant school and that means another two months in training before he returns to his hungry outfit. And by the time he has done the whole four months he's not only a cook and a mess sergeant, too, but a well-trained household economist, a purchasing agent, auditor, accountant, grocer, butcher and baker. A very handy man to have around.

As you may suspect, we had a magnificent time of it following Colonel Phillips and Sergeant Delvecchio around their school for bakers and cooks. Several shocks, too. How were we to know that our lads were being fed sweetbreads, calf brains, au gratin potatoes, curried chicken, roast duck, ox-tail soup, toast (French and milk), puree of green peas and tomatoes, Creole gumbo, venison, Yorkshire pudding, asparagus, chop suey, sugared parsnips, brown betty, fruit cake, meringue glacé, lemon meringue pie, cinnamon buns, ladyfingers, salads (chicken, piccalilli, apple-celery and embassy among many others), French, Russian, Thousand Island, mayonnaise and Popeye dressing? How were we? We're just a civilian struggling to keep body and soul together and in dire need, perhaps, of all the vitamins in the Manual of the Army Cook.

All this, of course, was the garrison ration. On maneuvers, playing at war under simulated combat conditions or as chessmen in some complicated attack-and-defense problem, when troop movements are too fast and too frequent to make the setting up of complete kitchens feasible, the lads will be fed Field Ration A and Field Ration B plus hot coffee, tea, cocoa or milk as the circumstances may dictate. If the new oil-burning rolling kitchens are wheedled into something more dependable than they've been hitherto, Rations A and B may be augmented by a few extras.

Field Ration A—It's a Picnic

Field Rations A and B are not arbitrary handouts. What they will eventually consist of depends largely upon the ingenuity of such resourceful nutritionists as Colonel Phillips. Of A, the regulations say that they will "correspond as nearly as practicable to the components or substitutes therefor of the garrison ration." And B will "correspond as nearly as practicable to the components of Field Ration A with the exception that nonperishable processed or canned products will replace items of a perishable nature." Field Ration A may have a rather picnic character. For example, consider the noonday fare of the First Army maneuvers of 1940: Sandwiches—ham and sausage, roast beef, cheese, tongue, egg and lettuce.

Of course, in mere maneuvers the troops knock off for supper. The kitchens are in place. And the lads get, almost if not quite, the garrison ration before turning in for the night.

But where this is not feasible Field Rations C and D come into the picture. The Army has not uttered quite the last word about C and D. But one thing is sure—they're canned. When we first saw those cans we recalled delirious memories of the monkey meat, canned willie and goldfish of 1918. But not after we had ripped the simple, patented top off the new cans. Ration C, says regulations, consists of "previously cooked or prepared food packed in hermetically sealed cans, which may be eaten hot or cold, and will consist of six cans per ration as follows: Three cans containing a meat or vegetable component and three cans of crackers, sugar and soluble coffee." Field Ration D, which may be a mere supplement to C, is nothing but three 4-ounce bars of "concentrated chocolate."

As Field Ration C stands now the three foundation cans contain a beef hash, a vegetable and meat combination and an all-vegetable medley, and tasty isn't the word for it. Field Ration C was tried out in the 1940 maneuvers and pronounced a decided success. Easy to get at, too; all you do is pull a narrow strip of metal briskly and off comes the top. No hacking the rebellious container's head off with your bayonet or dashing it against a rock. In this new mechanized Army lots of the lads won't have any bayonets—just gang demolishers like machine guns, submachine guns and inglorious but effective contraptions like that. Anyway, take our word for it that Field Ration C is wholesome and filling, to say nothing of tasty.

The reason that the important C is not yet a definite thing is because the Army is experimenting with fortifying it with vitamins. It's all pretty scientific and perhaps we'd better not get into the subject too deeply while the nutritionists, dietitians and other scientists are still pondering the problem. The efficient German armies have been experimenting with fortified field rations and have left no doubt in the minds of our military observers that the idea has come to stay. Germany's first efforts were not so successful, not because the needled ration didn't agree with the men but rather that they didn't get it. Hitler's men moved so fast through Poland, for example, that it took airplanes to carry food to them. Cans of whatever it is the German soldier eats were dropped by the planes and with those cans came a smaller attached receptacle containing a couple of vitamin pills. Sometimes the men got the stuff and sometimes not, depending upon the terrain and the cunning of the pilot. The pilots were afraid of dropping the rations too near to the troops for fear of braining them. And, if they didn't drop them near by, the stuff was just as apt to fall into the woods or river.

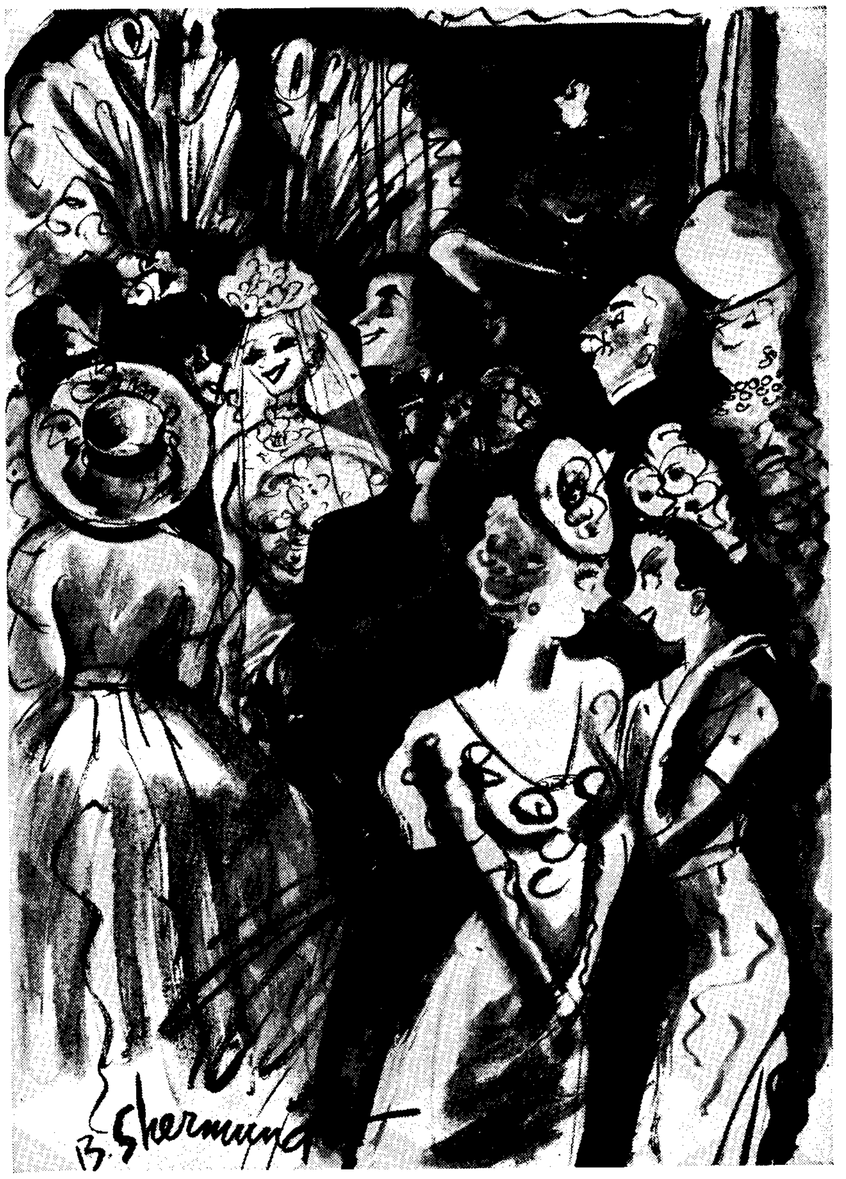
Fortified Canned Rations

However, that has nothing to do with the science of fortifying field rations. What the Army is working on is canned food into which the proper vitamins have been infused. You are assured that they'll make it—canned meat and vegetables into which deficiency-disease preventatives will be introduced in working quantities.

There is a lot more we could tell you about all this. The walls of Colonel Phillips' offices are lined with files and volumes of data. But perhaps you get the idea. Besides, we had to quit because Sergeant Delvecchio had to leave for New York City. He was taking a course of lectures on dietetics. In fact, he was going to deliver a couple.

"You must be quite a help to Mrs. Delvecchio," we said.

"I could be," said he, "if she'd let me in the kitchen."



"She wrote a letter to her congressman, and—well—there he is!"

BARBARA SHERMUND

Suicide Ship

Continued from page 12

"But we can sink each other. In 1917, a convoy off Beachy Head—" He broke off. "Take the weather bridge wing, Mr. Sands. And the lee, Mr. Huston."

DAYLIGHT came, and it was only a gray blindness where there had been black. From the dim deck the foremast rose up faintly and the fo'c'sle head was an uncertain island where a clangor broke out regularly between the shuddering blasts of the siren.

Mr. Torpenning came out the weather door, turning up the collar of his greatcoat. "Fresh coffee in the chartroom, Mr. Sands."

He went in. The chartroom was warm and the coffee smell was like a fiber in the air. Through the door he saw the captain looking over the quartermaster's shoulder at the compass, and he heard his voice rasping: "Keep her on, dead on."

Mr. Huston, behind the old man's back, gave him a broad wink. But Mr. Sands was staring at the captain. For a moment he forgot his sandwich and the smoking coffee. The captain's lined face burned with a false color and the breath came short through his teeth, like a soft panting, while he paced the open weather glass with the wet wind driving in. He needed rest and sleep.

It was stronger daylight when he was back on his bridge wing, and maybe the weather was breaking a little. He could see the lookout on the fo'c'sle head, pacing like a sentry.

"Might break today," Mr. Torpenning said mildly. "Then we'll get some sleep." His eyes were tired; his face was worn and patient like a schoolmaster's. "If a man could have a smoke. Well," he confided, "carry on . . ." and he went back inside the wheelhouse.

Mr. Sands was tired but the coffee had warmed him. It had warmed his stomach and it had warmed his mind. Again he pictured the big convoy plodding on through fog and peril, serving the dire need of England. He was young enough to keep the wonder, the pride, the knowledge that he had a vital part in the great effort. They would carry on.

> *"There'll always be an England,*
> *While there's a country lane—"*

He had a monotonous post, two steps back and two steps forth, staring at nothing hour after hour. He didn't realize that he was whistling till a voice barked at him:

"Mr. Sands. Go below!"

He turned, startled, his hand jerking to salute.

"Go to your quarters. Whistle yourself to sleep or to hell. But get off this bridge."

Mr. Sands went blindly. Not the blindness of fog, but of anger, chagrin, humiliation.

Behind him Mr. Torpenning's voice rumbled and the captain's words came, raised: "A whistler! A whistler in a fog in convoy. I won't have a whistler on my bridge."

When he got to his cabin Mr. Sands found a red trickle threading from his mouth. He had bit those whistling lips till the blood ran. Beaten, bitter, he threw himself in his bunk and let the full realization flood him. His first commission, and he had been ordered off the bridge. His career was ended. He clenched his fists and the blood ran freshly from his broken lip.

When the gong sounded at noon he went to the saloon. Even a reprimanded watch officer, a humiliated third mate, must eat. Then he went aft to the poop and stood there keeping a bitter watch of his own. He strained his ears to catch the glooming of the whistle astern of them. If a dark bow would rear up, like a cliff, out of dimness, threatening—he was keeping watch. But there was only the labored threshing of the propeller, the rise and fall of the fantail, the blast of the siren and the answer, like a faint and delayed echo off that sounding board of fog.

With a sudden burning guilt he realized that the captain might call him. He raced back to his cabin. The telephone hung dead on the wall. He lay on the bunk, waiting, staring up at the rivet-studded plates above his head.

It was two hours later that the telephone rang. He leaped at it.

It was Mr. Torpenning's voice: "Weather clearing, Mr. Sands. Come up and take the watch."

He was on the bridge in thirty seconds. Mr. Huston was yawning and stretching his arms. Mr. Torpenning looked around with the tired lines deep under his eyes. The captain was not there.

"The old man caved in," Mr. Torpenning said. "A proper heart attack. The doctor put him to bed. You take over, son, and we'll get some sleep." Then he saw the teeth marks in Mr. Sands' lips. His voice dropped: "Don't worry about the old man, son. It's his last trip, and he hates to give up. In war, you know. That's what's gnawing on him."

The blood pounded in Mr. Sands' throat. "Yes, sir."

He repeated the course and initialed the logbook. Then he was on the bridge, alone. He stepped outside to look over the convoy. They were all there, steaming full speed over the brightening sea. . . .

THE raider appeared suddenly, out of the north, under the sinking sun. The lookout reported from the crow's-nest but already Mr. Sands had his glasses trained on the horizon. His heart pounded. Not a converted raider, not a gunboat—a battleship, with tripod mast, a powerful, curved waist and bristling turrets. The pictures in the naval manual leaped to his mind—Schwartzwald—the long, low hull, the flaring bows, the severe, raked superstructure. She was swift. Even through his glasses he could see the fan of water at her stem and her feather of smoke flat on the wind.

He raced into the chartroom and pressed the captain's button. No answer. He jabbed again. It was the doctor's voice:

"Captain Allerdice is in the midst of an injection. He cannot be disturbed for ten minutes."

Ten minutes. . . . Mr. Sands threw a glance fore and aft at the plodding convoy, helpless as sheep while the gray wolf loped across the great, wild pasture. It was the Pentland Firth's job to get them through, and now a reprimanded third officer stood alone on the bridge. He thought swiftly of the eleven-inch batteries on that steel-cased raider and the small guns on the unarmored decks of the Pentland Firth. And he thought of two hundred thousand tons of wheat and cotton, steel and frozen beef—

Already he was ringing the engine-room telegraph and his mouth was at the speaking tube: "Smoke, Mr. Monahon. Black, for a smoke screen." He turned to the loud-speaker: "Gun crews to firing stations. Man the magazines."

He spun around to the quartermaster: "Port helm."

The quartermaster stood with a gray

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SORE GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS
BLEEDING GUMS

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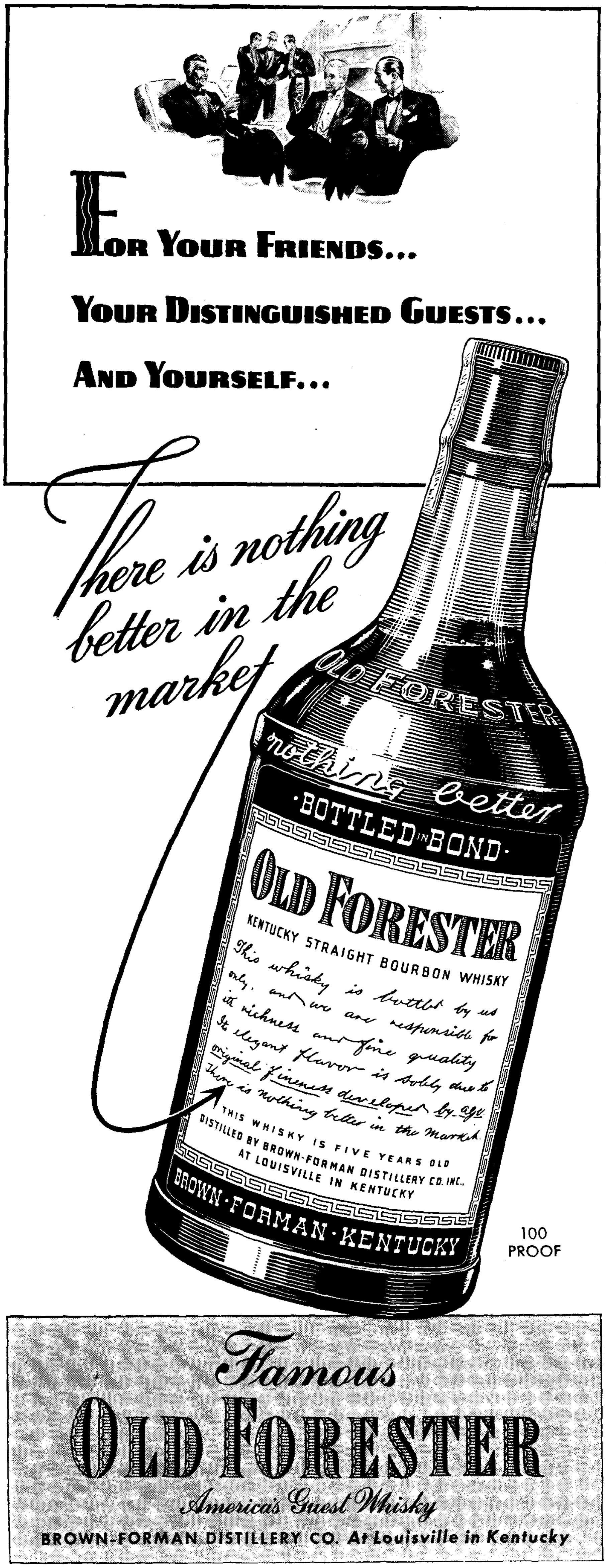
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BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. *At Louisville in Kentucky*

face, staring. The raider was coming up fast. His voice was ragged as canvas: "We haven't got a chance, Mister. A Chinaman's—"

"Port helm!" cried Mr. Sands.

He was at the speaking tube again: "Steam, Mr. Monahon. More steam. Race her."

Black smoke was streaming like a river from her funnel. As the revolutions picked up and the ship swung northward, it poured in a thunderous cloud bank across the convoy. The first shell burst in the water beside the Empire City.

Mr. Sands raced into the chartroom and jabbed the radio operator's button. "Message to the convoy—'Scatter under cover of smoke screen. Proceed to port independently.' " He rang Mr. Torpenning and Mr. Huston, but he could not wait their answers. From the bridge wing the raider showed sharply. No glasses needed now, not even for the silver flash in the sunset and the white puff erupting from her turrets. Mr. Sands waited. The thunder came, echoing over the sea. The shells burst around them. A cloud of smoke rose from the Falkirk's midships.

Captain Allerdice hurried up the ladder in his dressing gown. Behind him came Mr. Huston, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, and Mr. Torpenning swiftly scanning the sea.

Mr. Sands was at the loud-speaker, talking to the gun crews: "Stand by to fire when we close range." He turned to the quartermaster: "Port helm, ten more degrees."

Then he saw Captain Allerdice. His hand shot up to salute. The captain took it all in with one wide-sweeping survey—the convoy scattering behind the smoke screen, the wounded Falkirk, the Pentland Firth driving head on toward the raider. For an instant his eyes flashed with a grudging admiration.

Another thunder rolled across the sea. Water erupted at the bow and at the same instant the ship shuddered. A shell burst on the fo'c'sle head.

"Hold your course, Mr. Sands."

"Steady, as she goes," Mr. Sands said to the quartermaster.

Captain Allerdice held his glasses on the raider. "Schwartzwald," he said softly. "Eleven-inch guns." The muscles curled along his jaw and his eyes were burning.

Mr. Sands nodded. "They're deadly accurate, sir."

Behind them, from the funnel, there was a roaring as the head of steam began to blow. The captain had the speaking tube. "Fasten your safety valves down, Mister. Build up your steam. And race her."

ANOTHER salvo puffed white in the sunset. With a deafening crash the engine-room skylight went, and two big ventilators sheered off like mushrooms. Now the funnel belched black smoke from a jagged wound in its side. Half of the boat deck was gone and through the dangling remnants of lifeboats the main deck showed in a shattered confusion.

The ship's surgeon hurried, white-faced up the ladder. "Captain, your condition—"

The captain's voice rang like metal: "Get down on the main deck. There will be men needing attention."

Behind him the quartermaster spun his spokes frantically. A blank, trapped look crossed his face. "Wheel's dead, sir."

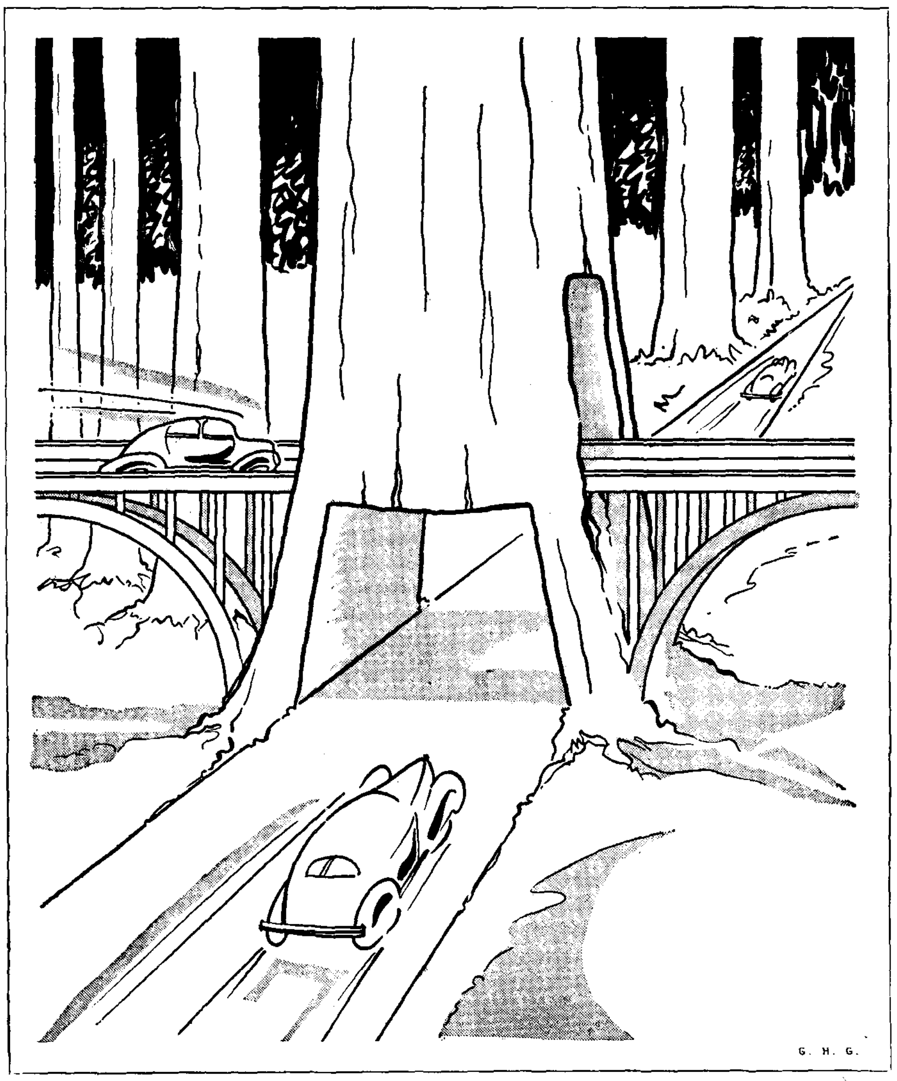
"Mr. Sands. Take two men aft to the hand gear. Lively."

Lively. . . . It had another ring now. One seaman to another. The near ladder was gone. Mr. Sands leaped down to the boat deck. He found the crew at their stations, closing watertight doors, buckling the butterflies down on port-hole plates, clearing the decks of dunnage.

He caught two men.

"Aft to the hand steering gear," he said. Lively."

He led the way, racing over the hatches past the gun crew crouched be-



side their battery. He climbed the ladder to the poop and looked over his shoulder. His two sailors were crossing the hatch, coming on the double. But they never reached the ladder. A shell burst in a blinding flash. He threw himself flat while the splinters snowed around him. When he looked again number five hatch was a gaping ruin and he could hear sea water gurgling in the hold.

He stood up to the big hand wheel. Quickly he tore off the lashings. The spokes strained in his hands as it took the steerage. He held it firm, giving the ship way. It bucked and he fought it, his muscles ridged and struggling. Slowly the ship turned head on to the raider. Through the plates came the hard throb of the engines.

He became aware then of sunset, a green-gold radiance that flushed the sea with splendor. It lighted up the black river of smoke, and behind that thunderous screen he saw the scattered ships of the convoy, racing over the horizon. Already, in the east, the dusk was growing.

"Stern steering gear. Mr. Sands."

He found the speaking tube under the binnacle.

"Yes, sir."

"Can you keep pointed toward the enemy?"

"Yes, sir."

A SHELL struck amidships. The concussion shook the speaking tube out of his grasp. He looked up at a bridge half blown away and a funnel crashing. Now the smoke went up in an awful cloud. The oil tanks were burning.

The Pentland Firth was taking fearful punishment but deep in her hull the engines throbbed and on the poop, outlined in the sunset, a man fought the hand wheel, keeping her head on, diminishing the target while he closed the gap so that her own light guns might land a blow. She was a doomed ship, a suicide steering straight at the turrets of destruction. Her decks were burning and her bow began to settle. But when her guns sounded, the sunset water exploded six miles away where the raider edged back out of range. She was a battered, burning ship, but she made a lavish sacrifice. Over the darkening sea the scattered ships fled on toward England.

She was a lost ship, and Philip Sands, serving his first commission was at her wheel, pointing her toward the deadly batteries of the Schwartzwald.

Down in the forward hold Gunner's mate Gilman worked in his magazine, handing up cordite. The sweat burned in his eyes and his back was aching. When he had sent up a dozen charges he sang out, "Hello, on deck! Take it away."

There was no answer. He climbed up through the hatchway and stood there blinking. It wasn't the sunset; it was the gun crew—dead. One of the guns still pointed defiantly with the still, distorted bodies strewn around it.

UP AMIDSHIPS, men were lowering a lifeboat. Gilman was about to run for it when the speaking tube whistled beside the gun carriage. He held the mouthpiece.

"Man the for'ard battery. Keep firing!"

He threw a look upward and saw the captain above the wrecked glass and shattered bulkheads of the wheelhouse.

"Keep firing—"

He heard the roar of flames amidships. He saw the dead around him. He heard the sob of pumps and the sullen wash of sea water in the hold. This was Gilman's first ship, his first assignment; he was only six weeks out of training school. He was ready to race for that descending lifeboat when Sands' voice sounded. It was hoarse and ragged, it was singing:

"There'll always be an England,
And England shall be free—"

He looked around wildly. The shells and smokeless powder were racked up beneath the gun carriage. The dead lay quiet on the deck. It was a voice out of nowhere—

"If England means as much to you,
As England means to me."

He bent swiftly to the breeching. Something was clenched in his hand. He dropped the speaking tube. Then he picked it up.

"Aye, aye, sir. Keep firing." He bent to his gun.

On the shattered bridge Mr. Torpenning limped over the crumpled body of Mr. Huston and faced his captain. "Your shoulder, sir. It's smashed to pieces. I'll call the doctor."

The captain pointed down to the battered main deck. "The doctor is dead."

A shell screamed from the foredeck. Concussion shook the ship. With his good arm the captain raised his glasses.

"That shot sent him back. He's swinging."

Mr. Torpenning looked over the foredeck. "Only one gun left."

"It's enough." The last red rim of the sun was gone. A purple light washed over the sea and in the east the dark was gathering. "He'll never find those ships now."

Ten minutes later, with the water licking at her rails, Captain Allerdice gave the order to abandon ship. The men came wearily up from the engine room.

They stepped over the strewn decks. They picked up their wounded and carried them to the two lifeboats at the rail.

Down on the forward deck a gun was still firing. The captain took up his speaking tube: "Cease firing on the foredeck. All hands abandon—"

ANOTHER salvo landed. The foredeck shuddered. The tall mast toppled and swayed and crashed into the sea. With a terrific thunder the forward hatches blew open. The magazine had gone up. There was nothing left but black sea water rising in the hold.

Captain Allerdice looked aft and saw a man still standing at the hand wheel on the poop.

"Mr. Sands, come amidships."

With the pumps idle the ship was settling fast. Steam rose from her flooded engine room and curled along the heated decks.

It was growing dark as Mr. Sands climbed to the ruined bridge. But the sky was lighted by an arching star shell as the Schwartzwald raced toward the horizon, hunting the scattered convoy. In that white light the captain's face showed gray as sea water and haggard with pain. He was near the end.

"Mr. Sands. There are flares in the lifeboats. One of the convoy will come back before daylight. You are in command of the survivors."

"Mr. Torpenning?"

"He is wounded, in boat number two."

"Mr. Huston?"

"Dead."

He stared at the captain's shredded shoulder. "And—you, sir?"

Captain Allerdice braced himself against a twisted stanchion. "I said—you are in command. Good luck, Mr. Sands."

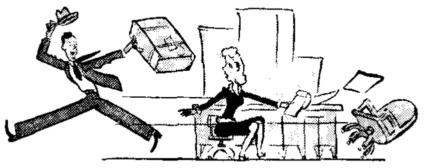
Mr. Sands' arm jerked up to salute. His teeth-scarred lips were trembling. "You are not—"

"Get into your boat, Mr. Sands. Lively."

Mr. Sands raced down the ladder. His eyes were shining.

WHAT TO DO *if you're working too hard*

The surest way to get your share of life's pleasures is to *do* something about it. Be polite, but firm. And when your summer vacation rolls around, take that "someday" Southern California trip. Take it now—while you can—and when it will do you the most good.



Yes, the time is here. Slip your sporting gear into a bag and come west. Dive into blue Pacific combers, climb tall mountains, tour the Old Missions, investigate foreign colonies ...Santa Catalina, Symphonies under the Stars. See the great industries: oranges, oil, airplane-making, movies. Clear, rainless days are made to order for your favorite sport. Cool midsummer nights will find you joining the fabulous night life or sleeping under blankets.

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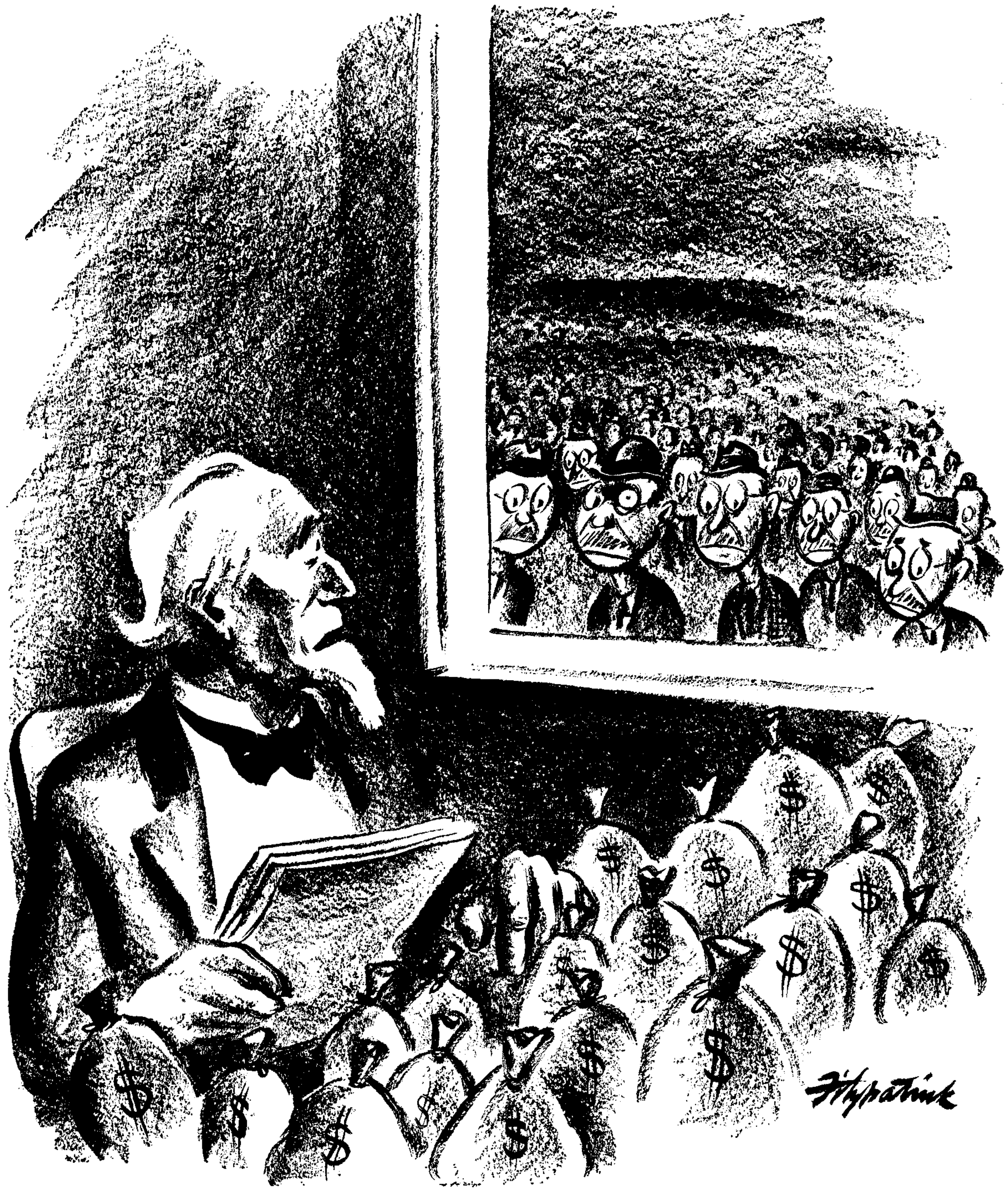

50,000,000 Creditors

PLANS are in the works at Washington to issue something like the War Savings stamps of World War times, for sale to the general public. There is also a suggestion that the amount of baby bonds purchasable by any one person in any one year be cut from the present $10,000 worth to $5,000 worth.

From at least two points of view, it looks to us like a scheme full of vitamins for the body politic.

For one thing, economists claim that in a time of rapidly expanding production, like the present, widespread investment in the public debt has a tendency to keep prices from skyrocketing. It's counterinflationary. Inflation is a real threat when we go in for greatly increasing goods that don't produce wealth—and armaments are pre-eminently goods of that kind, need them badly though we do. And by buying in on the public debt, a person creates a backlog against the almost inevitable reaction from the armaments boom.

We also like this scheme to spread public debt around, because it looks as if the public debt is bound to grow greatly in coming years.

We can't or won't pay for all the armaments as we go along. Yet we've got to have the armaments. The next best thing to paying as we go, balancing the budget and putting something each year on the principal of the national debt, is to ease a good part of that debt into the hands of millions of creditors.

If Uncle Sam could acquire, say, 50,000,000 small creditors in addition to his present comparatively few bank and insurance-company and big-estate and foundation creditors, that would mean 50,000,000 people—voters—paying some serious attention to the debt, to the way it is handled, the rate of its growth, the operations and management of the government that owes the debt.

You naturally want your debtor to live right, at least until he pays you. To have 50,000,000 pairs of somewhat fishy eyes focused on some of Washington's heavier spenders at all times can do the nation no harm that we can possibly imagine.

Let's get going on the savings-stamps and baby-bond reform as soon as Henry Morgenthau & Co. can finish the necessary spade work.

Weeks After

WEEKS after our editorial, Keep the Draft De
cratic, appeared, Mayor LaGuardia of New
sent us the torrid letter we publish below.
offer it hot from Mr. LaGuardia's hands minus only
epithet to which the Post Office Department, ar
others, objects.

We think Mayor LaGuardia's argument is spec
Of course, police are important. So are doctors. The
we made was that exemption from the draft must be
termined by national, not local, considerations.

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Edi

Keep the City in Turm

LET it burn down. About the dumbest article I
seen or read on the subject of National Defen
and believe me I have seen and read plenty—is
editorial "Keep the Draft Democratic" in Collier'
January 18, 1941. It takes the blue ribbon. Unlike
lier's, I do overwork the words "shocking," "appall
"outrageous" and even stronger words, but with all
experience in the Army and in the forecastle as an
forcement official and in spite of all the time I have s
studying languages, I cannot find a word adequat
express the stupidity of this editorial.

Now that we have mutually complimented each o
let us get to the facts. I ask for the exemption of po
men and firemen from the draft because they are ne
sary and essential as a matter of national defense.

We are not at war. Men are taken into service
training. Policemen and firemen have already rece
this training. In fact, the Police and Fire departments
training soldiers, sailors and civilians for both the A
and Navy at this very minute. Men taken from our P
and Fire departments need no training when they
drafted but are put at police and fire work in the camp

We cannot replace these men as if we were private
ployers or as other departments of the City. The
is compelled to take replacements from an eligible
and the average age of the men on both these lists is a
24. They are all subject to the draft. They are in
physical condition. As soon as we fill a vacancy by
pointment, the new appointee is subject to draft an
are not permitted to make temporary appointment
the Police Department in peace time.

We have several hundred more posts which req
policing in the City today because of present world
ditions. We have extra detective work, too. Each
signment requires three men. Therefore, our police
has increased by reason of this emergency. We will
quire additional personnel in the Police Departmen
takes six months in the Academy and at least a yea
training before a policeman can render any useful ser
in a city like New York.

Fire protection is just as important to national
fense as the Army itself. Everybody knows that Lo
has had to increase its fire department by several t
sand men in addition to the auxiliary forces. We ca
spare firemen. We need more in the event of war.
silly it is to take these men away from their duties
they are needed. It takes from three to five years to t
a fireman in fire fighting under conditions such as
in our city.

The editorial says, "Few of these men will eve
called." There are now 700 eligibles in the Police De
ment. If the State requires the City to pay full pay du
military service, there will be 2,700. There are now 2
eligible for such service in the Fire Department.
number will be increased relatively if the City is c
pelled to pay during military service.

You ask why postmen, street cleaners, schoolteac
public building janitors, court stenographers, bookkee
and dogcatchers are not exempt? For the simple re
that they are not indispensable and can be replaced.
over draft age may be appointed to these places.
of this work can be performed by women. The City
not claimed exemption for any such employees. Then
ask about industries. Many men in the essential in
tries are exempt and properly so. Now, as to dogcatc
That, I suppose, was put in to be funny. Perhaps
catchers should be exempt to catch ———— who
fifth columnists and undermine our national defense

In any program of national defense, it is necessar
be realistic and to utilize talent and training where
needed. The editorial confuses training emergency
war emergency. We will meet the latter if and whe
comes.

F. H. LAGUARDIA

MIRACLE IN THE Devil's Dance hall

1. "*Canadian Club* must have nine lives," observes a correspondent. "Because while it's always falling overboard or getting lost, strayed, or stolen in your ads, it always turns up in time for a happy ending. However—I believe these stories *now*—since the same thing happened to me. We were exploring some caves in Australia. In one vast cavern, which we nicknamed the Devil's Dance Hall, we laid down our supplies and sat down to rest.

2. "*Suddenly we heard* an ominous cracking noise and looked up in time to see a nine-hundred-pound stalactite crashing down on us... things moved pretty rapidly for the next few seconds. We barely managed to get out of the way before the mass of stone hit the floor of the cave with a thunderous smash. And it crushed all our supplies—with a single exception:

3. "—*Our bottle* of Canadian Club stood invitingly unscratched just next to a huge piece of the fallen rock. Refusing to take any more chances, we opened it then and there. And here are two people to testify that Canadian Club tastes just as comforting and mellow by flashlight, as it does by lamp-, camp-, or day-light!"

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WHY do *twice* as many Americans now drink Canadian Club as did a few years ago? Why have they changed to this rare, imported whisky?

The answer is in Canadian Club's utterly *distinctive* flavor—its all-round agreeable nature—that surprises and delights *all* tastes. Men themselves say Canadian Club is "*light* as Scotch," "*rich* as rye," "*satisfying* as bourbon." Yet it has a delicious flavor all its own.

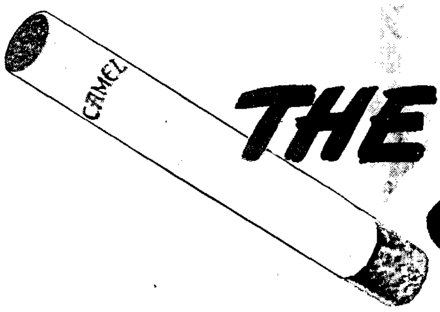
In Scotland, as in U.S.A., Canadian Club is the leading imported whisky. It is a favorite in 87 lands. Discover why, for yourself. Just try this unusual whisky in your usual drink, and taste the pleasing difference. Start to enjoy Canadian Club today! Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. 6 years old. 90.4 proof. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

IN 87 LANDS WHISKY-WISE MEN ASK FOR

"Canadian Club"

Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Hiram Walker & Sons

IN A CIGARETTE



THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVES YOU

EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR, AND—

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY

By burning 25% slower

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

WHEN you get right down to it, a cigarette is only as flavorful—only as cool—only as mild—as it smokes. The smoke's the thing!

Obvious—yes, but important—all-important because what you get in the smoke of your cigarette depends so much on the way your cigarette burns.

Science has pointed out that Camels are definitely slower-burning (*see left*). That means a smoke with more mildness, more coolness, and more flavor.

Now—Science confirms another important advantage of slower burning... of Camels.

Less nicotine—in the smoke! Less than any of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—28% less than the average!

Light up a Camel... a s-l-o-w-burning Camel ...and smoke out the facts for yourself. The smoke's the thing!

"SMOKING OUT" THE FACTS about nicotine. Experts, chemists analyze the smoke of 5 of the largest-selling brands...find that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains less nicotine than any of the other brands tested.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMEL—THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE—